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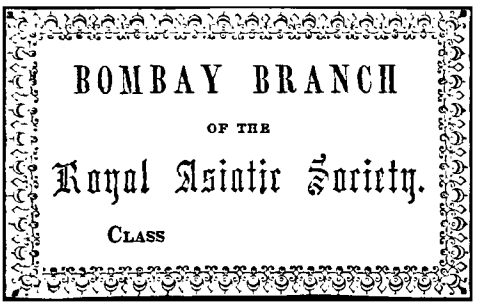

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS

Yours faithfully

A. Alison

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THE LATE

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

D.C.L.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

LADY ALISON

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXXXIII

1883

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PREFACE.

My father-in-law never kept a journal; but when he died, he left in manuscript an autobiography, which he had written at various times of leisure during the latter part of his life, and which was complete from his earliest years to the close of his literary career in 1862.

By his will he constituted his eldest son (my husband) his literary executor, and expressed a wish that this life should be published at as early a period as he should deem advisable.

It seemed to my husband a few years ago that the time had come when, with propriety, this might be done; but the nature of his military profession never left him the quiet and leisure necessary to revise the MSS. with the care and attention which an almost contemporary memoir requires; and I therefore undertook the task, which has truly been a labour of love to me.

In this undertaking I have received valuable assistance from the publishers, Messrs Blackwood & Sons, with which firm my father-in-law was so long and intimately connected.

In a work of this nature there were, of course, a few passages bearing upon the private career of individuals now living, or only recently deceased, the publication of which could serve no useful end. These have been omitted. In all other respects the work is published as it was written,—for an autobiography cannot possess any value which does not truly and faithfully represent, in his own words, the thoughts, opinions, and feelings, as well as actions, of its author.

My father-in-law died at Possil House, near Glasgow, after a short illness, on the 23d May 1867, He continued his public duties as Sheriff of Lanarkshire up to the first day of his illness. He was buried in the Dean Cemetery, in Edinburgh, where so many of his old friends and contemporaries lie, and his funeral was attended, as far as the North British Railway station in Glasgow, by the Lord Provost and many of the Magistrates of the city, by the Faculty of Procurators, the Juridical Society, all the Sheriff's officials of every grade, a deputation of Volunteers, and a large body of Freemasons: But the most striking part of the day's proceedings as a

comment on his public life was, that the whole of the road, from the gate of Possil to the railway station, a distance of two and a half miles, was lined with crowds of the poorest of the population; and all the mill-workers in the vicinity sacrificed half a day's earnings to come and pay, with quiet respectful demeanour, a last tribute of respect to the old Tory Sheriff, so well known to them for thirty-three years.

JANE R. ALISON.

3 CORNWALL GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON,
19th November 1882.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, LINEAGE, AND CHILDHOOD—

1792-1800.

An author who has met with any degree of success owes a brief account of his life and writings to both his family and his country. To the former, that his memory may not be injured, as is too often the case, after his decease, by the indiscreet zeal of surviving friends, or the injudicious disclosures of partial biographers; to the latter, that it may be known by what means the success was obtained, and how easily it is within the reach of industry and perseverance. Few works are so interesting as the autobiographies of those with whose thoughts we have become familiar, for we feel a sort of domestic interest in the progress of the mind which has produced them, and trace the growth of its ideas as if they had been our own. An

author is a brother to every one who reads his works; and the only requisites which it behoves him at all hazards to attend to in relating his life, are brevity and fidelity: brevity, without which a narrative would be tedious; fidelity, without which it would be valueless. Nor is it difficult to observe these conditions in this present case, for the life of a literary man affords few materials for incident; and it is only in so far as it is connected with his writings that it can be of interest to posterity.

I was born at Kenley, in Shropshire, on the 29th December 1792. A few days after, my father announced my birth to his earliest and dearest friend, Dugald Stewart, in a letter which has been accidentally preserved, containing a curious anticipation in regard to the new-born infant.[1]

Though I was not born of a noble or wealthy family, yet my ancestors, by both the father's and the mother's side, were such as might reasonably impose obligation and excite emulation. My father was the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the well-known 'Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste,' and he was the son of Patrick Alison, formerly Lord Pro-

[1] "KENLEY, *Jan.* 3, 1793.

"MY DEAR DUGALD,—I am sure you will be glad to learn that Mrs A. was safely delivered on Saturday last of another boy, and that both she and the infant are doing as well as we could wish. I trust you will have no objections to being one of the little fellow's godfathers, and perhaps you will not like him the less that his mother insists on his being named after me. The Doctor [Gregory] is to be the other, so you must contrive between you to make a little bit of a philosopher of him."

vost of Edinburgh, a younger son of the family of Alison of Newhall, near Cupar-Angus, the mansion-house of which still stands, surrounded by venerable trees. He took to business, as was generally the case with the younger son of landed proprietors at that time, and accumulated a considerable fortune, which he lost by undue facility in becoming security for a friend. My paternal grandmother was one of the Harts of Listerick,[1] near Edinburgh, and a celebrated beauty of her time. My mother was Dorothea Gregory, daughter of Dr John Gregory, the author of the 'Father's Legacy to his Daughters,' which has been translated into all the languages of Europe. Through her I could boast a descent from "the long and memorable line of the Gregorys," [2] which, since James Gregory, the celebrated mathematician, the contemporary and rival of Sir Isaac Newton, and my great-great-grandfather, has been distinguished by many men who have attained to eminence in the physical and exact sciences. By a collateral branch I was connected through my mother with Reid, the father of the Philosophy of Mind,[3] who was grand-

[1] Or Restalrig, a short distance east of Edinburgh.

[2] Dugald Stewart.

[3] Dugald Stewart, in his Life of Reid, gives the following account of his connection with the Gregory family:—

"Dr Reid's mother was a daughter of David Gregory, Esq. of Kinnairdie in Banffshire, elder brother of James Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and the antagonist of Huygens. She was one of twenty-nine children, the most remarkable of whom was David Gregory, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and an intimate friend of Sir Isaac Newton. Two of his younger brothers were at the same time professors of mathematics, one at St Andrews and one

son of James Gregory's father. My maternal grandmother was Elizabeth, daughter of the thirteenth Lord Forbes.[1]

The fortune in life and friendships, as well as disposition of both my parents, contributed in a remarkable degree to lead them to the cultivation of the understanding, and the improvement of the taste. My father was educated at Glasgow College, then adorned by Reid and Adam Smith, where he early formed an intimacy with Mr Dugald Stewart, son of Dr Matthew Stewart, the celebrated mathematician, which, with equal enjoyment to both, continued unabated throughout their lives. Another companion and intimate friend of his at Glasgow College was Earl Cathcart, who afterwards commanded the Copenhagen expedition in 1807, and was ambassador of Great Britain at the Court of St Petersburg during the eventful campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. From Glasgow my father went as one of the exhibitioners to Baliol College, Oxford, where he soon became the constant companion of Mr (afterwards Sir) William Jones, and Mr (who soon became Dr) Matthew Baillie,

at Edinburgh, and were the first persons who taught the Newtonian philosophy in our northern universities. The hereditary work and genius which have so long distinguished, and still distinguish, the descendants of this memorable family, are well known to all who have turned their attention to Scottish biography; but it is not so generally known that through the female line the same characteristic endowments have been conspicuous in various instances, and that to the other monuments which illustrate the race of the Gregorys is to be added the *Philosophy of Reid*."—Stewart's Life of Reid, Works, x. 248.

[1] The entire descent will be found in Sir Bernard Burke's Royal Descents, No. 28.

the celebrated physician in London. A friendship still more material for his future happiness was formed there with Mr William Gregory, then studying for orders in the Church of England, and this led to his introduction to the Gregory family, and to his marriage with my mother, which took place in 1784.

The literary celebrity of my maternal grandfather, Dr John Gregory, had led to a friendship between him and Mrs Montague, whose drawing-rooms in London then united the fashion and talent of England. He more than once visited her in London; and on these occasions he had been accompanied by his daughter, my mother, for whom Mrs Montague early conceived an extraordinary affection. The sudden and lamented death of Dr Gregory, in 1773,[1] having left my mother, who had previously

[1] The beautiful verses of Beattie's 'Minstrel' were written a few days after this event, in allusion to Dr Gregory's death:—

"Adieu, ye lays that fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust and all the Muses mourn,
He whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust: And how should I pursue
My theme? To heart-consuming grief resigned,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my G——, for ever fled?
And am I left to unavailing woe?
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now, for comfort whither shall I go?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers,
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn—flow forth afresh my tears."

—BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*, B. ii. st. 61, 62.

been bereaved of her mother, an orphan, Mrs Montague hastened to request her to make her house her home—a request enforced with so much earnestness, and so flattering in itself, that her brother, Dr James Gregory, who desired her to live with him, did not conceive himself at liberty to decline it. She removed accordingly to Mrs Montague's, who was then residing in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, in 1773, by whom she was received with unbounded affection, and under whose roof she spent, in the midst of a brilliant and intellectual circle, the next ten years of her life. Passing over ambassadors, princes, and dukes who graced that society, but whose names have descended to the vault of all the Capulets, it is material to observe that it was adorned by Johnson and Gibbon, by Burke and Reynolds, by Fox and Goldsmith. While at Paris, which she visited with Mrs Montague, my mother became acquainted with Voltaire and Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Buffon, Necker, and Turgot.[1]

Notwithstanding the complaints made, and sometimes justly, of the selfish, ambitious spirit of the world, there is a great deal of generous feeling in it; and the more that the secret history of families is unfolded, the more numerous are the instances which are discovered of disinterested sacrifice of

[1] I have often heard my mother mention that at M. Necker's parties a little girl, his daughter, with her hair in ringlets over her shoulders, always came in, and, kneeling down, said her prayers to her mother before going to bed. That little girl was Madame de Staël.

worldly advantages at the shrine of sincere attachment. My mother's position in Mrs Montague's family, where she was treated with the respect and affection of a daughter—the brilliant society with which she was surrounded—her own beauty and talents, which rendered her an ornament to it,—early procured for her the offer of several brilliant alliances, one of which, combining high rank and large fortune, was warmly pressed upon her by Mrs Montague, from an ardent desire to cement the attachment she felt for her by the bonds of a family connection. Though not insensible of the advantages thus pressed upon her, and deeply grateful for the kind feelings which prompted their support from her highly valued friend, my mother resisted them all, and bestowed her hand, on the 19th June 1784, on my father,[1] then a young man unknown as yet to fame, but of very engaging manners, and whose conversation and talents already gave indications that he was destined to future celebrity.

The first residence of my parents after their mar-

[1] In a letter by Sir W. Pulteney, dated 22d June 1784, there is the following account of the marriage: "Andrew Stuart and I accompanied Mr Alison to Thrapston, and the marriage took place on the 19th, by a licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury. I conducted them afterwards to their residence, and we left them next morning after breakfast as happy as it is possible for people to be. Mr Alison was obliged to come round by London in order to take an oath at granting the licence, and I was glad of the opportunity of making an acquaintance with him; for though I had little doubt that Miss G. had made a proper choice, yet I wished to be perfectly satisfied; and the result is, that I think neither you nor Mr Nairne have said a word too much in his favour."

riage was at Sudbury, in Northamptonshire, of which my father was incumbent. Though they were far from affluent, their circumstances were comfortable, and their house was the frequent residence of many distinguished persons who had formed an intimacy with my mother in London. But although graced by the beauty and fashion of London, the Northamptonshire parsonage retained its appropriate character. Mr Dugald Stewart and Mr John Playfair were its constant visitors; my father's brother-in-law often made it his home; and my father himself, anxious to justify the choice of Dr Gregory's sister by the establishment of a literary reputation, had already begun those Essays on Taste which have long taken a high place in British literature.

At this period some repairs required to be executed on the parsonage-house at Sudbury, and Sir William Pulteney sent down a young Scotch mason, who had recently been in his employment in London, to superintend them. My father, according to his usual custom, took a great interest in these improvements, and frequently entered into conversation with the head mason. He was so much struck by the decided turn of his mind, and the vigorous, clear expressions which he made use of on every subject, that he asked him to dinner. This was the first time the young Scotchman had been in such society, and it had a material effect on his future destiny, for it led him to feel that he might take his place among the cultivated ranks of the

country. "Archy," he has often said to me, "your father was the first man who treated me like a gentleman." It laid the foundation of a friendship which continued uninterrupted for above forty years, and was the source of unmixed gratification to both parties. His name was THOMAS TELFORD, afterwards the celebrated engineer.

In 1792, my father published his Essays on Taste; and soon after, Sir William Pulteney was enabled to gratify his wishes by appointing him to a preferment on his Shropshire estates. He successively received the perpetual curacy of Kenley, the vicarage of High Ercal, and the rectory of Rodington in that county. At the first he fixed his residence, and there I was born, soon after he had taken possession of the living. He dwelt at Kenley for the next eight years, blessed with domestic happiness and a family of six children. He was adored by his parishioners, highly respected by the neighbouring country gentlemen, and visited occasionally by the first literary characters in the country. His life consisted of that mixture of literary study with active beneficence and easy independence, which is perhaps the most favoured state of human existence. I have often heard him say it was the happiest period of his life.

My first impressions of external objects were received at Kenley, and no situation could be imagined more fitted to awaken an early and enthusiastic admiration for the beauties of nature. It stood

on the top of a ridge some hundred feet high, in front of which lay an old wood stretching to the rich plain of Shropshire beneath. That plain was not like most of those in England, flat and unvaried, but was broken by eminences crowned with timber, and bounded by a circle of picturesque hills, surmounted by lofty mountains. Right in front rose Acton Burnell hill, clothed to the summit by magnificent wood, which clustered down to the beautiful sheet of water extended at its foot; on the left the Caradoc and Lawley, celebrated in British story, stood enduring monuments of the heroism of Caractacus; on the right the Wrekin, which from that direction has the appearance of a lofty pyramid, started up to heaven from the valley of the Severn; while in the centre the distant summits of Cader-Idris, behind which the sun sets at midsummer, closed the landscape with inexpressible grandeur. Neither time, nor the sublimity of the Alps and the Apennines, nor a long sojourn amidst the mountains of Scotland, has been able to obliterate the recollection and weaken the impression of that beautiful landscape. Still, after an absence of above forty years, I see in clear mental vision the placid lake, the wooded steeps, the blue hills; the Wrekin rising in solitary grandeur; Cader-Idris glowing in the evening sky.

My earliest recollections of domestic life are those of the solitude and seclusion of an English parsonage-house. Though visited occasionally by the great,

often by the learned, the greater part of our life, even in summer, and the whole winter, was spent alone. A devoted worshipper of Nature, my father was firmly impressed with the conviction, so conspicuous in his writings, that the best feelings of the heart are to be drawn from her influences, and the purest enjoyments of life from her contemplation. He studied her works incessantly. The migration of birds, the changes of the seasons, the progress of vegetation, were the subject of constant observation, and by keeping an accurate daily register, not only of the weather, but of the blooming of flowers and the changes of vegetation, he maintained a constant interest by comparing the progress of one season with another. Botany, zoology, and ornithology were in his hands not mere unmeaning sciences containing an artificial classification of objects and a dry catalogue of names, but a key to the secret interests of Nature, and commentaries on the wisdom and beneficence of its Author. White's 'Natural History of Selborne' was the subject of his study and the object of his imitation. We all grew up with the same habits, and indelibly received the same impressions. Each child had its little garden, which was assiduously cultivated by its own hands; the opening of the crocus, the first arrival of the swallow, the first blooming of the rose, were so many events which marked the silent foot of Time; and the reward of good conduct, the greatest object of excitement, was to accompany our father on walks "out

of bounds" to the copse-woods, heaths, or brakes in the vicinity, to bring in the prettiest specimens of wild flowers for our little parterres.

To say that my father was charitable and beneficent, and that his house was the common resort of the sick or unfortunate, is to say only that he discharged his duty as a minister of religion in a way common to him with many thousands of the Church to which he belonged. But in addition to this, he set on foot a peculiar system for the improvement of the condition of his parishioners, which was attended by the very best results, and had a material effect upon my own opinions on such subjects through life. Theory and experience had united to convince him that the possession of land was the best security against the improvidence, and the best deposit for the earnings, of the poor, and that in the allotment system, which tended to enlist the active propensities on the side of virtue, was to be found the most effectual antidote to the evils which were, even in that rural district, beginning to afflict society. The division of a common in the parish, and the allotment of a considerable tract to the clergyman in lieu of tithes, enabled him to carry his ideas into practice. He granted leases of three acres each to twenty families for seven years rent-free, for the next seven at seven shillings an acre, and for the succeeding ten in case he survived at ten shillings an acre. The common was speedily covered with industrious families; cottages arose on all sides; the colony advanced

apace; fields were taken in and crops arose with surprising rapidity; and so industrious did the little community become, that, during above forty years that he afterwards held the living, not one of those little lease-holders committed an offence or came upon the parish. It was a favourite walk of us all to accompany our father to the common to visit the cottages of the people and inspect their rising improvements; and we did so at so early an age that I recollect once being knocked over by the wag of the tail of a favourite mastiff called Tiger, who always accompanied us on our rambles. The impression produced by these visits was never afterwards effaced; it was confirmed rather than created by a subsequent observation of the peasantry in Switzerland, Tuscany, and the Tyrol; and to the example of the Kenley common many of the views most strenuously insisted on in the 'Principles of Population' are to be ascribed.

Politics occupied a large share of my father's attention. The French Revolution had been at first hailed by him, as by so many others of the ardent and philanthropic of the age, as an event likely to extirpate many of the evils of society. Proportionally great was his disappointment at the calamities and wickedness with which its first brilliant aurora was so soon overcast. He received daily the 'Chronique de Paris' from France; and so extreme did his anguish become during the Reign of Terror, that I have repeatedly heard him say that as long as

Robespierre's power lasted, he never shut his eyes till four in the morning. His joy at the subsequent successes of the British was unbounded; and one of the earliest events I can recollect, is seeing him draw on a slate a representation of the battle of Camperdown on the day the news arrived in October 1797. I still see the British ships with their masts erect, and the Dutch dismasted and riddled with shot. This, as well as the victories of St Vincent and the Nile, were celebrated by sheep-roasting and extraordinary rustic festivities which he gave to his parishioners on the joyful news being received in that secluded district. Our childish attention in consequence was early and anxiously directed to the great events in Europe which were then in progress. I had for long a confused recollection of a great battle fought in the neighbourhood of a town, and of a frightful scene of horror in its streets, but could not imagine to what it referred, till, thirty-five years after, in writing the account of the battle of Zurich,[1] I recognised the event of which the shadow thus dimly floated in my recollection. In May 1799, my brother and I accompanied our father on horseback on a visit to Mr Oatley, at Pitchford, a gentleman in the vicinity, who inhabited a mansion which had been in the possession of his ancestors since the time of Alfred. The old hall, formed of native oak, and hung with ancient suits of family armour, strongly

[1] Fought on September 28, 1799, between Massena and the Russian general Korsakow.

impressed my imagination. Mr Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, was one of the party; and the conversation having turned on the recent victories of General Kray over the French under Scherer in Italy,[1] a place was mentioned which none of the party, not even the future Prime Minister, could find on the map. My father, upon this, asked my brother, then a boy of nine years old, if he knew where it was, and he at once pointed it out.

As might naturally be expected in a family where politics were so much the object of attention, the children were occupied with such parts of them as they could understand, and for long, in our games with Mr Telford, we had been divided into two parties—the French and the English; and in our game, which we called "*Castra Camp*," there were regular surprises, combats, and prisoners taken on both sides. When the Irish Rebellion, however, broke out in 1798, our imitative propensities took another direction. One evening, soon after its overthrow by the battle of Vinegar Hill, my brother and I were missed the whole afternoon from the house; and the servants were sent out in all directions to seek for us. At length we were found seated on the onion-beds in the garden, with large sticks in our hands knocking off the heads of every onion within our reach. "Where have you been, boys?" said my mother, who came up in great alarm, and (see-

[1] The battle of Magnano, gained by the Austrians under Kray, over the French under Scherer, on April 5, 1799.

ing the devastation in the onion-beds) "what have you been about?" "Oh," said I, "we have only been *quelling the Rebellion among the onions!*"

The same influence which obtained for my father his livings in Shropshire, also procured for Mr Telford a situation of trust and consequence in that quarter of the country. In 1793, Sir William Pulteney got for him the appointment of Superintendent of Roads and Bridges in Shropshire, and he was frequently in the county in consequence, and became a constant visitor at Kenley. Never was a household more rejoiced than was ours with his arrival. No sooner was his well-known white horse seen passing the door than the whole family rushed down with tumultuous joy to receive him. By common consent, lessons, work, and occupation of every kind, were abandoned; and the whole period of his sojourn, which seldom exceeded two days, was one continued scene of rejoicing—games and sports of every kind, both within and without doors, in all of which he took an active part, succeeded each other without intermission, till, exhausted by joy, the whole children were sent to an early bed. My father and he then sat down and spent half the night in discussing the vast projects for the internal amelioration of the country, which he had already conceived, and a great part of which he lived to carry into execution. Never was a more simple heart united to a more powerful understanding—he was a lamb in play with us, but a giant in council with men. In our games he and I—the oldest and youngest

of the party—were always on the same side. "Mr Telford," said I frequently, "I've got a plan, here is my opinion." "Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed he, laughing, "let us hear his opinion."

At this time I was passionately fond, like most boys in good health, of working with carpenters' tools. On one occasion when I was still in frocks, and too young to be taken with the rest of the family to Llangollen, in North Wales, whither the rest of the family was going, my mother expressed some difficulty as to what, during their absence, was to be done with me. "Oh," said Mr Telford, "leave Archy a hammer and some nails, and he will be as happy as a prince." The event proved so: when they returned, they found nails driven into all quarters of the nursery.

Their tour to Llangollen was attended by one consequence which, for several years after, proved a source of enjoyment to the whole family. When dining at the inn there, the party were charmed by hearing beautiful Welsh airs played with exquisite skill and pathos. Upon inquiring who was the performer, they learned that it was a poor blind harper, who earned a scanty subsistence by exhibiting his skill in this manner before the travellers at the inn. This led to my father asking him to be sent in, and he continued playing all the evening. My father, who was passionately fond of music, as are nearly all persons of refined taste, was so much charmed with his talents on the harp, and the simplicity and innocence of his conversation, that he made an offer

to take him home with him, which was joyfully accepted. When the party returned, I, who had been left with my hammer and nails, was astonished to find it augmented by a blind man, with his harp on his back, mounted on a Welsh pony! Mr Evans, for that was his name, remained an inmate of our family from that time till we came down to Scotland five years after, when he was sent home, to his great grief, though with an ample pension. His chief occupation was to play with the children; and, though perfectly blind, he could play with great skill at bowls, by some one standing at the mark and calling out when he was to send off the ball. He never failed to make his harp resound with Welsh airs as we sat at dinner. Thus we heard every day, "Morphy Rhydland," the "Rising of the Lark," the "Rising of the Sun," the "March of the Men of Harlech," or other favourite national airs. The impression they produced has never since been lessened; and to this day these airs thrill my heart more than the finest solos of Pasta or Jenny Lind ever did. About the same time I got hold of a copy of Gray's 'Poems,' and read with intense delight his 'Bard,' which was soon committed to memory. To these influences I ascribe, in a great degree, the strong sympathy with the victims of military power, and the admiration for their fortitude, which led me to take such interest in the wars of Wallace and Bruce, and more lately in those of Poland, La Vendée, and the Tyrol.

Though we, in general, lived quietly at Kenley,

yet occasionally we were overwhelmed by visitors from a distance, whom it was equally impossible to send away or find accommodation for without the utmost difficulty in the house. My father's Oxford friends, and my mother's fashionable acquaintances from London, often came together in such numbers as to occasion no small difficulty in our miniature house. I have often seen three carriages-and-four standing in the courtyard at the same time; and I have heard my mother say, while laughing at this in after-times, that she was astonished it did not turn her head. The masters and mistresses, she always said, were easily dealt with, for they would submit to anything; but the gentlemen's gentlemen and ladies' ladies were not so easily managed. Fortunately, as it was utterly impossible to accommodate the servants, these were all sent to the neighbouring village, and then she got quit of them and their complaints. Among our most frequent visitors were Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute; Lady Bath, daughter of Sir William Pulteney; and Lady Bilman. Lord Daer, son of Lord Selkirk, also was a very frequent visitor; and Mr Dugald Stewart came once annually, bringing with him always one of the young gentlemen who were intrusted to his tuition. Among them was a young man destined afterwards to future celebrity as LORD PALMERSTON. He stayed with us a week; and though I was too young then to appreciate the talent of his conversation, my father was much struck by it, and

said to Mr Stewart he was sure he would make a figure in life. I did not see him again till fifty years after, subsequent to our contest for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow College. I was then introduced to the Prime Minister, and he was kind enough to remind me of the circumstance.

We were all taught to read by our mother; in writing she had the aid of a worthy and attached friend, Mr Faed, the schoolmaster of the parish. On the day on which I was six years old, my father began me with Latin, as he had done my brother, who was two years older, at the same age. My progress in that difficult language, however, was at first more nominal than real, as it is with almost all boys at that early stage. The night before I began it, I recollect thinking that my life hitherto had been one of unmixed enjoyment, but that I was now beginning a period of labour to which no man could foresee an end. My anticipation was correct: I did then begin a course of exertions to which I shall never, in all probability, see an end; but I did not anticipate, what experience has since proved, that in that very exertion I should find the source of interminable enjoyment.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH AND EDUCATION.

1800-1814.

My father, though bred up, after he left Glasgow, at Baliol College, Oxford, where he spent eleven years in close study, was strongly impressed with the superiority for *general* students and practical life of the Scotch system of education, which, without attempting to rival the schools and colleges of the South in the niceties of critical knowledge or in the elegances of composition in the dead languages, aimed at communicating that instruction which might qualify the youth of the country for the duties they would have to discharge and the parts they would have to play in the living communities in which they were to pass their lives. He was desirous also, if possible, of educating his sons for professions in which they might be more independent of individual favour and the patronage of the great than was likely to be their lot in the Church of England. Influenced by these views, he embraced an offer made in the spring of 1800 by the Directors of the Episcopal Chapel,

Cowgate, Edinburgh, of the situation of senior minister of that congregation, a charge which permitted him still to retain his English livings. In doing so, he was not ignorant that he ran the risk of losing the chance of further preferment from Sir William Pulteney, who had destined for him the rectory of Wern in Shropshire, worth £1500 a-year. But that sacrifice appeared to him trifling in comparison with the advantages likely to accrue to his sons from the proposed change; and certainly neither my brother nor I have had reason to regret his resolution. We set out accordingly, on the 8th May 1800, for Shrewsbury on our way to Scotland, followed for several miles by the whole parish, most of whom were in tears, and finally left the home of infancy, which none of us, with the exception of myself for an hour, has ever seen again.

On our way down to Scotland, we slept the first night at Shrewsbury; and from the castle I recollect taking a last look at Kenley, which even at that distance was conspicuous, perched on the summit of its wooded hill. We passed on the road through Liverpool and visited the lakes of Cumberland. I have since repeatedly visited those charming wilds, and found my early recollections of their principal scenes—the lake of Keswick, the fall of Lodore, the expanse of Windermere—accurate in point of form, but about four times their real dimensions in point of size. In fact, the two images resembled concentric circles, the one containing the

other. We arrived in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh after *a fortnight's* journey. It cost £200, and we were accompanied by a servant who rode the same horse, a favourite one of my father's, all the way from Shropshire. We fixed our abode at Prestonfield, the seat of Sir Robert Dick, within three miles of Edinburgh.

It was there that my education in good earnest commenced, under the tuition of Mr George Dunbar, who afterwards became Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. My progress was not at first rapid. My brother William, who was two years older and read more advanced lessons, was a far better scholar. We said our lessons before breakfast, and got them by ourselves during the day; and to the regular question to the tutor at breakfast, "Well, Mr Dunbar, how were the lessons to-day?" the usual answer was, "William tolerably well: *Archy a little deficient.*" Amidst all his deficiencies in grammar, however, Archy was not inattentive to the substance of things; and a secret amusement in which I indulged will illustrate the bent of my mind even at so early an age. I had read when in my tenth year an English translation of Vertot's 'History of the Knights of St John,' and my imagination was strongly impressed with the picture the writer gave of the sieges of Rhodes and Malta, and of the glorious achievements of that band of heroes. For several years afterwards, in consequence, I conceived in my mind and almost daily carried on an imaginary

war between a Christian Power in the Mediterranean and the Mussulman. Malta was the capital of the former, but its dominion extended over the Moors and the islands of the Archipelago and Sicily. It was generally at night that I figured to myself the events of this interminable warfare; and often, when the servants thought I was asleep, I lay for hours together with my eyes shut, carrying on a series of battles, sieges, and adventures by sea and land, many of which were so vividly depicted that their recollection is still distinct in my memory. I invariably took refuge in this mental amusement when I was labouring under any disappointment or vexation; and so completely did it absorb me, that in a few minutes the cares of childhood were forgotten. Being well aware, at the same time, that it would appear unintelligible or ridiculous to others, I never revealed it to any one, not even to my brother; and the first person who was made acquainted with it was my wife, five-and-twenty years afterwards.

In 1802 we removed to a charming villa at the head of Bruntsfield Links, where we remained for the next eight years. The distance from Edinburgh, however, being nearly two miles, was still so considerable as to prevent my brother and myself from being sent to the High School of that city; and we continued to learn the classical languages at home. My father was well aware of the justice of Adam Smith's observation that the best system of education is that which combines the emulation and coercion of a

public school with the attachment and superintendence of home; but he thought, and I think wisely, that these advantages were more than counterbalanced in our case by the strengthening of the constitution consequent on a residence in the country, and that twelve years of age, when we were to go to college, was soon enough to begin the practical collision of life. We continued still, accordingly, the system of private tuition for the next three years, during which time my sister Montagu taught me French. We frequently took walks with my father in the country; and then, as on many other occasions, he conversed with us on every subject—the most effectual way that ever will be devised to enlarge and strengthen the mind. We had a large garden and five acres of ground in which both my brother and myself regularly continued our habit of working, insomuch that during the whole time of our residence there we were engaged with the gardener on an average two or three hours a-day digging, hoeing, or raking; and to this invigorating exercise I ascribe in a great degree the strength of constitution and unbroken health I have since enjoyed. My imagination soon set to work with flowers and parterres as it had done with the knights of Malta, and many an hour was spent in visions of the succession of beds of hyacinths, auriculas, iris, ranunculus, anemones, and carnations which were to adorn my garden when I became a man and had a house of my own.

One circumstance, apparently trivial in itself, deserves to be noted, from the influence which it subsequently had on my narrative of military events. Our house at the head of Bruntsfield Links was close to the exercising-ground on which the military who were stationed in Edinburgh habitually went through their evolutions. When the war broke out again in 1803, and the general arming of the Volunteers commenced, the place became the scene of constant drilling and manœuvring of large bodies of men. For eight years I then lived on the edge of this *Campus Martius*. Neither my brother nor I was of an age to enter the Volunteers, but we almost daily attended the exercising of the men, and never missed a review; in consequence of which we became familiar with the manœuvres of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. This circumstance, accidental in itself, had a material influence on both our minds. It inspired him with an anxious desire to go into the army, from which he was only diverted by my father's entreaties; and though I was as yet only a boy, it made me acquainted with military movements, and was the cause of an early interest in the events of the war, which I afterwards found of great importance when I came to describe them in my History.

It was at the Links, when about ten years of age, that I first recollect feeling the beauties of the classical authors, and warming with the glow of ancient eloquence. The inimitable pathos of Virgil, the

condensed brevity of Sallust, the pictured pages of Livy, forcibly attracted my attention, and early impressed me with the conviction, which subsequent experience has amply confirmed, that it is in such studies that the mind of liberal youth can best be exercised. We were taught, however, according to the Scotch, not the English, system. Scanning was learned, but Latin verse was never thought of. As to a Greek version, no one ever dreamed of such a thing. But we were regularly and anxiously taught to translate Latin prose into English prose, and often adventured on turning Latin verse into English verse. The translation of the speeches of Cæsar and Cato in Sallust's 'Catiline War,' of Catiline to his conspirators in the same narrative; the description in Livy of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, and the speeches of that great general and Scipio before the battle of Zama,—excited my warmest interest, and even a great degree of youthful enthusiasm. I translated them, however, rather freely than critically; and was more set on the English version than the Latin original, to the no small annoyance of my worthy preceptor, Mr Craig, who, as I read out large passages and rendered them at once into English, used to say, "Stop now! stop now! I canna get in my word at a', now." Such attempts, which Tomline tells us constituted the constant employment of Mr Pitt at Cambridge,[1] are amongst the most useful, as the corresponding one of turning

[1] Tomline's Life of Pitt, i. 9, 10.

English prose or verse into Latin are among the most useless, occupations in which ordinary youth can be engaged.

About the same time another favourite study was commenced, which soon came to engross a large portion of my time. If nature ever designated her intentions clearly in the case of any human being, it was that I should be a landscape-painter. Even before we left Kenley I had begun to draw on the slate, as most boys do at that early age. But when I arrived in Scotland, drawing became a passion, and its prosecution a regular part of my occupation. I had scarcely any instruction, having been sent for only three months in 1804 to Mr Walker's drawing academy in Edinburgh, where I was taught merely to copy from the book, in which I took comparatively little interest. It was landscapes which were my delight. So ardent did the passion for that species of drawing become, that for the next fifteen years, and till I became involved in the business of the bar, it constituted a habitual and favourite pursuit of my life. Like other boys who are not trained in a regular manner, great part of my labour at first was thrown away. I began to shade and colour when I was far from being a master of the pencil; to imagine and compose when I should have been copying and imitating. My conception, in consequence, got far ahead of my execution, and I ran the risk of being shipwrecked on the rock which has proved fatal to so many—that

of being unable to work out what I had imagined, and finding my finishing inferior to my taste.

This strong and early predilection brought me into close intimacy with the first and most valued friend I have known in life, Patrick Fraser Tytler, who afterwards became the historian of Scotland. The son of Mr Fraser Tytler, who was subsequently elevated to the bench by the title of Lord Woodhouselee, he inherited from his ancestors a cultivated taste for the arts, and he had the advantage of possessing in his father's collections of prints and some fine paintings an ample store of the best models to copy. He was a year and a half older than I was—a difference which, at our time of life, gave a great superiority. Similarity of tastes and pursuits soon rendered us intimate friends, and the earliest pencil-drawings which I attempted were copies from those he had done and lent me. The first was an outline of a long bridge; the next, copies of some of Houbraken's heads. The great superiority of his sketches in accuracy of drawing and correctness of shading to anything I had yet done, put me on the first step to improvement by awakening a sense of my own imperfections. Our mutual passion for drawing led to the early commencement by both of collections of engravings: every sixpence either of us could save off our allowance for clothes, was spent at auctions in buying etchings of Waterloo, Ostade, or Rembrandt; and our subsequent interchanges of our little purchases,

or "troking," as we called it, were carried on with the gravity and deliberation which regulated the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna. The only occasion in life on which I recollect to have felt envy was when some little etchings by the old masters, on which I had set my heart, were knocked down to a more fortunate bidder at an auction.

Prints and etchings, however, did not form the only objects of my early collection. Books also became my vehement desire. From the circumstance of my father having studied so long at Oxford, where he had the magnificent library of the Bodleian at hand, and so soon after being married becoming involved in the expenses of a family, his collection of books was far from extensive, consisting for the most part of works in the French and Italian languages. I felt in consequence a very great want of the standard authors in English, and began before I was twelve years old to supply the defect by purchases of my own out of my allowance. The first book I ever bought was a copy of Hume's History of England, in five volumes, printed at Montrose, which I still possess. Never shall I forget the exultation which I felt when it was knocked down to me at an auction opposite the college of Edinburgh for fourteen shillings, and I brought the whole home under my arm to Bruntsfield Links! My next purchase was a copy of Robertson's Works, in nine volumes duodecimo; and my third a folio edition of Thucydides Stephani.

The last, however, exhausted my resources for a long time, for it cost a guinea. It was some years before I could master Gibbon's Rome, for it could not be got under £2, 14s. Often did I revolve in my mind the means of compassing that formidable undertaking, and great was my triumph when, by long economy, it was accomplished. A duodecimo copy of Elzevir's Homer, an Elzevir Livy, Virgil, and Tacitus, and the Tragediæ Selectæ Eschyli, Sophoclis, et Euripidis Stephani, duodecimo, consoled me in the meanwhile, and formed, as soon as I could read Greek with sufficient facility, the daily object of study. Such was the beginning of the large library from which in after-times the History of the French Revolution was formed.

Mr Telford continued, at the Links, though not so frequently, from the distance and his increasing avocations, as at Kenley, his usual visits whenever he came to Scotland; and on these occasions the same saturnalia commenced which had attended his arrival from our earliest years. Sports of all kinds were still kept up; but we began now to listen with interest to his conversation with my father, and were often fain to abridge a game of blindman's-buff to permit the discussions on politics, and on the great works in which he was engaged for the internal improvement of the country. He introduced about this time a young friend already celebrated for his genius, and who has now attained the highest rank in poetic fame, Thomas Campbell. This great poet

was at that time without a profession, living in humble lodgings in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and in far from affluent circumstances. The acquaintance with our family thus formed soon ripened into a friendship; and for several years he was an almost daily visitor, and dined twice or thrice a-week with us. His noblest lyrical poems, "Lochiel," "The Soldier's Dream," "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic," were composed at this time, and many of their lines formed for months the subject of constant consultation with my father. The usual results of such intimacy soon appeared. My second sister Montagu, then in her nineteenth year, and who united remarkable talent and grace of manner to irregular but captivating beauty, became the object of his secret admiration; and when "Gertrude of Wyoming" appeared, it was evident to us all from whom he had drawn his picture of Julia Waldegrave—while in the artless orison of her infancy we recognised the prayer which my youngest sister Margaret then preferred, as we had all done nightly, at her parent's knee.[1]

[1] "I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind)
All uncompanioned else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone."
—*Gertrude of Wyoming*, I. 12.

He was too poor, however, to think of marrying, and with a heavy heart departed in 1807 to seek the advancement of his fortunes in London. Mr. Jeffrey, then a rising advocate at the Scotch bar, soon succeeded him, both in his intimacy in our family and in his admiration for one member of it, who thus before her twentieth year had fascinated a great poet and first critic of the age. There can be no indelicacy in mentioning these particulars now; they are all long since gone to their graves; my sister's remains lie far from her kindred on the shores of the Lake of Geneva; and Telford and Campbell have found the mausoleum which befits them under the splendid roof of Westminster Abbey.

There are few poets probably whose private life and conversation appear commensurate to the reputation acquired by their writings. Sir Walter Scott in this respect stood almost alone; and that was because his poetic were the least considerable among his many great talents. The deep and ardent feelings which are requisite to form a great poet are too serious to be played with: like love, and all profound emotions, they lie buried in the recesses of the heart till called forth by some stirring event or awakened by some happy inspiration. In ordinary society Campbell did not appear by any means to the same advantage as Jeffrey, though he possessed incomparably more genius and sensibility. The former made no attempt at display in conversation; but the occasional splendid expression, the frequent

tear in the eye, bespoke the profound emotion which was felt. The latter spoke lightly and felicitously on every subject,—with equal facility he could descant on literature, philosophy, poetry, politics, or the arts; but the very copiousness of the stream, and the readiness with which it was poured forth on all occasions, proved that no reluctance was felt at unlocking its fountains, and that they lay near the surface. No deep wells of thought or feeling existed in Jeffrey; he was judicious and candid in criticism, and lenient and considerate in judgment, but had scarcely an original thought or profound reflection in his mind.

In November 1805 I went for the first time to College, at the University of Edinburgh, being then twelve years and ten months old. It may readily be conceived that college education in Scotland, begun at so early an age, is very different from what it is at the English universities, where it is commenced in general six years later, and requires on the very threshold a critical knowledge of Greek and Latin, and a power of composing in the classical languages which is scarce ever acquired by Scotch students even when they take leave of their *alma mater*. I found myself, as might have been expected from my education at home, inferior to my companions in Latin composition, but by no means so in translating Latin or Greek into English. In the second year of my Greek course, at the age of fourteen and a half, two translations which I made

of the third Philippic of Demosthenes, and of the description of the Vale of Tempe in Ælian's 'Varia Historia,' attracted attention. The former, in the composition of which I felt uncommon interest, was characterised, with indulgent favour, by the professor as "the best translation he had ever read of the passage;" the latter was marked with the line from Virgil, 'Macte virtute puer, sic itur ad astra." At the same time, a translation into English verse of the "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis" of Horace was eulogised in the Latin class. I mention these juvenile incidents not in the foolish belief that I could really have merited these eulogiums, which were dictated chiefly by personal regard, but to show how early the disposition is marked in boys, how valuable is the exercise of the mind which is afforded by such translations of the masterpieces of antiquity into our own language, and how material is the influence which early distinction in such pursuits often exerts upon the direction and fortunes of life.

In November 1806 I went to the first mathematical class, then taught by Professor Leslie, having previously gone over the first three books of Euclid with my brother, who was an excellent mathematician. This study immediately and strongly fascinated my attention; and I early acquired a lead among the students, which I preserved during the whole session. In the course of the following summer I read Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' with my father, and found myself equally attracted by

that fascinating study. The result of these varied occupations appeared in the next winter session at college, when I attended the highest Greek and second mathematical classes. In the former we read Euripides, Sophocles, and Thucydides; in the latter we went through spherical trigonometry, conic sections, fluxions, solid geometry, and the doctrine of series. The application of algebra to geometry was also taught; but though fully aware of the vast power which it confers in the solution of mathematical problems, still, as an exercise of the mind, it always appeared to me immeasurably inferior to the old Greek geometry. Such was the enthusiasm with which these branches of mathematics inspired me, that I recollect lying awake on many occasions a whole night in the anxious effort to solve a problem in Conic Sections, and rising in the morning having made it out in the dark with my eyes shut, but without having slept a minute. I also more than once extracted the square root in the dark without a figure wrong to the eighth decimal. The only three subjects that ever had this effect of entirely preventing sleep during a whole night were these problems in conic sections, anxiety to see the Alps ten years afterwards when on the eve of setting out for Switzerland, and, twenty years later, the preparation for the press of my History of Europe.

In April 1808, being the first year that rewards were given at Edinburgh College, I got the first prize

in the Greek class. It was for an English Essay on the "Causes of the Eminence of Athens in the Arts and Sciences." I thought at the time—such is the presumption of youth — that I had satisfactorily explained it by the application of Adam Smith's doctrine of supply and demand: nearly forty years' subsequent reflection and experience have led to the conclusion that it is wholly inexplicable, save on the principle expressed by Hallam, that "there is but one way of explaining how great men appear at one time in the world and not at another, and that is, that God Almighty sometimes wills it, and sometimes not." I had a more sturdy competition for the mathematical prize. There were several excellent mathematicians at the class; and one of them had solved a very difficult problem, given out for a preceding exercise, in which, after three days' incessant effort, I had failed.[1] Four competitors, being those who had successfully performed the greatest number of previous exercises, were shut up alone in the class-room to solve several very difficult problems and theorems for which two prizes were given. These were Mr Borthwick of Crookston, Mr J. Macpherson M'Leod, Mr Edward Irving, and myself. Such was my anxiety when enclosed, that, after labouring from

[1] From a given point to draw a line through a given square which shall have a linear space between the side of the square through which it passes and the side at right angles to that side projected equal to a given straight line. After this lapse of time, with all its experience, I recollect nothing equal to the mental strain I underwent in the effort to solve that problem.

nine in the morning till eight at night, I had only performed the two easiest of six very difficult exercises in conic sections and spherical trigonometry, while the others did the greater number. What rendered this failure more provoking was, that when I came home in the evening literally shedding tears of vexation, I sat down and solved the whole in half an hour. The Professor, Mr Leslie, with more indulgence to me than justice to my competitors, allowed a second day for the trial; and on this occasion, either from being less nervous or more fortunate, I came off first, having solved all the exercises, including a difficult one in fluxions and another in conic sections, in which the others failed. The result was, that the first prize was adjudged to Mr Borthwick and myself; the second to Mr Irving and Mr M'Leod.[1]

The summer of 1808 which followed this contest was in more than one respect an important era in my life. I took with ardour during its early months to the study of political economy, and read the works of the French economists, particularly Letrosne's 'L'Ordre Social,' with the deepest interest. This led to the study of Malthus's Essay on Population, which had been published ten years before, and the doctrines

[1] Edward Irving, with whom I had this sturdy competition, afterwards became the celebrated preacher in London. Mr Borthwick met with a melancholy and untimely end when shooting. Mr M'Leod went to India as a lad; but though I saw him when he returned for a short period ten years after, I have been unable to trace his subsequent history.

of which were then implicitly adopted by almost all who thought on these subjects. My father often conversed with me on that important branch of social philosophy, particularly on the fundamental proposition that the human race has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, and that this is the real cause of the misery which pervades the world. This, he constantly affirmed, was entirely erroneous, and a fallacy fraught with the most fatal consequences, as tending to throw on Providence the consequences of human corruption; and he pointed out the true answer to it—viz., that by a fundamental law of Nature the labour of one man's hands is more than adequate for his own support, and that were Malthus's proposition well founded, arts, and capital, and a separation of professions never could have arisen in the world, for all these things imply a surplus in the hands of the cultivators above what is required for their own maintenance. So strongly did this idea get possession of my mind that I soon came to think of it continually; and in the autumn of 1808 I wrote the first draft of an Essay on Population containing all the fundamental views which were afterwards developed in my work on that subject.

This first attempt led to another determination fraught with the most important consequences to my future life. I was now in my seventeenth year, and my father, who at first had thought of making me a civil engineer, from my liking for mathematics,

and our intimacy with Mr Telford, had more recently entertained the idea of my following the profession of a banker, from some advantages which a connection by marriage on his sister's part seemed to hold out.[1] When I had finished my Essay on Population, however, which was nearly two hundred pages long, I showed it to him, and he read the whole attentively. When he had finished it, he walked twice or thrice with a hurried step about the room, and then said, "Archy, I won't allow you to become a banker; you were made for something very different from that: what would you say to the Bar?" I had no particular predilection for that more than for any other profession, but I readily embraced his views, which had often before occurred to myself, and had only been checked by a dread of the slow progress usually made in that line. It was accordingly resolved that I should conclude my philosophical studies during the next session of college, and the following year commence my legal ones.

During the winter 1808-9 I attended Mr Stewart's moral and Mr Playfair's natural philosophy. Next to the conversations and instructions of my father, I regard that as the most fortunate event which occurred in my education. It was impossible to imagine

[1] My father's sister was married to a most worthy man, George Mitchell, Esq., cashier of the Royal Bank, Edinburgh, and ultimate heir to the immense fortune of Mr Gilbert Innes of Stow; which on his death, without leaving issue, devolved to his younger brother, William, who took the name of Mitchell Innes, and made a noble use of his colossal wealth.

two men more completely fitted to convey the sublime principles of moral and physical science, or whose character exhibited a more perfect commentary on the doctrines which they taught. Simple in his manners, unostentatious in his habits, but ardent in his enthusiasm, Mr Stewart warmed in the professor's chair into a glow of eloquence which, combined with the beautiful quotations in prose and verse interspersed in his lectures, entranced his hearers and produced an indelible impression on the mind. He had not the original genius, the inventive mind of his successor, Dr Brown, and accordingly his published works have not by any means had the same circulation; but his judgment was sound, his principles elevated: as a teacher and critic of others he was unrivalled; and his exquisite taste threw over every subject which he touched the charm of eloquence and the warmth of imagination. Mr Playfair in manner was simplicity itself: the elevated society in which he habitually moved had given him that unaffected ease and polished courtesy which constituted the charm of the highest circles in Paris; but he united to these attractive qualities an extent of erudition which commanded universal respect. The darling of children, the favourite of women, he was at the same time a profound mathematician, an accurate observer, and deeply versed in the exact sciences. Yet was he able rather than original, eloquent rather than profound. Like Humboldt, he combined the opposite qualities of accuracy in

learning with power in composition; and in these respects his 'Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory' and the 'Mécanique Céleste' of La Place have never been excelled. But he wanted the creative genius of the great German; he had not an inventive mind. He was an incomparable disciple, but struck out few new ideas for himself.

During this winter, and indeed during the whole time that I attended college, I took full notes of the Professor's lectures, which I wrote out in the evening in a clean copy.[1] This was considerable labour, as, if the notes were full, it took more than two hours at night to write out each lecture. It may be quite true that the notes when completed embraced nothing new—that all they contained was to be found probably much better expressed in printed books; but is the power of writing four or five hours every evening to be found in books? Is the habit of steady application, the feeling of duty not to fall behind—a feeling invaluable in the business of life, —is the faculty of ready composition, which is forced on the student by this custom, of no moment? Certainly I found that this habit, which I invariably followed during the whole time I studied at the University of Edinburgh, has been attended with the best consequences; and in fact, but for it, I do not think I ever could have gone through the labour in

[1] I still possess those notes, extending over 26 bound quarto volumes —a mass little inferior to my History of Europe during the French Revolution, which most readers probably consider long enough.

subsequent times of keeping up an immense mass of judicial or professional business, at the same time that I regularly prosecuted my literary works. But if this custom is useful in all cases and with ordinary professions, it may be conceived of what service it was during this session, when I was striving at night to transfer to paper the glowing sentences of Stewart and the luminous disquisitions of Playfair; and was engaged one hour in following out the demonstrations in the 'Principia' or the mechanism of the steam-engine, and the next was plunged in the metaphysics of Locke and Reid, or combating the visions of Helvetius and Rousseau.

Among the circumstances which most powerfully contributed to form my mind at this period, I must not omit to place in the very foremost rank the sermons I heard from the pulpit every Sunday from my father, and the still more valuable conversations which I had with him during the week. I do not think I am led astray by filial attachment when I say that, as impressive pieces of pulpit eloquence, his sermons never were excelled: considered in reference to theological learning, calm reflection, or an accurate estimate of human nature, indeed, they leave much to be desired, and on those accounts they will never occupy a high place in Biblical libraries. But regarded as pieces of devotional eloquence—as the effusions of a pious and sensitive heart, which loved to trace the analogies between natural and revealed religion, and to work out the

finger of God alike in the greatest changes of the moral as in the minutest objects of the physical world, in the leaf of a plant or the habits of an insect as in the triumphs of Nelson or the overthrow of Napoleon—they are models which are equal to any which ever were written. Upon myself and all his children, as I believe generally on his crowded congregation, their effect was unbounded. They not only formed our taste and style of composition, but they moulded our principles and views of life. Yet, great as the influence of these public discourses was, the effect of his private conversation was much more powerful. It was there that the prolific powers of genius, the inventive glance of an original mind, were so apparent. Coleridge has said that "genius is nothing but the experience and perseverance of manhood working out the views and speculations of childhood." If so, the germs of what would have been greatness in many men were, from the influence of subsequent habit, lost in him.

His defect as a theologian and observer of mankind was, an undue estimate of human nature,—the fatal error of the age in which he lived—the error of the warm-hearted and benevolent in every age. He had been deeply impressed in early youth with the eloquence and sophistry of Rousseau ; and his retired habits and want of acquaintance with mankind in real life, rendered him unable afterwards entirely to eradicate his errors. No one felt more strongly, or deplored more deeply, the general wickedness of the

world; but he never could be brought to trace it to its true source. He believed with devout submission in the Scriptural doctrine of the fall of man, and with deep-felt gratitude in the mystery of the Redemption, but he was practically ignorant of the *universal* diffusion of the principles of evil. He always said, evil was learned from the corruption of the world and the influence of bad example; he could not be brought to see the force of the question, "Who corrupted the corrupters?" In a word, "he had not enough of the devil in him to find the devil out." Therein I have had much the advantage of him; for I always had enough of the devil in me to form a due estimate of the force with which he was acting or had acted on those with whom I was concerned or was describing. His mind was in the highest degree active; he read incessantly, and thought much of all he had studied or observed around him. But he never wrote except under a sense of duty or strong excitement. His Essays on Taste are but a fragment of the great work which he at first projected; and he went on to the last hour of a life prolonged much beyond the usual period of human existence, constantly thinking and speculating, but never committing his ideas to paper. He was made to be one of the peripatetic philosophers of antiquity who instructed their scholars orally while walking about, or in the usual intercourse of life; and the germs of many a durable work and great reputation might have been gathered from his conversation.

It was on the 6th June 1809, after one of those frequent and long conversations which I had with my father while sitting on his bedside (where he lay reading or thinking generally till two o'clock in the afternoon), that I first conceived the design of making a great effort to write a work on Population. We had talked long and earnestly on Mr Malthus's doctrines, which had occupied me much during the preceding winter; and he entirely concurred with the more matured views which I had now come to form on the subject. "Keep these ideas in your head, *my mannie*" (his usual name for me), said he at its close; "it's a great thing to have seen the sun through the clouds." I left his room in a transport of joy which I find it impossible to describe. I resolved to devote my life to the refutation of Mr Malthus's doctrines, and became impressed with a conviction which has never left me, and has directed my subsequent efforts, that to vindicate the Divine administration in the order of the moral world, and trace the misery which exists to its true source—the wickedness and selfishness of man—was a great duty imposed upon me. Most imperfectly have I executed it; but I have never lost sight of the sense of obligation. I immediately left the house to purchase a book for my MS., and, too impatient to walk, I *ran* down Bruntsfield Links to the Meadows on my way to Edinburgh with my head swimming with visions, till fatigue and want of breath compelled me to stop. I returned with a

large quarto volume under my arm, and the same evening commenced my labours, which I continued assiduously at every leisure moment through the whole of that summer and the following winter. The first sentence now lying before me in the original MS. explains the object of the work better than any I believe I have ever since added.[1]

In the autumn of 1809 my brother and I made our first visit of any length of time alone from home at Mr Dugald Stewart's at Kinneil House, near Linlithgow—an old extensive mansion belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, which overlooked a noble view of the Firth of Forth, Carse of Stirling, and Highland mountains. We remained there a fortnight,

[1] *June* 6, 1809.—"It is the object of the following essay to illustrate the provision made by Nature in the original constitution of the human mind, and the laws of the social order for accommodating in every state of society the principle of increase to the circumstances of that society and the general welfare of the species. The impulse to population has been compared to a spring loaded with a variable weight: it is the object of this essay to establish the constant adaptation in the system of Nature of this weight to the circumstances of the machine it is intended to put in motion.

"It is necessary to inquire, in the first place, what are the laws which determine the relation between population and subsistence. Next, to examine the relation which the moral principles and active propensities of our nature have to her physical circumstances, and point out the successive development and operation of the principles intended to limit, when necessary, the operation of the principle of increase.

"As the conclusions to which we are led in the first part are not agreeable to the phenomena which we see around us, the second object of inquiry is employed in explaining the causes of this diversity and referring them to their real sources. Under this head we are led to examine the effect of bad government and particular institutions on the human mind, and by an examination of the different countries of the world to prove what are the causes of this diversity."

and afterwards prolonged our tour to Stirling and Glasgow. This visit, and many others of a similar nature which we made for several years afterwards to Kinneil House, proved a source of unbounded gratification. The admirable simplicity and unaffected *bonhomie*, joined to the delicate taste and feeling heart, of Mr Stewart; the mingled genius and elegance of Mrs Stewart;[1] and the talents of their daughter, who united the judgment and penetration of the one to the accomplishments and feeling of the other,—rendered this abode a scene of attraction which, for a long course of years, was eagerly sought after alike by the great, the able, and the learned from every part of the country.

During one of these visits at Kinneil, an incident occurred which had an immediate and important influence on my style of drawing, and first opened my eyes to the true principles and method by which alone excellence is to be attained in any of the fine arts. I had taken a sketch of the noble scene afforded by the house with the adjacent firth and distant mountains, which, according to my usual custom at that period, I was shading and colouring after it had been very imperfectly outlined. Mr Henning,[2] an artist of considerable talent, happened

[1] Miss Cranstoun, sister of a celebrated advocate, Mr George Cranstoun, who was afterwards raised to the Bench, and took the title of Lord Corehouse from his romantic estate near the Falls of the Clyde. The Cranstouns were descended from an old border family, and nearly related to Lord Cranstoun, its head.

[2] A very ingenious artist, who at that period had acquired con-

to be there at the time, and after looking at my drawing and bestowing some good-natured encomiums on it, said he thought I should pay more attention to outline, and draw more from nature, copying accurately every branch "and almost every leaf." He was afterwards so kind as to go out with me to the woods and sketch a foreground of burdocks and fallen branches, which he did with the accuracy that the practised hand of an artist alone can attain. I was a little mortified at first on seeing my visions of colouring and composition demolished, or postponed for a long course of years, and that I was to go back to the rudiments of the art; but a little reflection soon convinced me that Mr Henning was right, and I totally changed my style of drawing. Discarding altogether my colours, brushes, and even Indian ink, I set strenuously to work at outlines with the lead-pencil, and on sketches from nature on the most minute plan, from the leaf of a fern to the mass of a mountain. During the next ten years of my life, I drew, whenever I could find leisure, two or three hours every day, alternately copying Woollett's engravings after Claude, and sketching every remarkable scene which I visited either at home or abroad. My collection of original sketches soon amounted to many thousands, and ultimately embraced most of the interesting scenes in Europe. It was hard to say whether the first outlines from

siderable distinction by his skilful likenesses in medallion, and reductions of friezes to a small form.

nature, or the subsequent copying of the more interesting at home, was attended with the greater pleasure. Perhaps there is no accomplishment, which leads to such pure and elevating conceptions, or is attended from first to last with such undecaying enjoyment. A good draughtsman has opened a new sense to receive the beauties of nature. I found my habits of drawing and local observation, as well as the frequent reflection to which they led on the principles of painting, both in landscape and figures, of inestimable value when I came afterwards to delineate the tragedies of the French Revolution and the battles of Napoleon.

During the winter of 1809-10, I attended Dr Hope's lectures on chemistry, Mr Stewart's political economy, and again listened with admiration to his course of moral philosophy. I still continued with undiminished vigour the practice of taking full notes and writing them out at night. I was somewhat disappointed, however, with Mr Stewart's lectures on political economy, and began to suspect that he either had not gone to the bottom of the subject, or was not gifted with an original mind. In ethics, which had so long exercised the greatest intellects of the world, his inimitable power of survey was the most valuable quality which could exist in a teacher; but in political economy, which was of so much more recent growth, the case was different. Numerous errors, fraught with pernicious consequences, had already become common, and had met with gen-

eral credit; and, convinced as I was of the false positions and deplorable consequences of the Malthusian philosophy, it was a matter of great disappointment to me to find its leading principles represented as axioms which could not be controverted.

That circumstance, however, only rendered my endeavours more strenuous to follow out my own work in refutation of Malthus; and during the intervals of leisure this winter and the following summer, I laboured assiduously at the task. At length I brought it to a close at a small country villa in the village of Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, where my father had taken country quarters, on the 29th July 1810. On the following day I went to Rochsoles House in Lanarkshire, the seat of my brother-in-law Colonel Gerard,[1] and left my manuscript, now

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel John Gerard, son of Dr Gerard, a professor of note in the college of Old Aberdeen, who had written works on Taste and on Genius as my father had also on Taste. Colonel Gerard early embraced the service of the army in the East Indies, served with distinction in the campaign which terminated with the fall of Seringapatam, and when the Mahratta war began in 1803, was appointed Adjutant-General to the Bengal army, in which capacity he acted during the brilliant exploits of that band of heroes, and took an active part in the battles of Agra, Delhi, and Laswaree, as well as the siege of Bhurtpore in 1805. Having made a considerable fortune, and the pacification of the East having closed for the time his prospects of ambition in the military career, he returned to his own country, purchased the estate of Rochsoles near Airdrie, in Lanarkshire, and married my second sister Montagu, a young woman of elegant appearance and remarkable talents, on the 21st March 1810. He was a man of the most upright character, extensive information, sound and discriminating judgment, and undaunted courage, both personal and

amounting to four large quarto volumes, to my father to read. He wrote to me on the following day in encouraging terms, expressing astonishment at the extent of the work, of the existence of which he had never entertained a suspicion. He strongly counselled me, however, not to think of publication until it was thoroughly matured, and in the meantime to go quietly on consulting every traveller, and accumulating every fact which could bear on the subject, until the argument was rendered irresistible. I have since had abundant reason to appreciate the wisdom of this advice.

During the bright days of this summer (which was remarkable for a long tract of fine weather), sitting under the old beech-trees in the park of Rochsoles, I taught myself Italian. In a fortnight I could read Metastasio, in a month Tasso, with facility; and I then received an impression of the beauty of Italian authors which has never been effaced. Before the summer was over I had read the "Jerusalem Delivered," and all the dramas of Alfieri and Metastasio. It is to be regretted that this charming language is not made a more general object of study by young men. Any tolerable Latin scholar can with ease read it in a few weeks; and there is no language which for so small an amount of labour confers so rich a store of enjoyment. Without the

moral. That union, a period of no ordinary happiness, was blessed with five children, till it was prematurely dissolved by her lamented death at Lausanne on the 28th November 1819, of typhus fever.

variety and brilliancy of French literature, the originality and force of German, Italian is more beautiful and captivating than either; and no man can aspire to a knowledge of poetical excellence who is not familiar with the great masterpieces which it has bequeathed to mankind.

Much has been said, and more probably will be said, on the comparative merits of the English and Scotch systems of education. Not having been at either an English school or university, I am unable to give a comparative estimate of their relative values from my own experience; and unquestionably, enough great men have been produced by both to show that neither is the least efficacious method of enlarging and strengthening the human mind. I shall content myself, therefore, with giving an account of the result which, at the age of eighteen, when I terminated my general and commenced my legal education, had under the Scotch system taken place with myself. I had many deficiencies which would have scandalised an Etonian and might even have proved a stumbling-block to my entrance into some of the colleges of Oxford. I was wholly ignorant of Greek composition both in prose and verse, was but an indifferent proficient in writing Latin prose, and entirely unacquainted with Latin versification so far as composition went. On the other hand, I had already read part at least of all the principal classical authors both in Greek and Latin, including Tacitus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus; was master of French

and Italian, and had read their leading writers; had gone through spherical trigonometry, conic sections, and fluxions, and the whole courses of natural philosophy, moral philosophy, and chemistry; and could with equal facility read in the course of a few hours a book of the Odyssey, an act of Æschylus, a book of Tacitus, a play of Racine, a canto of Tasso, or an oration of Cicero; and by a little attention could master the most difficult proposition in the 'Principia' of Newton, the 'Solid Geometry' of Legendre, or the physical astronomy of the modern French geometricians. Above all, I had not contracted, what is so common after the severe critical examinations of the English universities, a *distaste* for the classical languages: I could not write Latin, but I had *not learned to dislike to read it;* and now, at the distance of fifty years, and after a life of uncommon activity and constant immersion in business, I revert with increased pleasure and little diminished ease to the studies of my youth. I disclaim personal merit in this advantage; it was the result of the system of education. There were many better scholars, especially in the classics, than myself at all the sessions I was at the university.[1] In truth, the Scotch and English systems of education are intend-

[1] Among the Greek scholars decidedly superior to myself, though we were constant rivals, I may mention my valued friend Andrew Rutherfurd, who subsequently became Lord Advocate, distinguished on the bench as Lord Rutherfurd; and Robert Thomson, Sheriff of Caithness, whose learned work on 'Bills of Exchange' is now of standard authority in the Scotch Courts.

ed for different ends, and each is excellent in its way. The Scotch, intended chiefly for the education of the middle class who have their fortune to make, is adapted to the attainment of that object; the English, being intended mainly for the training of the great and the affluent whose fortune is made, is calculated to give what is desired for them, finish and grace to the mind.

In the winter of 1810-11, when I first commenced my legal studies under the tuition of Mr Irving,[1] I joined a society formed by a few young men having a similar destination, who met once a-week in a room of the college to habituate themselves to public speaking. An essay was read and criticised every night by a member, after which a subject was opened by another and debated. Patrick Fraser Tytler; John Hope, son of the Lord President, who has since become Lord Justice-Clerk; Mungo Brown, who afterwards wrote the best treatise on "Sale" in the English language, and whose early death alone prevented him from rising to the Bench; Henry Biggar, a young man of uncommon talents, since prematurely cut off; Alex. Pringle of Yair, who has been immortalised in the introduction to 'Marmion;' and David Anderson of Moredun; with several Englishmen, who had been attracted by the fame of the university,—were among its earliest members. Several of the latter soon distinguished themselves by their abilities, par-

[1] Professor of Civil Law in the University, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Newton.

ticularly Nathaniel Hibbert, son of Mr Hibbert, a gentleman of large fortune, the able advocate of the West India interest in the House of Commons; Gilbert Heathcote, son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who afterwards became one of the members for Leicestershire, and was created Lord Aveland; W. H. Hyett, of Painswick, Gloucestershire, one of my oldest and most valued friends, and who afterwards became member for Stroud, in Gloucestershire; and Charles Brownlow, afterwards Lord Brownlow, and member for Armagh. These debates, as is always the case, soon became animated, and warmly interested all the members. The fame of the "Select Society" rapidly increased; it soon overshadowed, and wellnigh extinguished, the "Speculative," which was of much older standing and had long been celebrated; and during five years that I attended it the debates were maintained with spirit, sometimes exhibiting no ordinary powers of reasoning and eloquence.

The first night we met I read an essay on the "History of Man," the object of which was to show that there is a system of Divine superintendence, and distribution of rewards and punishments, taking place in this world by the intervention and operation of free agents—the same idea which it is the main object of my History of Europe during the French Revolution to illustrate.[1] The debate was on the much

[1] Fifty years have elapsed since this essay was written, which I have never looked at since, though I believe its manuscript has not been

agitated question, "Whether England should have interfered to prevent the partition of Poland in 1772 and 1774?" Patrick Tytler opened the debate, and maintained that she should. I answered him, and argued she should not, assigning as a reason the want of any military force by which she could have contended on the Continent against the partitioning Powers, and strongly pointing to the subsequent disasters of the guilty potentates as a memorable

lost, but I recollect the concluding sentence, which illustrates the train of thought which pervaded the whole: "What Cicero, in his usual strain of eloquence, said of the motions of the planetary bodies, may with equal truth be applied to the affairs of men. 'Maxime vero sunt admirabilis motus earum quinque stellarum quæ falso vocantur errantes; nihil enim errat quod in omni eternitate conservat progressus et regressus reliquos motus constantes et ratos.' In the regular irregularity of the planetary orbs, Cicero traced the appearance of order and design; and his words are still more important if applied to the corresponding irregularities in the moral world, to the anomalies we observe in the history of nations, and the confusion we lament in the transactions of mankind. Like the planetary orbs, nations have their rise, their zenith, and their wane; like them, too, they disappear for a time from the view; but when we apprehend their utter extinction, they appear again on the firmament of heaven to begin anew the career they are destined to run. At the time when Cicero wrote, the laws which regulate these motions, now so familiar, were unknown; and at the present time the corresponding laws which regulate the moral world are in a great measure unknown also. Yet it is our duty, as it was his duty, to trace amidst the apparent irregularities the great features and character of design; and to hope that the same order which has been unfolded in the physical, may yet in a future age be unfolded in the still more magnificent system of the moral world. It was the maxim of the Romans in their last days never to despair of the Republic; it should be the maxim of every good man never to despair of mankind." This has been written out from recollection; I could not do the same of any page of my History, though finished thirty years afterwards—so much deeper are the impressions of youth than of mature years.

example of just retribution—an idea which is frequently enforced in my History. Indeed, all the general views which have been developed in my subsequent writings were formed at this period: all I have done since has been to illustrate and confirm by examples the principles then conceived. In political speculation and in the debates of the Select Society at this period I generally, but not always, inclined to the Liberal side. Thus I argued for Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform, to the latter of which on the extended scale adopted in 1831 I afterwards became a decided opponent; but on all points connected with an Established Church, and the necessity or expediency of the war with France, I was decided on the Conservative side from the beginning. In this seeming variation of opinion, however, there was no change of principle. The difference arose from the want of practical acquaintance with men, from which I at first suffered, and in which professional and official duty afterwards gave me much experience. Like most young men of an ardent temperament, I began by overestimating the good qualities of human nature, and ascribing the evil which generally exists to the influence of erroneous political institutions. I afterwards came to see that those institutions are in general rather the effect than the cause, and that the real source is to be found in the corrupt and selfish principles of our natures.

The events of the Continental war now began to

acquire an overwhelming degree of interest and importance. The campaigns of the Douro and of Talavera had awakened the nation to the heart-stirring interest of military glory; the contest of the Archduke Charles on the Danube had spread for a brief season the hope of Napoleon's overthrow; that of Torres Vedras had made Britain feel, as one man, the deep stake of a vital struggle. In common with my countrymen, I had experienced ceaseless and growing excitement from the progress of this protracted warfare, and it had come to occupy the minds of all to an extent which will hardly be credited by this generation. But when the Moscow campaign began, with its terrible incidents and heart-stirring results; when the battle of Salamanca paralysed at one blow the strength of France in the Peninsula, and that of Vittoria swept its legions like a whirlwind across the Pyrenees; when the might of Germany arose, and the fight of giants on the Katzbach, at Culm, and Leipsic achieved the deliverance of the world,—our enthusiasm knew no bounds. The roar of the Castle guns, which awoke us sometimes three, sometimes four times a-week, with the announcement of glorious victories;[1] the merry chimes of bells, which with their ceaseless clang kept our hearts throbbing all day; the joyous groups which moved about in every street, too

[1] Early in September 1813, the Castle guns fired three times in one week—for the battle of the Katzbach, that of Culm, and the fall of St Sebastian. On a subsequent occasion, after the battle of Leipsic, they fired four times in a week, the last of which was for the fall of Dresden, with the corps of Marshal St Cyr.

happy to work, too excited to sit still,—excited an incessant transport. To such a height did the tumult of feeling arise, that hardly any other subject but the events of the war was either thought or talked of in our family, or I believe in any other. So strongly are the results of the battles engraven on my memory, that at this distance of time I can tell at once the number of killed, wounded, and prisoners and guns taken in all the battles of Wellington in Spain, and of the Allies in Russia and Germany. On the day when the news of the battle of the Pyrenees arrived, on the 1st September 1813, my brother and I walked from Edinburgh to Rochsoles, a distance of thirty-five miles. The guns of the Castle began to fire as we left home at eight o'clock; we rushed into the coffee-room to feast on the 'Gazette' as we passed, and under the excitement produced by the intelligence, walked on the first twenty-one miles without drawing breath or halting for a second. We then lay down for five minutes under a tree beside a brook on the road, and resuming our journey, reached the house with blistered feet and thirsty lips, but in the highest spirits, at five o'clock — having accomplished the task in nine hours.

The secret of this power of walking and physical strength, which has never deserted me through life, and to which much of its happiness, and nearly all the health of subsequent years, has been owing, consisted in the habits acquired, partly by the incessant

working in the garden, to which we had been accustomed from infancy, partly in the walking expeditions which we regularly undertook every summer. Between 1810 and 1813 we visited on foot, with our knapsacks on our backs and our staffs in our hands, all the principal scenes of Scotland. In the first of these years, immediately after the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' we made a pilgrimage to Loch Katrine and the mountains in its vicinity, and prolonged our journey till it had extended to 365 miles, by Dunkeld, Taymouth, and Inverary, to Loch Lomond and the Falls of Clyde. In the succeeding year we struck from Blair Athole across the hills to Braemar, and traversed the noble pile of mountains from which the Dee takes its source, and mounted to the summit of Lochnagar, since immortalised in the poetry of Lord Byron. A clear fountain which, near its top, gushes pure and cold from its granite bed, often recurred to my recollection in after-years, when toiling under the sun of Switzerland and Italy. In 1812 a domestic calamity limited our expedition to Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; but in 1813 we walked over all the mountain parts of Ayrshire,[1] followed with devout enthusiasm the Tweed and Yarrow from their source to the sea, visiting every ruin which had been celebrated in Scott's poetry, and repeating his lines at every scene which he had described. In 1815 we set out on foot on the heath in Morayshire, where the witches appeared to Macbeth;

[1] The scenes immortalised in the songs of Burns.

and after passing the field of Culloden, and visiting the magnificent scenery of Loch Ness and Beauly, returned home by Fort William, the summit of Ben Nevis, Glencoe, Inverary, and Loch Lomond. If the strengthening of the frame, and accustoming it to bear protracted efforts, is one salutary result of such expeditions, not less important is the vigour they communicate to the mind, the determination to bear fatigue, and often suffer pain, in pursuance of a fixed design, the experience of mental enjoyment, the reward of bodily exertion, and the lasting happiness of steady volition.

In 1812 an event occurred which never fails to make a deep impression, especially on those who have been blessed by a happy infancy: we had to mourn the first break in our domestic circle. In the course of his prosecution of his medical duties among the poor of Edinburgh, my brother, who had already commenced that course of active and unwearied benevolence which has since rendered his name distinguished, was seized with malignant typhus fever. It set in with great violence, and on the third day he was so delirious as to require coercion. Unwilling to admit any strangers into so distressing a scene, my cousin William Forbes,[1] who

[1] Son of John Forbes, Esq. of Blackford in Aberdeenshire, who had married Anne, my mother's sister. He was a young man of very remarkable talents, especially in the mathematical and mechanical sciences, and went out to India as a military engineer. He had ample room afterwards for developing his peculiar ability in the construction of the Mint of Calcutta, and the second siege and capture of Bhurtpore in 1825-26, when he commanded the engineer department.

was living with us at the time, and I undertook the duty of attending him, and for the next ten days we never left the sick-chamber night or day. It is a remarkable instance of the effect of ignorance of danger, or absorbing anxiety, in averting the chances of contagion, that neither of us took the fever, though we adopted so few precautions to avoid it that we sat up at night beside the sick-bed wrapped up in the blankets which my brother in his burning fever had thrown off. On the thirteenth day, when his life was despaired of, his illness suddenly took a favourable turn and he recovered—another of the many examples of the truth of the saying, that the great art of medicine is to get the patient to survive the disease.

But the malignant fever was not in the end balked of its prey. In the June following, my father took a country villa near Duddingston for the benefit of fresh air and change of scene, and some of the blankets in which we had wrapped ourselves were unhappily transferred heedlessly to other beds without having been sufficiently purified. The consequence was that, before we had been there a fortnight, my youngest sister Margaret [1] was seized with the fever, and lay for thirty days without tasting a morsel of food, before her recovery, slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees, commenced. When she was at the worst, my third sister Elizabeth also

[1] Since married to William Burge, Esq., Q.C., late member for St Ives, and author of the admirable and elaborate work on Foreign and Colonial Law, which is now a standard authority on subjects of international law both in this country and America.

took the fever, and with such violence, that on the ninth day she expired. My father, who was tenderly attached to her, received the blow as became a man and a Christian;[1] but my mother then evinced in a remarkable manner the native strength of her mind. Margaret was so much attached to her sister (who had caught the infection by attending on her during her long illness), and was so extremely weak, that Dr Gregory said she would at once sink under the shock which would be produced by the intelligence of her decease. Distrusting the ability of any one else to conceal it, my mother herself undertook the task, and sat constantly in the room with Margaret for the next six weeks, telling her that Eliza was ill, but getting better, and preserving her placidity of manner so entirely that she never had a suspicion of the fatal event. The only occasion on which she nearly sank was when the funeral passed the window of the sick-room, and the shadows of the horses' plumes came through the shutters and appeared on the wall. Margaret asked what that procession was; but my mother, though violently agitated, retained the mastery of herself; and the truth was not divulged to her till she was so far recovered as to be able to bear it six weeks afterwards.

[1] It was at 10 A.M. on the 15th July 1812 that my sister died. We had all sat up the preceding night, and my father and I had just left the house for a few minutes to breathe the fresh air of morning in the garden, when my brother came out from the chamber of death to say it was all over. My father immediately cast up his eyes to heaven and said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

During the years 1811, 1812, and 1813, I laboured assiduously in winter at my law studies, and had soon written eight thick quarto volumes of Professor Hume's lectures on Scotch law. Though I read law for an hour and a half every day in summer I had leisure for other pursuits; and the classics, with the standard authors of France and Italy, especially Tasso, Ariosto, Madame de Staël, and Chateaubriand, absorbed my leisure moments. I then adopted the plan which I have since always followed, when not compelled by necessity to adhere to a single pursuit—viz., that of reading several authors in different languages at the same time, and never studying one more than an hour, or an hour and a half, at one sitting. Thus I generally read every day Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; and my usual complement of study was nearly as follows: some hundred lines or half a book of the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey;' half a book of Sallust, Tacitus, Livy, or Virgil; half a canto of Tasso or Ariosto; a few chapters of Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, or Voltaire; and fifty pages of Gibbon, Robertson, or Hume. By a regular distribution of time, and economising every minute, I found it easy to combine this course with two hours of law, as much of drawing, and the like period of exercise on foot or horseback every day. In this variety of occupation there is infinite advantage, and no small economy both of time and labour. It is continuity of pursuit, sameness of effort, which wears out both the mind

and body. Change of subject is like passing from riding to walking—it brings a new set of muscles into play. I never found that I could read more than an hour and a half, or two hours, at one subject at a time, with benefit. It is different with writing, during which the exertion of thought prevents the sense of weariness being experienced, at least while the effort continues. I have often written ten or twelve hours consecutively with the intermission only of a short meal: once, on an occasion to be afterwards noticed, I dictated and wrote, with the interval of half an hour for dinner only, for nineteen hours.

It was at this time that I first began to feel that profound admiration for the drama in its higher branches which has never since deserted me. My father had early in life been impressed with the same feelings; and when a young man at Oxford he had formed an acquaintance with the Kemble family, of whose histrionic genius he had the highest opinion. We never lost an opportunity of going to see Mrs Siddons act whenever she came down to Scotland: and at this time when she was taking leave of the stage in Edinburgh, I saw her perform five-and-thirty times. She was now long past the meridian of life, but still very handsome, and played favourite parts, even Juliet and Desdemona, with surprising effect. She was beyond doubt a superb actress. Nature had expressly made her to be a magnificent tragedy queen. A tall and commanding

figure, a profusion of black locks, a Roman style of countenance, and an expression of poetic inspiration, formed an *ensemble* to which those who saw her in her prime declare nothing on the stage was ever equal. She was now oppressed with an unwieldy figure; but such was the brilliancy of her genius and the force of her expression that you forgot it in a few minutes; and even the love-scenes of Juliet did not appear out of nature. In older characters, Queen Catherine, Lady Macbeth, and Desdemona, she was still unrivalled.

To those who recollect Mrs Siddons at the acme of her fame, if any such are still alive, it will seem heresy to say, but nevertheless it is my decided opinion, that John Kemble was the greater performer of the two. To great natural genius for acting he united a powerful countenance, a fine figure, and a thorough antiquarian knowledge of the costume which befitted his different characters, and the perfection of which much added to the general illusion. Nothing I have ever seen on the stage was so fine, nothing can be conceived finer, than his representation of his favourite Roman characters, Coriolanus, Brutus, and Cato. Then was indeed realised the words of the poet—

> "But by the mighty actor brought,
> Illusion's perfect transports come,—
> Voice ceases to be airy thought,
> And Sculpture to be dumb."

His step on the stage in "Coriolanus," in his Roman costume, with a dazzling helmet on his head, is still

present to my mind's eye. No Roman ever surpassed it in real life; no representation of the character can ever excel it. His powers were as versatile as they were magnificent; the last scene in the "Stranger," the death scene in "Cato," the dark sublimity of Hamlet, the agonised ambition of Macbeth, were as perfect as his favourite Roman characters. He once dined with us, and in private his manner was simple and unassuming, without a particle of vanity or conceit. But at this time he looked aged; and in the old man with a stoop you would hardly recognise the hero who in "Coriolanus," in shining armour, still trod the stage with the step of a conqueror.

The extensive and varied reading in which I engaged during these three years, led me to compose an essay on the history of literature in ancient and modern times, which soon swelled out to the dimensions of a respectable octavo volume, parts of which I read at different times to the Select Society. It may well be imagined that at that early age, and with my ardent temperament, such a work was a very juvenile performance, and unfit for publication. It was mainly intended to illustrate one idea, which contains a great deal of truth, though various counteracting considerations will occur to the experienced scholar. It was this: that the greatest efforts of genius and intellect have been made when the greatest and most general scope was afforded to the exertions of the human mind, by the width of the circle which they would

influence, and that the corruption of taste and degradation of literature have always arisen from the contraction of that circle to a limited class of society. The genius of antiquity, expanding with the freedom and efforts of the Grecian and Roman republics, withered under the dominion of the Cæsars, and perished in the stagnation of the Byzantine empire. The mind of modern Europe, long confined by the fetters of the cloister or the castle, burst forth with the revival of freedom in the Italian republics, and the expansion of liberal ideas in the north of Europe by the Reformation, and again declined with the vices of aristocratic society in France, and the concentration of power in the hands of a few in Great Britain. The conclusion seemed to follow that it was by advocating catholic interests, and addressing universal feelings, that a durable impression could alone be made on mankind; and that it was in the education of the whole people, and in the admission of their cravings to bear on the direction of general thought, that the best security for permanent intellectual greatness was to be found. That there is much truth in these views, few, probably, acquainted with the history of literature, will dispute; but I did not then perceive, what experience has since proved, that the extension of the power of reading to the mass of the people is attended with dangers less conspicuous in the outset, but not less pernicious in the end, than the narrow contraction of literature to exclusive circles. That nation is little to be

envied which sinks from the poetry of Dryden and Pope, of Corneille and Racine, to the mingled excitement and immorality of the modern French theatre, or to the recital of the crimes and adventures of Jack Sheppards. Perhaps, however, though the danger of the degradation of literature to the gross taste of the people is real, yet in the counteracting and varied desires of all classes of society is to be found a safeguard against the declension consequent on the exclusive direction of national thought by any one of them. Each class may be sufficiently inclined to encourage superficial literature which falls in with its own frailties; but it will have little patience after the novelty is past, for that which is addressed to the faults of other classes.

These literary speculations, however, were merely episodes in my life: I soon reverted to the great object of accumulating authorities to combat the doctrines of Malthus. Sensible of the weight which that able writer had given to his theories by the vast array of authorities which he had collected to prove his fundamental positions that mankind everywhere has a tendency to increase faster than food can be provided, and that the checks to this tendency are moral restraint, vice, and misery, I felt the necessity of following him into every country of the world, and of showing from the concurring testimony of travellers and statistical writers that the human race is everywhere, even in the most densely peopled countries, far within the limits of

its possible and easy increase; and that a variety of means are provided by Nature for the gradual and progressive limitation of the principle of population when society requires their operation, which effectually accomplish their purpose through the changing desires of the individual, and the aberrations in national policy, produced by the demands of growing interests. The deviations from this order of Nature which we everywhere observe, arise, I maintained, from the errors, the follies, and the vices of man. It may well be conceived what a gigantic undertaking it was to endeavour to prove this, in relation to every country in the world, and different ages of society. During 1812 and 1813 I laboured assiduously at the task; and I was beginning to feel alarmed at the magnitude of my collection of extracts on the subject, and to consider how they were to be reduced within reasonable limits, when my thoughts were suddenly turned into a new channel, and a lasting direction communicated to my exertions, by the consequences of that mighty Revolution which at this period changed the political face of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY MANHOOD FROM MY FIRST CONTINENTAL JOURNEY TO MY PASSING AT THE BAR.

APRIL—DECEMBER 1814.

THE spring of 1814, remarkable over all Europe for its excessive and long-continued cold, during which the Allies painfully contended with Napoleon on the plains of Champagne, was at length succeeded by brilliant sunshine towards the end of March, soon after the dreaded conqueror was overthrown. Immense was the enthusiasm produced by that event in the British Islands, which, on the receipt of the glorious intelligence, resembled one great family electrified by a joyous event. Edinburgh, in an especial manner, shared in the general exultation, both from the ancient loyalty of the Scottish character, which had shone forth so conspicuously in favour of the house of Stuart, and from the long residence of the exiled princes of the house of Bourbon at Holyrood House, which had caused them to be regarded with a friendly interest by the inhabitants

of the northern capital. Our family, all of whom had from our earliest years watched with intense interest the events of the war, shared the general transports, which were wound up to the highest pitch by the account of the splendid review of the Allied army at Paris on Saturday (April 10). The continued residence of the monarchs and armies in that capital suggested to my brother and myself the project of hastening thither to witness the animating spectacle. My father warmly approved of the project; the preparations were speedily made; and on the 25th April we were on our road for Paris, accompanied by our earliest friends, Patrick Fraser Tytler, and David Anderson of Moredun, son of Mr Samuel Anderson, banker in Edinburgh, and one of its worthiest and most patriotic citizens.

Hitherto the peregrinations of my brother and myself, though frequent, had, since we left Shropshire in childhood fourteen years before, been confined to Scotland; and we now enjoyed, at an age when we could appreciate its value and analyse our impressions, the delightful emotions produced by the first sight of two foreign countries, and those countries so distinguished as England and France. My first impression in England was astonishment at the unbroken extent of the cultivation, which extended from Berwick to Dover. I was not prepared for this circumstance—so different from Scotland, where fertile land scarce ever extends over a space ten miles square, so much is the country intersected with ele-

vated ridges and desolate heaths. On entering London we beheld with astonishment the vast extent of the suburb on the Great North Road, which stretches eighteen miles from the termination of the stones, or of London proper. A single day only was devoted to obtaining our passports and making the requisite arrangements. On May 1st we were charmed by a drive in the most beautiful weather through Kent, and on the following day we landed at six in the evening on the sands near Calais, as the tide would not admit of our approach to the harbour.

Everything seemed a new world. Never shall I forget the first words addressed to us in France by the sailors when we leapt into the boat—"Asseyez-vous." When we landed on the beach, a French emigrant, Count Montaignac, who had crossed over with us, fell on his knees and kissed the land of his fathers. As we walked in the dusk of the evening towards Calais, which was several miles distant, the rude and desolate aspect of the coast hills, the face of a *douanier* wearing an immense cocked-hat occasionally peeping over the sandhills, the coarse implements of husbandry in the fields, the huge *diligences* rolling along the roads, struck us with astonishment, and awakened that feeling of a *foreign* land which constitutes, at first, the principal charm of travelling. This was increased when we entered Calais, dreaming of the siege of Edward III. and the age of chivalry, and beheld the strange contrast which everything

around us exhibited to what we had left in our own country.

Joyous indeed were those days when we posted on to Paris, "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm," inhaling delight from everything around us, and with the delicious feeling that yet higher enjoyments, more exalted emotions, awaited us at the termination of our journey. We admired in succession the rich and gorgeous Gothic and picturesque old houses of Abbeville, and the graceful choir and exquisite stained glass of Beauvais. But a more attractive object to me than even its cathedral presented itself in the principal square of Beauvais. A Russian regiment of cuirassiers was there drawn up, and we gazed for the first time upon the warriors whose exploits had filled the world with their renown! As we drew near to Paris, detachments of the Allied troops appeared on all sides; and near Pont de l'Oise we saw a young Cossack from the Don watering his horse at a pond on the roadside, and soon after several pickets of these rude warriors presented themselves on the highway. We stopped to address several; and as their officers spoke French with facility, and even the common men had picked up a few words, we had no difficulty in making ourselves understood. No sooner did they hear we were English, than the privates as well as officers hastened to shake hands with us, and a few minutes' conversation produced an intimacy which under other circumstances might not have

ensued for years. In a tumult of feelings which another generation will probably be unable to conceive, we passed the cathedral of St Denis; drove over the plain between that town and Paris, so lately the theatre of mortal conflict; gazed with speechless delight on the heights of Montmartre and Belleville; and finally entered the capital at eight at night of the 5th May.

Words can with difficulty convey an idea of the feelings with which on the following morning we emerged from the lofty buildings and crowded streets of the Rue St Denis in the centre of Paris, where we had passed the night, and stood upon the Pont des Arts between the Louvre and the Hotel de la Monnaie. To the varied architectural magnificence which there delights every observer even in ordinary times, was then superadded the peculiar and extraordinary interest arising from the presence of the Allied armies, and their bewildering conjunction with the troops of France. When we gazed on the façades of the Louvre, our attention was arrested by a brilliant regiment of Russian cuirassiers who defiled beneath its columns; were our eyes fixed on the towers of Notre Dame, they were withdrawn by the sight of the French Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard which crossed the Pont Neuf; if we turned our eyes to the Tuileries the standards of Prussia appeared in its splendid *parterres*, and floated from the domes of the building. Our holiday was that of happy children to whom existence itself is enjoyment.

When the first tumult of excitement was over, and we had leisure to contemplate calmly the various objects by which we were surrounded, the interest awakened was of a less vehement but more enduring kind. The magnificent gallery of the Louvre, then adorned by the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Last Communion of St Jerome, and other masterpieces of ancient and modern art, formed our daily subject of study and admiration for two months. Every scene which had been illustrated during the progress of the Revolution was visited with pious care; the spots where Mirabeau spoke, where Louis suffered, where Robespierre fell, awakened deep emotion. Already I began to feel that interest in those tragic events which ultimately led to my undertaking the History of Europe during the period of their occurrence.

Some introductions which we had brought with us to officers on the staff of the Russian army, to Lord Cathcart, the English ambassador, and to Sir James Wylie, principal physician to the Emperor Alexander, procured for us the honour of a presentation to that prince, and the advantage of an unreserved communication with the principal generals and officers at his headquarters in Paris. In this way we became acquainted with Barclay de Tolly, Platoff, Chernicheff, Milaradowitch, Woronzoff, Pahlan, and the other leaders who had signalised themselves during the war. The dignified air and courteous manners of

the Emperor Alexander, the simple character and unaffected *bonhomie* of Platoff, the austere look and weighty observations of Barclay de Tolly, the joyous habits and youthful enthusiasm of Blucher, the mingled chivalry and courtesy of Chernicheff, awakened our respect and admiration, and produced an interest in their achievements which will never be effaced.

Lord Cathcart, to whom we early delivered our letters from my father, received us in the kindest manner, and spoke of their early friendship at Glasgow College. He was kind enough to ask us several times to dinner in the magnificent Hotel Junot, which he occupied in the Place Louis XV. We there met the chief diplomatists of every country in Europe assembled in the French capital on this momentous occasion; Prince Metternich, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Charles Stewart, Count Nesselrode, Count Humboldt, Pozzo di Borgo, and many others. I generally sat beside Lord Greenock, Lord Cathcart's eldest son, or Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Cathcart, both of whom had been through the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, with their father. I had not conversed with them long before I could discern traces of the jealousies which had divided the Allied Powers during the later period of the war, and learned to appreciate the difficulty which Lord Castlereagh and Lord Cathcart had experienced in keeping them together. "*Les Autrichiens*" or "*les Autres-chiens,*" was a phrase often

on their lips; and the "*Austrian fleet,*" by which name they designated the enormous train of baggage-waggons by which their columns were followed, was constantly represented as the main impediment to decisive operations. I could easily see from their conversation that the coalition, so far as Austria at least was concerned, was only held together by success; and that any serious disaster, such as but for Lord Castlereagh's dislocation of Bernadotte's army would undoubtedly have been sustained, must at once have blown it into the air.

Another introduction which we brought with us from Scotland turned out of essential service. A friend of my mother's in London, Miss Baker, had married the Marquis de Frondeville, a nobleman of high rank in Paris, who still had a considerable fortune. He lived in handsome style in the Faubourg St Germains, keeping aloof from politics, living only with the old *noblesse*, and chiefly occupied with the education of his daughters, two charming girls of ten and eleven years old. The De Frondevilles received us in the kindest manner, and introduced us to several of that polished and elegant but inefficient party which we met at their house. As usual with the exiled or dispossessed parties, they were exceedingly sanguine and credulous—were firmly convinced that now that Louis *le Désiré* was restored, everything would fall back again into the old *régime;* and that the ascendancy of the nobility, as in England on the Restoration,

would only be the more confirmed from the rude shock which it had received. They went so far as to ascribe the overthrow of the Revolutionary Government to the strength of this feeling; and repeatedly said that the King of France, and not the Emperor of Russia, was the real conqueror of Napoleon. We could not help thinking that the Russian and Prussian bayonets had also something to do with it; but it was not our business to combat illusions gratifying to national vanity, and natural in the circumstances.

It must be confessed that the feelings of the Parisians, as they were shown at that time, were such as almost to justify this amiable delusion. Strange as it now appears to us who have witnessed the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the two Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, there can be no doubt that the restoration of the ancient family was at that time popular in Paris; and that Louis XVIII. reached the capital of his fathers surrounded with nearly as great enthusiasm as did Charles II., on his journey from Dover to London in 1661. The feeling at bottom in both cases was the same—*deliverance from evil* was the prevailing sentiment. We met with proof of this everywhere—in the streets, the theatres, the faubourgs, the palaces. There was no mistaking the universal feeling. The new Royal Guard, in their new uniforms, shining helmets, and scarlet trousers, were greeted with applause whenever they appeared in public; while the posi-

tion of the Old Guard of Napoleon, between the desertion of their countrymen and the presence of their enemies, was so unpleasant that they were removed to Fontainebleau. The Bourbon princes were greeted with loud applause whenever they appeared at the public theatres; and if the Emperor Alexander or the King of Prussia was recognised, he was saluted with a perfect furor, which seemed to increase rather than diminish as the residence of the Allied sovereigns in Paris continued. Whatever may have been the case afterwards, nothing is more certain than that the restoration at first was eminently and almost universally popular in Paris.

We had an opportunity of seeing these loyal feelings put to a test during our stay in the French capital. On the 14th May, when at the opera, an unusual stir was observed in the centre box, and soon an English general officer advanced to the front, who, though we had never seen him before, was immediately recognised by us as the Duke of Wellington, from his similarity to the engravings of his head. He had just arrived from Toulouse, and it was his first appearance in Paris. The news immediately made the round of the house, and the audience cheered vociferously — cries of "Vive Wellington!" being intermingled with those of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive l'Empereur Alexandre!" There was more in this demonstration than the courtesy of a polite nation to a gallant and distinguished enemy—"a foeman worthy of their steel,"—there

was the warmth of feeling towards one who had aided in effecting for them a great deliverance. It is true the battle of Waterloo had not then been fought, and Wellington did not as yet stand forth as the conqueror of Napoleon; but still the giving of such a reception to the victor of Salamanca and Vittoria was a very remarkable circumstance—especially among a people so passionately desirous of military glory as the French. We joined the Duke's party after the piece was over, and followed him to his carriage, and the same applause continued from the multitude in the streets.

By the kindness of the Marquis de Frondeville, we obtained cards of admission for an impressive ceremony, which was the great funeral service which took place in Notre Dame, in memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The performance of such a ceremony in that cathedral which had so recently been polluted by the orgies of the "Goddess of Reason" was a markworthy circumstance, eminently characteristic of the mighty reactionary revolution which had taken place. It was conducted with the utmost splendour and solemnity, and rendered doubly impressive by the presence of those before whom it was celebrated. The King and the royal family, including the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of the martyred monarch, were present; and with them were the Emperor Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the marshals and generals of their respective armies. The marshals of the French

Empire then in Paris were all assembled in full uniform, with the whole Senate and legislative body, which included many who had voted in the Convention for the death of the king. The hoary regicide, Fouché, was there, ready for blood as when he had participated in the horrors of Nantes; and Talleyrand, with whom treachery had been so frequent that it had become a second nature. The noble countenance and open forehead of Marshal Ney attracted general attention, as calm amidst the anti-revolutionary triumph as when he crossed the bridge of Kowno over the Niemen, the LAST MAN who evacuated the Russian territory. The vast interior of the cathedral was hung in every part with black, dimly lighted by a profusion of lamps. The light of day was studiously excluded: a powerful organ resounded through the spacious aisles; and a splendid orchestra, including the whole strength of both operas, added to the ceremony all the effect which imposing music could produce.

Another interesting event, to which we obtained access by the same kind interest, was the appearance in the legislative body of the King in person, on June 4th. Every preparation had been made to render this scene impressive. The King, his Ministers, and the civil and military functionaries of Government, including the marshals of France, were present. The King delivered the speech from the throne in a clear and sonorous voice, which was received with unbounded applause both by the deputies and

the spectators in the galleries. It was impossible, however, on this occasion to resist the impression that the whole was a thing very much got up for effect; and that the deputies in their laced coats and silk stockings looked more like theatrical performers of constitutional government than the actual actors in it. As Arthur Young said of the first constituent Assembly, "There was no dirty pair of leather breeches to be seen to give respectability to the proceedings."

During our sojourn in Paris at this interesting time we regularly attended the theatres, and hardly ever missed a night at the opera, which was then performed in the magnificent Salle near the Boulevards Italiennes, in which the Duc de Berri was afterwards murdered. It may be conceived what were the charms of that splendid exhibition when, in addition to the whole strength of the establishment, the representations were often graced by the presence of some of the Allied sovereigns, and always by a great number of the generals and officers. Two pieces, brought out with uncommon magnificence expressly for the occasion, Metastasio's "Clemenza di Tito" and "Trionfo d'Alessandro," were the objects of universal admiration, and nightly attended by enthusiastic crowds. All the passages, and they were many, in those beautiful dramas which had an application to passing events, especially the magnanimity of the modern Alexander, were seized on with avidity and applauded. Another piece,

which was brought out with brilliancy and attracted great notice, was entitled "Les Bardes." The scene was laid in the mountains of Scotland, and the characters and incidents were taken from Ossian. Seeing that we were foreigners, they knew not of what nation, some of the people around us in the *parterre* explained what the troops of beautiful *figurantes* which appeared in the clouds were: "Ce sont des Ecossaises, c'est à dire, demi-sauvages." We could not help internally wishing we had a few of these "demi-sauvages" amongst us.

One performer at the opera at this time attracted universal admiration, and from her genius and beauty deserves a more durable monument than the momentary applause of a theatre or the passing encomiums of the press. This was Madame Bigotins. Gifted by nature with uncommon beauty of countenance and a light elegant figure, this accomplished lady was at the same time a splendid actress and an unrivalled delineator of the emotions of the heart and sentiments of the mind by her varied evolutions and exquisite grace. I never knew of what expression the motions of the human figure are capable till I saw her dance. I have seen as many tears drawn by her pantomimic performance of the principal character in "The Maid and the Magpie" as I afterwards did by Jenny Lind's exquisite voice in the same character. It requires no small amount of genius to make dancing and the movements of a figure, however graceful, supply the want of the

voice; but Madame Bigotins was equal to the task, and never failed to carry the audience with her.

We often, during these two months that we were in Paris, attended the other theatres, in particular the Théâtre Français, where Talma, in the full vigour of his great powers, thrice a-week declaimed in the stately lines of Corneille or the flowing verses of Racine; and the Théâtre des Variétés, where Mademoiselle Mars, though somewhat in the vale of years, still represented the coquetry of youthful beauty with scarcely diminished effect. In common with all the world, we did justice to the great powers and impassioned declamation of the first of these performers, for whom it is well known Napoleon had a high admiration; but on comparing him in tragedy with John Kemble and his sister Mrs Siddons, we could not avoid the impression that the palm must be awarded to the genius of our own country. Talma's acting appeared to us too violent, at least in the earlier scenes. From his first entrance on the stage to his final exit, it was one incessant course of declamation, accompanied with violent action and excited gesticulation. This seemed to entrance the French part of the audience; but we, and I believe the other foreigners, felt it forced and unnatural, depriving the great scenes at the end of the play of the effect which otherwise would have belonged to them. We had all felt more strongly on witnessing the subdued emotion of John Kemble in "Cato" or the "Stranger" than we did from the forced vehe-

mence of Talma in the "Cid" or "Phèdre." In justice, however, to this great actor, and the style of acting in tragedy then general on the French stage, I must observe that this vehement manner has probably arisen from the pompous and sonorous style of their dramas, and the consequent necessity of making up by violence of action for frigidity of expression. We were much struck, on all the occasions when we saw these pieces represented, by noticing many people in the *parterre* repeating the principal speeches from memory *sotto voce*, as they were delivered on the stage.

If ever a remarkable contrast was exhibited in the same art, it was in the performances of Madlle. Mars as compared with those of her great male rival. As much as Talma was energetic, impassioned, and vehement, was this great actress light, airy, and captivating. She was now past her *première jeunesse*, but that is of less consequence with Parisian ladies than it is in general elsewhere; for they possess the art of staving off age to a degree that would be deemed incredible in other countries. At thirty-one her age was given as thirty in her passport, and she continued of the same age for the next thirty years. Be her age, however, what it might, at that time nothing could be more juvenile or attractive than her personal appearance, or more charming than her representations. Elegant comedy, especially where there was a good deal of coquetry to be represented in it, was her *forte*, and there she

was unrivalled. The world was wicked enough to insinuate that she was so perfect in these pieces because they were the only ones in which she was not an actress, but appeared in her real character. Whether this was true I know not; but if nature had assigned her this *rôle* on the theatre of life, it had abundantly furnished her with the means requisite to support it. Her figure, at this time, was, like Mrs Siddons's, large and unwieldy, but, notwithstanding that disadvantage, she played youthful characters with undiminished effect; her countenance was extremely handsome, her expression animated, and she never appeared on the stage without drawing down enthusiastic applause from all parts of the house.

The crowded audiences in the Parisian theatres at this time, and the strong interest which all classes, even the humblest, evidently took in the representations, confirmed me in an opinion I had long entertained, that you may measure the mental cultivation of a people by the extent to which the higher dramatic pieces are appreciated among them. The standard of cultivation is not to be measured by the general diffusion of religious feeling, for that is often strongest in the rudest stages of society; as little is it to be estimated by the extent to which education or intellectual acquirements are diffused, for it is only to a small fraction of the people that, even in the most civilised countries, works of thought can excite interest or general attention. It is not

to be found in merely wealthy communities, for they are often the most depraved; nor in the most eminent centres of manufactures or commerce, for in these the grandeur of the opulent classes is often founded on the degradation and abasement of the lower. But in theatrical representations, there is enough of gratification to the imagination and the senses to attract the unthinking many, while in their higher aspects there is sufficient elevation of thought to charm the noble-minded few. If, therefore, there is great encouragement given in any community to the highest dramatic representations, it is a proof that mental cultivation and elevation of feeling have spread their roots far and wide in it. No one will assert that the popularity of "sensation dramas," or, still more, the depraved productions of the romantic school in Paris, is any indication either of cultivation of mind or purity of feeling; on the contrary, the popularity of such plays indicates directly the reverse. But no community will enjoy the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Shakespeare, Schiller, or Racine, unless by a great majority it unites mental acquirements to grandeur of thought. These masterpieces are now banished both from the French and the English stage; or, if they still maintain their ground, it is by the adventitious aid of scenery, dancing, decoration, and stage effect. This has been mainly owing in our country to the well-meaning but injudicious efforts of the clergy of all denominations to prevent the higher

and middle classes from frequenting the theatre, from an idea that it is unfavourable to morality. That it is so when left to the guidance exclusively of the lowest classes, may be readily admitted; but would it be so if, by the influence of the highly educated classes, its representations were mainly of the masterpieces of human genius? You cannot extinguish dramatic entertainments; the passion for them is universal, and coeval with the first dawn of mind in childhood. For the highly educated classes to desert the theatre, is to leave one of the most powerful levers which can move the human mind entirely in the hands of the most reckless and incompetent of the community, and to convert what might be made the school of virtue into an academy of vice.

The magnificent gallery of the Louvre, then containing masterpieces of art, the fruits of the rapine of the Empire, attracted our attention; and several hours every forenoon were spent in its matchless halls. Our visits contributed powerfully to form my taste, both in painting and sculpture; and to establish the conviction of the superiority of the Italian and Spanish to any other school of painting. Nor was it difficult to see to what this has been owing. It has arisen from the great encouragement that has been given to genius in painting by the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church, and from devotion to the expression of feeling and emotion, more than to the mere delineations of the human

form, or the objects of external nature. This stamped the highest character upon these works of art; it made them aim at the representation of the ideal. To the same cause the superiority of the Grecian sculpture, devoted to the delineation of gods and goddesses, or the heroes of the Iliad, is owing. To this must be added the fortunate circumstance, that the Italian and Spanish artists lived amidst the romance of the genius of antiquity, and addressed their works to people imbued from habitual observation with its spirit. The evident inferiority of art in all its branches save sculpture, in Great Britain, and indeed in all other countries of Northern Europe, has been partly owing to the Reformation, which divorced art from its highest object—the expression of religious feeling; and partly to the want of models of perfection, under the habitual eye of the people, which has prevented the formation of elevated taste. This inferiority has not arisen from want of encouragement, but from too much encouragement bestowed by incompetent persons on inferior objects. Few men will spend six months on the doubtful chance of selling a great historical picture, if during the same time they can paint ten staring likenesses of ordinary men and women, for which they are sure of two hundred guineas apiece.

The Champs de Mars during this period was daily the scene of reviews and exercises, interesting not merely to the professional soldier, but to all who, like ourselves, had watched with intense interest the

conflicts of the different armies which then in mimic array performed their evolutions. Ten or fifteen thousand men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, of the three Allied armies, were then daily put through, not the movements of parade, but those of actual warfare. This afforded the best means of judging of their varied excellences. The Russian infantry stood forth pre-eminent in steadiness of movement, and above all, in rapid formation after being broken in defeat. The Russian light cavalry and Cossacks, particularly the red lancers of the Guard, also were unrivalled in the rapidity of their movements and the excellence of their horsemanship. But the Austrian cuirassiers and heavy cavalry were decidedly the first, both in the steadiness of the men and the splendour of the horses; it did not seem surprising, when you saw them charge, that they had done such good service on the field of Leipsic. Some of the Prussian infantry, particularly the Guard, was very fine; but the greater part were comparatively rude troops, evidently recently drawn from the plough and the loom—a more honourable proof of the devotion and patriotism of the Prussian youth than the most exact discipline, the fruit of years of drilling, could have been.

What rendered this assemblage of warriors of so many nations in Paris at this period more marvellous was the order and discipline which prevailed. Though the city was in the military occupation, and entirely at the mercy, of the Allies, with a Russian

governor, Count Sacken, and 200,000 men in the environs, intoxicated by victory, not a vestige of military licence or excess was to be seen. The ordinary guards of the city were performed by the Russians, possibly out of compliment to the French, with the National Guards. They were to be seen at the theatres, the arsenal, and all the usual places where sentries were posted. No hostility or jealousy was apparent even between armed men so recently in deadly hostility to each other. The only animosity shown was against the Austrians, who, in conformity with ancient usage, wore green boughs in their caps on saints' days, which the Parisians took as an insult, though none was really intended. The windows of the jewellers' shops were crowded by admiring multitudes of armed men; but no theft or robbery ever occurred, and the environs of the capital were as safe at night as they had been under the iron rule of Napoleon. It would seem as if the moderation and magnanimity of Alexander had stilled the angry passions, and had blended victor and vanquished together for a brief period in unbroken amity and repose.

The extreme kindness shown to us by the Russian generals and officers during our stay in Paris, led to our giving them a dinner, which was furnished in handsome style, at the Restaurant Mapinot, in the Rue St Honoré. Sixteen sat down to dinner, and the utmost cordiality prevailed. Count Platoff, General Chernicheff, General Barclay de Tolly, Sir

James Wylie, Sir William Crichton, and many others, honoured us with their presence—and, contrary to the usual practice, the conviviality was prolonged to a late hour. We then saw, what was deeply interesting, Russian manners in moments of *bonhomie* and *abandon;* and their manners and usages impressed us with a strong sense of their wealth of feeling and sincerity of disposition. As the evening advanced, and the *ponche à la Romaine* and iced champagne began to produce their wonted effects, they became, without being noisy or violent, in the highest degree demonstrative in their exuberance. Every one drank wine with his neighbour after the Continental fashion, touching their glasses before they put them to their lips, and many were the toasts drunk to the "Eternal Alliance of Great Britain and Russia." Before parting, the company embraced after the German fashion; and the last thing I recollect is seeing my brother, a man six feet high, lifted up by Platoff, who was six inches taller, *and kissed in the air.*

Two events occurred at this period which contributed in a powerful manner to fix the direction of my future thoughts.

The first of these was the great review of the Allied troops in and around Paris, which took place on May 20, 1814. Having described this scene at large in my History, I cannot here do better than transcribe the statement. "Seventy thousand men, with eighty-two guns, comprising the *élite* of the Allied forces

then in France, were drawn up three deep on the road, from the barrier of Neuilly to the bridge of St Cloud: they occupied the whole space, a distance of five miles, and certainly a more magnificent military spectacle never was witnessed. When the Emperor Alexander, with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, and the marshals and generals of their respective armies, rode along the line, the acclamations of the troops, at first loud and overpowering, then getting fainter and fainter as they died away in the distance, were inexpressibly sublime. Breaking then into open column, the whole defiled past the sovereigns; and such was the splendour of their array, that it seemed scarcely conceivable that they had so recently been engaged in a campaign of unequalled duration and hardship. The Russian Guard in particular, twenty, and the Prussian, eight thousand strong, with hardly a man in their ranks under six feet high, attracted, by the brilliancy of their appointments and the precision of their movements, universal admiration. The eye could scarcely bear the dazzling lines of light which, under a bright sun and cloudless sky, were reflected from the cuirasses and sabres of the cavalry. Proudly the celebrated regiments of the Russian Guards, Preobazinsky, Simonefsky, and Bonnet d'Or, marched past: every third or fourth bore the mark in a religiously preserved chasm in his cap of the French musketry on the field of Culm. In noble array, and with an erect step, the vast host pressed on: they passed,

after defiling before the sovereigns, round the vast pillars of the arch of Neuilly, begun by Napoleon in honour of the Grand Army; defiled in silence over the Place of the Revolution, treading on the spot where Louis XVI. had fallen; and scarce cast an eye on the unfinished columns of the Temple of Glory, commenced after the triumph of Jena. Among the countless multitude whom the extraordinary events of the period had drawn together from every country of Europe, and the brilliancy of the spectacle had attracted to this spot, was one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first termination of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events; and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm, which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travelling and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history."[1]

Another spectacle of a different but hardly less impressive kind, which we shortly after witnessed, was an inspection of the Old Guard of Napoleon in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The expedition to that place was a source of varied interest. The romantic stems of the oaks overhanging the lanes in some parts of the forest, the graceful forms of the birch which clothed the rocks in others, excited our admi-

[1] History of Europe, c. 89, § 54.

ration; it was Windsor Forest united to the birch-clad cliffs of the Trossachs. The palace itself, recently the scene of memorable events, the desk where Napoleon signed his abdication, the spot where he bade his last adieu to his faithful Guard, were visited with deep emotion, and almost superstitious veneration. But all objects of interest sank into insignificance compared with the Old Guard, which had remained there since their mournful separation from their beloved chief, and which we saw reviewed on the esplanade before the palace. No words can express the enthusiasm which the sight of those renowned veterans awoke in my mind. Their huge bearskins and lofty stature, their bronzed countenances and martial air, their worn uniforms but burnished arms, bespoke the veterans who had so long kept the world in awe. These were the men who first shed lustre on the Republican arms on the plains of Italy; who established the Consular throne at Marengo, and chained victory to the Imperial standards at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland; who survived the burning climate of Egypt, and marched undaunted through the ranks of death amidst the snows of Russia; and who preserved in the midst of national humiliation, surrounded by the might of foreign Powers, that undaunted air and unshaken aspect which even in the moment of defeat commanded the respect of their antagonists in arms.

Those brilliant days, however, were not of long

duration. Before the end of June the Allied sovereigns departed for London—their vast armies separated, and began to wend their way back to their respective countries; and having nothing further to detain us in Paris, we set out on our return home by the route of Flanders and Holland. I was very desirous to see both these countries, especially the former, from the interesting objects it contained, the historical recollections with which every part of it is associated, and the combination of density of population with general felicity which it exhibited. On our way to the frontier, we visited with interest the districts which had so recently been the seat of war in Champagne, particularly Soissons, Craonne, and Laon; and having satisfied ourselves with these historic scenes, as we had previously done with the theatre of Napoleon's final discomfiture on the heights of Paris, we journeyed slowly onward by Valenciennes, Mons, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, to the Hague. This journey was a source of equal gratification and instruction. The fields of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, the counter-dike of Convesteen[1] and the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom, the wonders of Amsterdam and workshop of Saardam, the walls of Leyden and bastions of Haarlem, recalled our minds to the memorable events of which they had been the

[1] A cross-dike at right angles to the *chaussée* from Antwerp to Bergen-op-Zoom, the scene of desperate fighting during the siege of Antwerp.—See Watson's 'Philip II.,' iii. 37.

theatre, and which, previously floating indistinctly in the memory, were now respectively placed, each in a separate cell, from whence they never could be removed. It is a great advantage of travelling, to those, at least, who are previously possessed of any information, that it gives distinctness and arrangement to the memory, and by presenting the actual scenes of memorable events, at once excites attention by the exhibition of locality, and fixes memory by the impression of details.

We reached London on our return from the Continent after a charming drive from Harwich through Essex on the 1st July, the very day on which Wellington was publicly thanked by the Speaker of the House of Commons for his great services in the war, and we were fortunately in time for the august spectacle. Hardly less striking, though in a different style, was a scene we witnessed on the following night—the "Stranger" at Covent Garden, in which the principal characters were played by John Kemble and Miss O'Neil. Of all the theatrical representations I ever beheld that was the most perfect: and having so recently before frequently seen Talma and Madame Georges in tragedy, we were more enabled to appreciate its excellence. The superiority to the greatest performers on the French stage was apparent, and the impression they produced on the audience incomparably greater. The stately figure and measured movements of Kemble singularly suited the austere

character and grief-worn visage of the Stranger; while the bewitching sweetness of Miss O'Neil awoke the tenderest emotions of pity. The interest of the spectators went on increasing with every scene; but at the last, when the children were brought in, and the injured husband, in a transport of generosity and emotion, fell on his wife's neck and forgave her, the enthusiasm was universal and knew no bounds. The whole audience stood up cheering in the most tumultuous manner; there was not a dry eye in the house.

We were present at the National Thanksgiving at St Paul's by the Prince Regent, and all the Ministers, which was celebrated a few days after; and having spent a fortnight in surveying the wonders of the metropolis, we set out for Bath, the Wye, and South Wales, the romantic castles and dells of which furnished ample employment for my pencil. Thence I returned by Gloucester and Worcester to Shrewsbury, and visited the scene of my birth and childhood at Kenley.

Few moments awaken keener emotion than that of first revisiting the scene of our youthful years after a long absence. The past and the present are then strangely yet not painfully blended together. The transition from infancy to manhood is felt; but it was felt in my case without the mournful recollections with which such a retrospect is often accompanied. Of the happy circle which had then climbed "around one parent's knee" one only was

lost. My parents both remained in tranquillity and happiness, and life had already opened upon myself in such brilliant colours as exceeded what my most ardent imagination could have conceived. With a beating heart I ascended the wooded hill which stretched from the Grange where the plain terminated, to the summit on which the house of my birth was situated. Familiar objects, dimly recollected, presented themselves at every step; the trees, the ferns, the very flowers seemed long-lost friends; the cooing of the wood-pigeons among the trees were household sounds. Everything appeared the same, but strangely diminished in magnitude; and of the house I have still two distinct images in my mind precisely similar, the one within, as it were, the other, and reduced to a fourth part of its former size. The panorama around, which shone in the mild radiance of a summer evening, appeared more beautiful even than my recollection had figured it, but the objects incomparably nearer than formerly; and Acton Burnell Pool, which then appeared a spacious lake at a great distance, was now seen to be a small pellucid sheet of water close at hand. By a singular coincidence I met in the garden old Mr Faed, the parish schoolmaster, our old preceptor. He was ignorant of my coming, or even that I was in England, but said he had felt a longing that evening to see the haunts of "his dear master," as he called my father, and could not resist it.

From Shrewsbury I set out with my friend Hyett,

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who had accompanied me from Gloucester, near which his estate[1] is situated, on a pedestrian tour to North Wales and Cumberland, on our way to Scotland. We admired Vally-cornis and Conway, Caernarvon and Harlech, ascended Snowdon in the day and Cader Idris during the night. On the summit of the latter at two in the morning we enjoyed the sublime spectacle of a thunderstorm, which we were not above, but in the centre of. The night was calm, but sultry, when we left Dolgelly at 11 P.M. on the 22d July; but when we reached the foot of the mountain the sky was overcast, the heat became oppressive, and the glowworms which lay on the path shone with brilliancy. As we ascended the steep part of the mountain, large drops of rain began to fall, and frequent flashes of sheet-lightning illumined for an instant the magnificent amphitheatre of mountains by which we were surrounded. On reaching the summit the wind suddenly rose, the rain descended in torrents, and the lightning and thunder, occurring in the same instant, told that we were in the centre of the thundercloud. We sought refuge under a huge rock, which on one side by its projection formed a sort of natural cave, and there lay for two hours enjoying the sublimity of the storm, which never ceased to pelt on, intermingled every three or four minutes with loud peals of thunder and the brightest lightning. It was not the deep roll of the distant artillery of heaven, but a

[1] Painswick House, near Gloucester.

sharp crack instantly following on the flash, like the discharge of a four-and-twenty-pounder close at hand. With the exception of an eruption of Vesuvius, also seen at night some years after, and a storm at sea off Flamborough in 1829, I recollect nothing more sublime.

From North Wales we returned by Liverpool and the Lakes of Cumberland to Scotland. The lakes appeared to me far more striking than when I had visited them as a child on our way from Shropshire to Scotland, fourteen years before: so much do the associations of poetry and the habit of drawing quicken the perception of the beautiful in nature. I ascended Helvellyn (Hyett having sprained his ankle on the descent of Cader Idris), repeating, on my way from Ambleside to Keswick, the charming lines of Sir Walter Scott by the way;[1] and mused long amidst the sounding waters of Lodore—

> "Where nature loves to sit alone,
> Majestic on her craggy throne."

There is not a more charming walk in Great Britain than from Keswick, up Borrowdale, across by the lead-mines, and over the shoulder of Honiton Crag to Buttermere, and home by the Vale of Newlands. After this long lapse of time, during which I have never seen it again, its varied features are indelibly imprinted on my memory.

[1] "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn;
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide," &c.

I returned to Edinburgh after such an expedition with my mind, as may well be believed, in a whirl of enthusiastic admiration, and, as I ere long found, with a new and permanent direction given to my views and objects in life. But I was not at first conscious of this change. I had seen so much and so rapidly, that I was, in a manner, satiated with beauty, and enjoyed rather the repose of ordinary life, than ruminating on what was past. I was going to pass at the Bar early next winter, and no time was to be lost in making up by hard study for what had been wasted (so far as legal acquisition was concerned) during my Continental travels. Accordingly, with the exception of a short expedition with my father and sister Margaret to Loch Lomond and Loch Long, in the course of which I went to see the sun set from the wild and rocky summit of Ben Arthur (a scene rivalling many in the Alps in savage grandeur), I remained closely at home in Edinburgh, or at Rochsoles, and speedily fell into my old habits and train of thought. Reading law three or four hours every day, I spent the remainder of my time in writing, drawing, and studying French and Italian, the great authors of which languages were daily acquiring a stronger influence over my mind. I went again through Tasso and Metastasio's dramas; read Alfieri's tragedies, the Annals of Tacitus, and Thucydides, and devoured rather than studied the extraordinary series of pictures presented in Gibbon's Rome.

Notwithstanding so many disturbing influences, I began now seriously, and in good earnest, to write my "Population" in a form fit for publication. The great difficulty here was reduction and condensation; for the materials I had collected since the termination of my first draft of the work in 1809 had been so extensive, that the mass, without much pruning, would have amounted to several quarto volumes. During the tour in Flanders and Holland, as well as in the south of England, I had everywhere seen proofs of the erroneous nature of the idea that density and age of population are necessarily attended with an augmentation in the sum of human wretchedness; and had witnessed, on the contrary, the delightful spectacle of the greatest amount of social and individual wellbeing coexisting with the longest established prosperity, and the greatest amount of human beings on an equal space, that exists in Europe. I had become, in consequence, convinced, alike by theory, reading, and observation, of the falsehood of Malthus's principles, and more than ever impressed with the duty incumbent on me of endeavouring to refute them. I accordingly set to work, in the beginning of August, to write the work over again, taking in, though in a very abridged form, the more material parts of my recent collections, and before winter I had made considerable progress. The chapter on the effects of the division of landed property among the poor, those on the poor-laws, on the corn-laws, which now form

part of my second volume on "Population," and on the influence of the different employments of capital on the increase of mankind in the first, were written at this time, and subsequently published, with no other change but such additions as the experience and statistics of later times suggested.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM MY PASSING AT THE BAR UNTIL AFTER MY RETURN FROM THIRD CONTINENTAL TOUR.

1814-1823.

My work on "Population," however, when in this state of rapid progress, was ere long checked. On December 8, 1814, I was called to the Bar, and from the first obtained a respectable and ere long a considerable share of business. This was chiefly owing to the warm sentiments of regard entertained for my father by the members of his congregation, several of whom were highly respectable agents, who gave me briefs, and to some of whom I soon became standing counsel. Mr J. H. Mackenzie, son of the author of the 'Man of Feeling,'[1] early took me by the hand, and as he himself was overwhelmed by the practice he enjoyed, he devolved a considerable part of his most laborious work upon me. He sent me the process, as was not uncommon with counsel at that period in high practice, and I returned it in a few days with

[1] Afterwards Lord Mackenzie, one of the ablest and most esteemed Judges of the Court of Session.

a draft of the paper, which appeared with his name. A great number of the papers bearing his signature from 1815 till he was put on the bench in 1820, were written by me. These favourable circumstances, joined to some high though undeserved eulogiums pronounced by the judges on some of the papers which bore my own name soon after I was called to the Bar, procured for me a rapid rise in business; and in less than three years I found myself in advance of most of my contemporaries, and in the receipt of five or six hundred a-year.

The money made by a young counsel at that time was as hardly won as any in the kingdom. Being the reward almost entirely of writing papers (the lead in causes and high fees in debate being confined to senior counsel), it was slowly and painfully worked for, and often for two or three guineas a young man wrote as much as would make fifty or sixty octavo pages of print. As the necessary attendance on the Parliament House (the Westminster Hall of Scotland) waiting for the uncertain calling of causes consumed the whole forenoon till two o'clock, at the close of which the exhaustion felt was such that it was scarcely possible to sit down to a fresh species of labour, these papers were almost all written at night. This incessant work, occasionally interrupted by preparing a debate, or looking out authorities for the following morning, speedily came to absorb my whole time. The labour was excessive; more especially as, for the first five years I was at the Bar,

I wrote all my papers with my own hand, leaving it to my clerk to copy them out in a clean manuscript for the agents, and to take in such extracts as I marked for insertion. I have frequently sent to the agents and to Mr Mackenzie a thousand or twelve hundred pages of my clerk's writing in a week, which would make a large octavo volume; and on more than one occasion I have written with my own hand a paper of thirty pages of session print, or at least seventy of common octavo, in a day. This species of work effectually stopped my lucubrations on Population, though it did not in the least diminish my interest in and reflection on the subject.

My whole life, however, during the first years I was at the Bar, was by no means spent in these laborious pursuits. Amusement, imagination, folly, had also an ample share. The vacations extended over nearly seven months in the year,[1] and with the exception of particular periods for which papers were ordered for the Court (technically called *Box-days*), they afforded periods of nearly unbroken leisure. Truth compels me to say that I did not by any means study during the whole or even the greater part of these intervals of labour. I had formed intimacies with several distinguished families in Scotland, and an acquaintance with many more; and their hospitable mansions, ever open to receive

[1] Viz., from 12th July to 12th November; from 18th December to 14th January; and from 12th March to 12th May.

their friends, formed too attractive retreats to be passed by or readily left in periods of leisure. Among these I must mention in an especial manner the charming seat of the Earl of Wemyss at Gosford, near Haddington, and that of Sir James Hall at Dunglass in East Lothian, with both of whose families I had long been intimate, and where I spent several happy weeks every year. The eldest daughter of the former, Lady Eleanor Charteris, a young woman of uncommon grace and beauty, who was a few years younger than I was, soon became the object of a warm and sincere friendship on my part, the more disinterested that, from the difference in our positions in life, it was in no danger of running into a more dangerous sentiment. Her younger sister, Lady Katherine, who afterwards married Lord Stamford, was a most attractive person, as well from her personal beauty as from the simplicity and affectionate disposition of her character. Miss Helen Hall, eldest daughter of Sir James, and who inherited his talents; Magdalene, her sister, who afterwards married Sir William Delancy, killed at Waterloo; and Fanny, a most charming and superior girl, who was too soon cut off by consumption while still in the bloom of youth, formed the great attraction of these circles. The society of the beautiful and elegant girls I there met, members of the families as well as visitors, not less than the cultivated and superior conversation of their accomplished heads, proved a powerful rival to the speculations on Population

which had so long occupied my mind; and if the time of a young man might have been more usefully, I know not how it could have been more agreeably, employed.

The impressions received during my tour abroad in 1814, however, had been too deep to wear away without producing lasting effects. I had returned from the Continent, thinking, in common with my companions, that I had seen enough of it; but before a year had elapsed I felt how much I was mistaken. During 1815, indeed, I resisted the temptation which I strongly felt to go again to Paris, and see the British armies after the battle of Waterloo in the occupation of that capital. But an event occurred in the summer of the following year which increased the thirst I felt for foreign travelling, and deserves to be noted as having led to my first appearance in print. Mr A. Fraser Tytler,[1] brother to my old friend Peter Tytler, had returned from India the year before in delicate health, and with a young wife and family had passed the last winter in the south of France, whence he had been driven by the return of Napoleon from Elba in March preceding. His finances, after being so much tossed about the world, were in a somewhat straitened state; and he gladly embraced the offer of 200 guineas made him by an Edinburgh bookseller for a

[1] Author of 'Considerations on India' (2 vols. 8vo), and a young man of fine talents, upright principles, and a most amiable disposition. He died, lamented by all who knew him, at sea on his return to India in 1816.

brief account of his travels in France in the preceding winter. He applied to my brother and myself to aid him in the composition of the first volume, by a detail of what we had seen during our longer residence there when Paris was in the occupation of the Allied armies in the year 1814. We willingly acceded to the proposal, on condition, of course, that he was to receive the whole emoluments; and the result was that the first volume was written by my brother and myself, with the aid, in one chapter, of John Hope, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk. The work met with far greater success than any of us had anticipated, as in less than three months it went through a second edition. The parts written by me were those of a descriptive character, and on the fine arts.[1] The second volume was the work of Mr A. F. Tytler. My portion of the book was a hasty and juvenile performance, and has long since gone down the gulf of time; but one chapter, on the Louvre in 1814, I have deemed fit for insertion among my "Miscellaneous Essays," as it is the only account extant in the English language of that matchless collection, the fruit of French rapine, which has long

[1] The success of this juvenile sally was the more unexpected that so many different hands were employed in its composition. My brother wrote the first chapter, being the journey to Paris; I wrote the three next, being Paris, its public buildings, the environs of Paris, and the Louvre; my brother wrote the chapters on the Government of Napoleon and the Imperial armies; John Hope, that on the theatres; and I myself the journey to Flanders. The whole second volume was written by A. F. Tytler, although the London booksellers advertised the whole as my composition.

since been broken up and restored to its several rightful owners. Nor was it without satisfaction that I read thirty years after the judgment passed at the time on this first essay in literature, in confidential correspondence with a friend, by an able and judicious critic, soon after withdrawn from the service of his country by an untimely death.[1]

The composition of the chapters which I contributed to this miscellaneous publication gave, as I have said, an additional impulse to the passion I felt for foreign travelling. In truth, this passion soon became absorbing and overwhelming. The accounts given by several friends who had pushed on to Switzerland during the autumn of 1815, particularly those of Sir David Brewster and Mr A. Pringle, roused my desire to follow in their footsteps. Never shall I forget the impression produced on my mind by Sir David's glowing description of the sun setting on the Jungfrauhorn: a picture the justice and beauty of which subsequent observation enabled me fully to appreciate. I inwardly determined to set off, the moment the next long vacation commenced, for Switzerland; but in the meantime to keep my resolution a profound secret, for fear of checking the increase of my business at the Bar, and thereby depriving me of the means of going. During the spring and summer I

[1] Francis Horner, Esq., M.P. He said of this publication in a letter to his friend Thomas Thomson, Esq., "I have read young Alison's Travels; nothing was ever more promising."

read Coxe's 'Switzerland' again and again, Eustace and Forsyth's 'Italy,' and Sismondi's 'Italian Republics' and 'Littérature du Midi,' to qualify myself to appreciate the historic interest of the countries to which I was going. Every farthing I could save at the Bar was accumulated for the same purpose; I often refused to go to the theatre with a party of young friends, for fear of diminishing my fund by five shillings. I was resolved to pay my whole expenses myself, or not go at all; and my object was gained so effectually that before July 1816 I had accumulated £200. Meanwhile, my anxiety to set out became daily greater and greater; on the 12th of May I began to count the days as a boy at school counts them before the holidays; and I laid every person I met with, who had been in the Swiss cantons, under contribution by an incessant string of questions. Often I lay awake at night thinking of the Alps. An old print which I picked up of the summit of the St Gothard almost turned my head. On one occasion in June 1816, I was so worked up by an account given me at Moredun by Mr Skene[1] of an expedition he had made from the Jura by the slippery slopes of the Grimsel to Meyringen, that I lay awake all night, and went to the Parliament House in the morning without having ever shut my eyes! At length the long-wished-for period arrived, the

[1] James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw, a most accomplished draughtsman and amiable man, to whom one of the introductions to Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' is dedicated.

session ended, and on the 15th July I was seated on the outside of the mail on the way to London with my old friend David Anderson.

Paris and the intermediate part of France occupied us but a few days; it was to the Alps that we now hurried with intense eagerness. The image of the sun setting on the snowy summit of the Jungfrauhorn was ever present to my imagination. I counted the hours till I could gaze on the reality. We left Roanne on the Loire early in the morning, and the carriage shortly after sunrise was slowly ascending the western slopes of Mount Tarare, the range which separates its valley from that of the Rhone, where, knowing from the clearness of the air that I should see the Alps of Savoy from the summit, and unable to bear the suspense produced by the slow toiling of the horses up the long-continued slope, I jumped out and ran or walked with great rapidity two miles up to the summit.

What a spectacle awaited me there! Right across the horizon, at the distance of seventy or eighty miles, stretched the vast ridge of the Alps, their extremities at either end lost in the distance, their resplendent summits reposing in the azure firmament! Three distinct bars of clouds lay on their breasts, with an interval of blue shades between each; but their snowy summits far above the region of vapour shone in unbroken brilliancy in the morning sun. Breathless, and hardly able to stand from fatigue, but unable to take my eyes from the mountains, I threw myself on

the ground and drank in, gasping, the enchanting spectacle. I have seen since that time finer views of the Alps or other mountain-ranges of southern Europe, but none which so forcibly impressed my mind; for it opened to me a new world, and showed that my former conceptions on the subject had been erroneous. Infinitely does the variety and magnificence of nature exceed what the most ardent imagination can conceive!

Lyons, the theatre of such tragic events and dismal atrocities during the Revolution, was rendered still more interesting to me by its number of Roman structures, the first I had yet seen on an extended scale. But the attraction of the Alps was irresistible, and we hastened on to enjoy the delights of a ramble among their recesses. In passing I traced with deep interest at Fort de l'Écluse the remains of the celebrated wall mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries, which that great commander drew across the narrow defile lying between the foot of the Jura and the banks of the Rhone. The blue waters of the Rhone rushing beneath the arches of its bridge, and the beautiful prospect of Mont Blanc glowing in the evening sky, and reflected in the placid lake, detained us for a few days in Geneva; but the Alps were before us, and nothing could rival their attraction. On August 2, 1816, we set out for Chamounix, by the route of Sallanches, and I beheld for the first time their matchless scenery.

Never shall I forget the impression then made on

my mind. For years past I had been thinking of the Alps, and labouring to figure to myself their peculiar features; but this day's journey showed me not only that all I had conceived fell infinitely short of the reality, but that I had now before me a kind of beauty new to me, of which by no efforts of imagination could I hitherto have formed a conception. I had supposed I was figuring new when I had only been multiplying old images; when I imagined I was painting the Alps in my mind's eye, I was only magnifying the Grampian Hills. The drive from Bonneville to Sallanches, during which you plunge into the first defile of the Alps, convinced me of my error. The prodigious precipices which there shut in the valley on either side, the firs dwindling away by the effect of height almost to the apparent size of nettles on their bare fronts; the smooth-shaven green steeps above, with numerous cottages sprinkled over their smiling slopes; the dark forests of pine clothing the upper regions of the mountains; the huge cliffs standing forth like giants at their summits; the occasional glimpse of a snowy range or icy pinnacle at the upper end of a lateral valley,—revealed at once the peculiar character and matchless beauty of the Alps. I drove on, gazing at the sides of the awful rocky barrier on either side, with my eyes riveted on every glen, every village, every precipice which we passed, striving to imprint them indelibly on my memory, and marvelling how much they exceeded

all that I had ever read or conceived. We arrived at Sallanches in time to see the rocky summits of the huge mountain in its front flaming in the setting sun, and the rosy hue of evening illumining the vast expanse of Mont Blanc, which closed the upper end of the valley. Long did I gaze on the entrancing spectacle: ardently did I wish that its image might never fade from my recollection! My hopes have been realised: at this moment, at the distance of five-and-forty years from the time I first saw it, and without having revisited the spot, this image is as distinct as it was the first night.

After visiting Chamounix, the Montanvert, and the Col de Balme, we descended by Martigny and St Maurice to Vevay; thence by Morat, the scene of Swiss heroism, to Berne; and thence to Lauterbrun, Grindelwald, Meyringen, the Grimsel, and over the Brünig to Lucerne. Thence, after ascending the Righi, we passed by Zug and the field of Morgarten to Schwytz: made a pilgrimage to the chapel of William Tell: admired the stupendous wall of rock which shuts in the Lake of Uri: ascended to the summit of the St Gothard, and passed over the Furca, then knee-deep in snow, to Munster and Berg, from whence we crossed the Simplon to Duomo d'Ossola on September 5th, and at Baveno for the first time beheld Italian scenery, and looked on an Italian lake.

Everything in that enchanted ground showed that

in passing from the northern to the southern side of the Alps, I had been transported to another zone of the earth. Not an object met the eye that did not speak of the tempered region of the sun. It is not the fitful gleam of northern climates, glistening like an April day through intervening showers, nor the fierce glow of an Eastern sky, withering vegetation by its ardour, spreading a desert beneath its rays. It is the warm effulgence of a southern sun, tempered but not obscured by transient clouds, beneath whose mellowed light Nature appears in her loveliest garb, and arrayed in a robe of the softest colours. The perpetual blue, and generally unruffled surface, of the lakes, the wooded hills which fringe their banks, the rich clothing of foliage which nestles in their recesses, the multitudes of smiling villages which crowd their steeps, the graceful churches which stand forth on successive terraces to mark the sway of the Christian faith amidst the abodes of happy and industrious man—bespeak the delightful images and far-famed sun of Italy. In the Lago Lugano especially, where these charming objects are combined with the grander features of nature—where the Alps, even when melting into the Italian plains, evince their savage character, and bold promontories of rock, advancing into the centre of the lake, at once give variety to the scene and shelter by their projections numerous hollows, in the wooded recesses of which the vine and the olive flourish under the protection of adjoining forests of

sweet-chestnut and oak,—a combination is presented of the sublime and the beautiful perhaps nowhere else to be met with in European scenery.

We reached Milan by the route of Lugano, Porlezza, and Menaggio, on the 10th September, having performed the journey from Geneva, during above a month's wandering in the mountains, almost entirely on foot. I had taken many hundred sketches, and had brought away still more images imprinted on my recollection, never to be effaced. In the Italian cities a new world presented itself. The treasures of art, the remains of successive empires, the marvels of a long-established civilisation, are before you. Even in Milan traces of the double efflorescence of society are to be seen; the pillars of the Roman porticos, cracked by fire, worn by time, black with age, adjoin the Ambrosian Museum teeming with the riches of modern genius, and the Cathedral shooting its thousand pinnacles of snowy marble into the clear blue vault of heaven. Such is Italy, venerable from the remains of the ancient, resplendent with the genius of the modern, world; with the ruined fane, but the erect cathedral; the only country in the earth where the human race has twice risen to greatness—where the empire of the legions has been succeeded by that of the Cross—where the matchless dome of St Peter's overlooks the fallen pillars of the Capitol.

From Milan we visited Pavia, and thence travelled to Turin and over the Bochetta Pass to Genoa. In the course of this journey I walked over and minutely

examined the field of Marengo—a practice which I constantly followed afterwards when in the neighbourhood of the theatres of any of Napoleon's victories, and which I found to have been of inestimable service when I came to describe them in my History of Europe. Genoa excited the warmest admiration in my mind. Situated at the head of a deep bay, with the Apennines stretching their mighty arms around it, and rising up in successive tiers from the waters to the summit of the castellated heights behind, its interior possesses extraordinary interest from the rich display of architectural beauty which it contains. The Strada Nuova, Strada Nuovissima, and Strada Balbi, running nearly in a straight line for the distance of above a mile, present an assemblage of magnificent street scenes. Neither Regent Street in London, nor the Rue de la Paix in Paris, nor the Corso of Rome, will stand in comparison. The architect who wishes to learn of what sublimity the architecture even of streets is susceptible, should make a study of Genoa. The great secret of their magnificent effect is to be found in the height of the buildings, the rich and massy architraves which adorn the windows, the balustrades which conceal the roofs, and the narrowness of the streets, which at once increases the apparent height and always exhibits the buildings in rapid perspective, the point of view of all others most favourable to architectural effect.

From Genoa we recrossed the Apennines by the

Bochetta, and after surveying the battle-field at Novi, and turning to the right, skirted their northern front by Voghera, and the famous battle-field of Montebello, won by Lannes at the beginning of the Marengo campaign, to Mantua, Lodi, and Verona. From the last city, after admiring its noble Roman remains, I visited with the deepest interest the memorable theatre of Napoleon's wars in its vicinity; the position of Caldiero, the dikes and bridge of Arcola, the mountain heights of Rivoli. Already the interest of these historic scenes was becoming intense in my mind, especially those immortalised by Napoleon. Thence we went by Vicenza and Padua to Venice. The Queen of the Adriatic exceeded in interest anything we had yet seen in Italy. I was never weary of admiring the decorations of the Place of St Marc, the gorgeous fronts which adorned the Great Canal, the noble assemblage of domes which surround the harbour, the marvels of a city of palaces rising out of the waters. The paintings of Titian and of the Venetian school attracted my attention, and I then began to perceive how much more interesting and impressive these works are in their native seats than when accumulated together, as I had previously seen them, by the arm of conquest in the halls of the Louvre.

Upon leaving Venice we went by Treviso to Bassano, where the road enters the narrow and romantic gorge of the Val Sugana, which leads by Primolano to Trent on the Adige. In this journey we were

again on the theatre of Napoleon's exploits, and I visited with deep interest, amidst the marvellous peaks and precipices of that romantic valley, the scene of his desperate struggles with the Austrians. At Roveredo a new subject of historical interest presented itself. We entered the Tyrol; we were in the land of Hofer and Spechbacher; every valley was immortalised by the events of the war of 1809. I do not recollect anything which more strongly fascinated my imagination than the people, the scenery, the traditions, and the exploits, of that land of heroes. The magnificent defile of Clausen above Bolsano, the awful bridge of Laditch, the romantic city of Innspruck, in turn roused our admiration. In ascending from Brixen to the southern foot of the Brenner, we beheld with almost superstitious veneration the scene of the desperate struggle between the Tyrolese and the Bavarians under Marshal Lefebvre;[1] the devastation produced by the falling rocks and trunks of trees appeared in long black furrows which descended the steep slopes of the mountain.

At Innspruck and on the slopes of the Brenner we walked over the fields of battle between the Tyrolese and French, of which the Abbey of Wilten is the most remarkable; and then followed the valley of the Inn by Halle and Wörgl to Salzburg. The defiles which lie on the frontier of the Austrian territory near Reichenhall are among the most striking in the amphitheatre of the Alps. At Salzburg we visited

[1] See Alison's Europe, c. lviii. § 32.

the charming lakes and valleys of its vicinity, particularly the valley of Berchtesgaden and the Koenig See, the mines of Hallein, Traun See, and Abben See, and the romantic valley which runs up by Etsch into the province of Styria.

The scenery on the confines of the Tyrol and Salzburg, and in the country of Salzburg itself, is most romantic and beautiful. Particular scenes in Switzerland may equal it, as the Gastinthal and valley of Kandersteg, the Via Mala in the Grisons, the defile of Gondo in the Simplon, and the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny; but generally speaking, the scenery of the Helvetic cantons has not the exquisite character which the Alps assume in the eastern parts of the Tyrol and Salzburg. The bold and fantastic rocks which are there piled on each other, like the ruined castles of giants, stand forth in their naked majesty; they are not covered by so uniform a mantle of snow as in Switzerland. The valleys at their feet, which are generally deep and precipitous, are filled in their lower parts with forest timber instead of the eternal pine which is so monotonous in the central Alps; and magnificent woods of oak, beech, and ash conduct the eye from the green shaven meadows which surround the white cottages beneath to the fir-clad cliffs that rise above, and to the stupendous masses of rock with their higher ledges silvered with snow, which repose above on the azure firmament.

From Salzburg we returned by Lintz and Ebersberg, the scene of the desperate battle between the

Austrians and French in 1809, to Hohenlinden, where the field of battle between the same warlike nations has been immortalised by Campbell. Munich, with its noble galleries and charming collections of art, arrested us for only a few days. We returned by Ulm, Augsburg, Darmstadt, Hanau, the Rhine, Coblentz, and Cologne, to Brussels. The field of Waterloo, which still bore marks of the terrible struggle of the preceding year, was an object of extraordinary interest. I reached home in the middle of November with a mind satiated with beauty, but with the passion for more extended travel implanted in my heart.

During the winter which followed (1816-17), and for some years after, I saw much of the Whig Society of Edinburgh, which at that period enjoyed a high, and in some respects a deserved, reputation; and one of the members of which has attained a lasting celebrity. Jeffrey, Cranstoun,[1] Cockburn,[2] John Murray,[3] James Moncreiff,[4] and Thomas Thomson, were the leading men of that circle; but Professor Pillans,[5] Macvey Napier,[6] W. H. Playfair,[7] and some others fre-

[1] Afterwards raised to the Bench by the title of Lord Corehouse.

[2] Solicitor-General under Lord Grey's administration, and elevated to the Bench by the title of Lord Cockburn.

[3] Lord Advocate under Lord Melbourne's administration.

[4] Afterwards raised to the Bench by the title of Lord Moncreiff.

[5] Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh.

[6] Afterwards editor of the seventh edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

[7] Nephew of the celebrated John Playfair, and an architect of fine taste and amiable manner, who completed the University of Edinburgh, and built Donaldson's Hospital near that city.

quently joined it; and Rutherfurd, afterwards Lord Advocate, gave indications of those remarkable talents which have deservedly raised him to the head of the Bar, and to distinction on the Bench. In summer the circle was generally augmented by leading English Whigs who were travelling in Scotland. There was considerable cleverness, much fun, and great *bonhomie* and joviality in this society; and at Craigcrook[1] in particular, where Jeffrey gave vent to the kindliness of his disposition and the rich flow of his talk, nothing could be more fascinating than the conversation which frequently prevailed. I was received in this circle with great kindness; and as I had never taken a public part in politics, and was known to incline to the Liberal side, they made several attempts to gain me to their party. In many respects I agreed with their opinions; but ere long I observed peculiarities in their mode of life and manner of thinking, which convinced me that we could not pull permanently together, and at length made me withdraw in a great measure from their circle.

Their principal fault was that they were too exclusive; they lived too much with, and for, each other—the usual defect of clever circles in provincial towns. They realised on a small scale the notion of "all the talents" of which the Whig journals so imprudently boasted when their party came into power on Mr Pitt's death in 1806. This fault, and it was a great one, was in some measure forced upon them

[1] Jeffrey's country-house near Edinburgh.

by a still greater mistake of their political opponents. During the thirty years preceding, promotion at the Scotch Bar had been in the hands of the Tory party, and they had made in many cases an indifferent, in all, too exclusive, a use of their patronage. Their object was in general to select not the ablest, but the most accommodating men—not those of original thought, but those of marketable abilities. This is the general and inherent fault of aristocratic government all over the world, which so often banishes genius to the other side: property is ever jealous of the rival power of mind. *Pliant ability is what it desires;* and nothing but pliant ability will in general meet with its support. The surrender of independence of thought which it requires had recently driven some of the most eminent men in the country into the ranks of Opposition: Jeffrey was deterred by it from joining this party; Cockburn, a nephew of Lord Melville's, was induced to leave it. Thus almost all men of independent character, who were conscious of talents that would make their own way, had for a long period joined the Whig party; and as promotion in consequence was very rapid on the Ministerial side, numbers of men were advanced to judicial situations which they were unworthy to fill. As a natural consequence, most of the business was in the hands of the Whig advocates; and so far had this gone, that there was scarcely a lawyer left at the Bar, of Tory politics, fit to be elevated to the Bench. When Sir Robert Peel was soon after appointed Home Sec-

retary, it was not less from necessity than from the liberal spirit of his mind, that he raised successively six Whig lawyers of eminence to that important position.[1]

This singular combination of circumstances was attended at this period with an unfortunate effect upon both sides of the legal society of Edinburgh. Among the elevated functionaries on the Ministerial side, there was in general a dearth of talent, learning, and information outside the range of their profession, insomuch that nothing could be imagined duller or more monotonous than their official dinners. In the Whig coterie there was incomparably more talent, knowledge, and discursive conversation; but the monopoly they had long enjoyed of these advantages had made them run into an opposite set of faults, not less glaring and perhaps in the end still more destructive to their usefulness and durable reputation. They were led, perhaps unavoidably, to form too high an opinion of themselves, and to live too exclusively together. Finding almost all the business of the Bar in their hands, and their society courted by strangers of rank and reputation, they came to imagine that they were really leaders of thought as well as of legal practice. Thus they relaxed in their endeavours to obtain lasting distinction, and were speedily passed in the career of fame by other men whom they affected to despise, but who were

[1] Namely, Cranstoun, Gillies, Moncreiff, Cathcart, Fullerton, and J. Clerk.

not exposed to the influence of the same withering self-sufficiency. It was a cold and reluctant consent which they yielded to the merits of Scott himself: nothing but the publication of his novels, which made the world ring, forced them to admit that he was a man of distinguished talents. Wilson they represented as a harebrained enthusiast, whose diatribes should by common consent be put down: J. G. Lockhart was never so much as mentioned among them, though several of his ablest novels had already issued from the press and attained deserved reputation. Of 'Blackwood's Magazine' they never spoke but with horror and contempt: for long they had influence enough to prevent its being even bound up in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh. Any revolt against the opinions of the 'Edinburgh Review' or the taste of Jeffrey was deemed by them high treason. And what has this much vaunted Whig coterie produced to transmit its fame to future times? Nothing but Jeffrey's collected essays for the 'Edinburgh Review,'—a work which, notwithstanding its candour, discrimination, and good sense, is far from being likely to sustain the great reputation he possessed in the eyes of his contemporaries.

What struck me more than anything in the conversation and opinions of this able, but prejudiced and exclusive, body of men, was their want of independence and originality of thought. They exercised, indeed, a weighty influence on general opinion,

but it was an influence not in propagating views of their own, but in giving additional currency to those of others. Their ideas on politics were taken from the doctrines of Mr Fox and Earl Grey; in political economy they implicitly adopted the views of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo; in matters of taste, they took the law from the coteries of Holland House and Lansdowne House. Their extravagant admiration for Massinger, Ford, and the older dramatists was adopted from the former of these bewitching mansions; it soon spread so generally among their party that every Whig attorney and wine-merchant had ere long a copy of their works in their libraries; and Ballantyne was impelled by their influence to hazard the dangerous, and, as it proved, ruinous experiment of publishing a new and large edition of the mingled genius and indecency to be found in their productions. I could not for long conceive whence they had taken the vehement admiration they always professed for Dryden in preference to Pope and Gray; but I afterwards discovered the source, when Mr Sergeant Talfourd, a man of real genius, informed me that he had been banished for years, and well-nigh for ever, from Holland House, in consequence of having once at table been guilty of the heresy of doubting the supremacy of "glorious John" among the British poets of his age.

I once at this period breakfasted — and it was really an intellectual feast—alone with Jeffrey and Sir James Mackintosh : I may say alone ; for although

Monteith[1] was also of the party, yet it may well be imagined that he and I sat nearly silent spectators of the strife between these two redoubted intellectual gladiators. We sat at table from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon; a practice of which Sir James was extremely fond, and which had for years consumed the time that, in his hands, might have been employed in instructing and delighting the world. The conversation was discursive, and characteristic of the different turn of their minds. Jeffrey was incomparably the more aerial and imaginative of the two; his illustrations were boundless, his conceptions often felicitous; but he wanted the peculiar conversational talent which long practice in the higher circles in London had given to Mackintosh. The former discoursed *ex cathedra;* the latter at the table. The first flourished his broadsword over his head, and attracted chiefly by the brilliancy of his evolutions; but while he was doing so, he was frequently run through the body by the sharp small-sword of the latter. True conversational talent is rare in Scotland—I may say it is almost unknown among the inhabitants of that country; they discourse or harangue, but do not converse. The art of conversation consists in mutually giving and taking; in Scotland there is a great deal of giving, but very little taking. The reason is that the country is not of sufficient size or wealth

[1] Alexander Earle Monteith, advocate, afterwards Sheriff of Fife—an old acquaintance and friend.

to produce that collision of eminent men from different departments which compels each to accommodate himself to the general pressure of ability. Our men of talent are little kings in their separate territories, not an aristocracy mutually jealous of each other.

Sir Walter Scott, who has justly obtained so colossal a reputation, and whose talents for conversation have been extolled by many competent judges, as superior to those of any man of his time, was no exception. He was not a converser; he was an incomparable teller of stories. The proof of this is that there are no sayings of his on record, even though so much has been done, and with such ability, to illustrate his life. Look at the number of sayings which are preserved of Johnson, not merely by Boswell, who was perhaps a unique biographer, but by other persons with whom he was brought in contact. At Abbotsford, Sir Walter was as charming as a man could be; but the charm consisted not in new ideas or felicitous expressions struck out extempore during discussion, but in the prodigious fund of anecdote, story, and adventure, relating to times past, which he had acquired by reading or observation. His memory was extraordinary, as it is in almost all men of the highest intellectual character; his power of observation perhaps unrivalled; his humour great; his reading, especially in old plays and romances, extensive, though seldom on any subject profound.

The whole stores of his mind thus acquired—relating chiefly to men, manners, and former customs or events—were poured out in company, or in his own house, with great power of narrative, and with infinite humour and effect. But the greater part of the charm which captivated all who approached him lay in the manner of telling; his anecdotes seldom told when repeated second-hand; and though his observations often showed great practical acquaintance with the world, and infinite humour in the observation of it, yet they seldom indicated any remarkable reach of thought, or deep reflection upon the course of human affairs.

It is the natural and usual effect of any long-continued evil, whether in the social body or in particular circles of society, to produce a reaction against it. The unintellectual pride of the aristocratic Tories, the supercilious arrogance of the exclusive Whigs, produced a knot of young men in Edinburgh, who, though strongly attached to Conservative principles, associated little with either of these circles, but formed a society of their own, characterised by the usual marks of such legal associations. It was exceedingly joyous, clever, and animated; it abounded in those anecdotes of the judges, by which young lawyers generally revenge the tyranny of the Bench; and it might easily have been foreseen that its members would, ere long, take a prominent part in public affairs. Several of them have already risen to deserved legal eminence. Among these I may

mention John Hope, since Solicitor-General and Dean of Faculty, subsequently Lord Justice-Clerk; Patrick Robertson, since Lord Robertson on the Bench; Duncan M'Neil, since Lord Advocate, and afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session; William Menzies, since Mr Justice Menzies, one of the Puisne Judges of the Cape of Good Hope; Robert Whigham, afterwards Sheriff of Perthshire, and J. G. Lockhart, who became the editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' and was immortalised by his Life of Scott. Professor Wilson occasionally joined this joyous circle, and threw over it flashes of his wild and varied genius. I cannot say, however, that I entered cordially into this society. It possessed great talent, but chiefly of a professional kind; the conversation and anecdotes bore too much of that character; there was less general information to be met with than in the Whig circle; and, as usual in such fraternities, the stimulus of excessive potations or coarse conversation was somewhat too liberally applied. Though I frequently mingled with this as well as with the Whig circle, and was always kindly received, yet I did not make any of them my intimate friends, and confined my friendship to my old companion P. F. Tytler, whose mingled talent, fun, and simplicity of character rendered him at all times a delightful companion. I associated much also, almost daily, with Mr J. H. Mackenzie, from whom I experienced much kindness at the Bar, and of whom, more truly than of any person I have ever met with,

it might with truth be said that one " could not stand under a shed with him in a shower of rain, for five minutes, without hearing something worth recollecting."

I was very desirous of going abroad again in 1817, but the obvious danger of checking my business by leaving Scotland year after year deterred me, and I contented myself with a tour round Ireland in company with my friends A. Pringle [1] and Adam Anderson.[2] We landed at Donaghadee, and went round the whole island by Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, Londonderry, county of Fermanagh, Dublin, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, Tipperary, Wicklow, Dublin, and back to Belfast. I was forcibly impressed with this journey. The people were afflicted by the double curse of commercial stagnation and a fall of prices, produced by the transition from war to peace rates, and of a fatal epidemic of typhus, the sad bequest of the misery and suffering of the Moscow retreat and Leipsic campaign. These causes, combined with the usual poverty and redundance of numbers in Ireland, produced a concatenation of woes rarely paralleled. I had seen Venice labouring under the deplorable effects of French tyranny and mercantile ruin in the preceding year, but it did not exhibit nearly so heartrending a spectacle

[1] Mr Pringle of Yair, now one of the Lords of the Treasury.

[2] Son of Mr Anderson of Moredun, banker in Edinburgh, and subsequently Solicitor-General, and elevated to the Bench by the title of Lord Anderson.

of human suffering. In Londonderry numerous beggars were to be seen crawling in the morning out of dogs' kennels, where they had nestled in the night beside the friendly animals; at Omagh, in Tyrone, the guards of the mail in which we travelled were obliged to present their loaded blunderbusses to the mob of beggars to keep them off; in Dublin, we could hardly force our way from the hotel door to the carriage through the crowd of mendicants. The distress of the times had aggravated, without doubt, the usual pauperism of the country; but it is well known that it is still, notwithstanding the most indulgent treatment, and an almost entire exemption from taxation by the British Government, in a most indigent state; and the parliamentary returns have established the appalling fact, that there were in 1844 above two millions of persons in Ireland in a state of destitution.

My principal object in travelling over Ireland was to see with my own eyes a country in which the principle of population was most unlimited in its operation, in order to determine whether, as Malthus maintained, its evils were to be ascribed to the unavoidable laws of nature, or, as I conceived, were owing to human oppression, folly, and iniquity. I made particular inquiries wherever I went, and examined as minutely as circumstances would allow into the social and physical situation of the labouring classes. The result was a decided opinion that an adequate explanation of the general misery from

over-population which prevailed was to be found in the innate character of the unmixed Celtic race, averse to labour and little inclined to improvement; in the repeated and violent confiscations of land which had in the progress of time dispossessed nine-tenths of the original owners of the soil, and substituted a race of foreign absentees in their stead; in the frightful injustice of the English law of landlord and tenant when it came to be applied under this altered state of property, by permitting the overlord to distrain the effects of the numerous cultivators for the arrears of rent due by the middleman; in the want of any poor-rate or institutions for the indigent in the rural districts; and in the inability of the impassioned, volatile Irish race to withstand the excitement consequent on the extension to them, when wholly unprepared for exercising them, of the popular powers of the English constitution. So strongly was I impressed with these views, that I studied the subject in its historic and statistical details when I returned home in autumn, and the result was an essay which I sent to Jeffrey for the 'Edinburgh Review.' Most persons will probably be of opinion that there was little knowledge of the world in expecting the editor of a party journal, which was at that period holding forth Catholic emancipation as the grand panacea for Irish grievances, to give a place to an essay on Ireland in which that question of questions was hardly mentioned. The essay accordingly

was thrown aside, and I have never heard more of it.

My travels in Italy and Ireland, however, did lead to two literary productions which saw the light. At the request of Macvey Napier, who was then engaged in editing the supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, I wrote the two articles on these countries which appeared in that work. They are chiefly descriptive, or statistical, as speculation of any sort would be out of place in such a compilation. It is scarcely possible, however, for an author who is strongly impressed with views of his own, to avoid giving them expression in allusion, if not in argument, when he writes on any subject with which they have a connection. I thought I was merely giving a geographical, statistical, and social description of Italy and Ireland: but on looking at the articles since, I see that they are considerably imbued with the views I have since advanced on these countries in the 'History of Europe' and 'Principles of Population.' They attracted the notice of Mr M'Culloch, who was at that period giving a course of lectures on political economy in Edinburgh, and he was kind enough to send me a ticket with a request that I would attend them. I was prevented from doing this, however, by the hour of lecture interfering with the sitting of the Courts; and I was not sorry to have an excuse for not attending the lectures of a master of whom I had no intention of becoming a disciple.

My practice at the Bar increased rapidly during

1817 and 1818, and I began in consequence to form a library on a considerable scale. The days were gone by when I had bought a copy of Hume's History and Thucydides out of the savings of my allowance of £40 a-year for dress; my purchases of books were now constant and considerable, running from £50 to £100 a-year. Notwithstanding this, and an increasing expenditure in other respects by keeping a horse and groom, I found myself in July 1818 master of £300. The temptation to get away was now irresistible. I made up a travelling party with Pringle, my companion in Ireland, and Captain Basil Hall, then in the zenith of his popularity on his return from Loo Choo; and on the 12th July I was on the coachman's box of the mail, on which I travelled without stopping to London. There we joined my old college companion Hibbert, and we set out, a joyous party in the highest spirits, for Rome and Naples.

When we arrived at Paris, on the 19th July, the heat was so excessive that we decided on visiting Switzerland first, and not descending into Italy till the dog-days were over. We went to Geneva by Montereau, Dijon, Besançon, and Portarlier, when I had an opportunity of visiting several of the most important fields of battle during the campaign of 1814, particularly Montereau and Bar-sur-Aube. From Geneva we made the tour of Mont Blanc, by Martigny, the Tête Noire, the Jardin, the Col de Bonhomme, and Col de la Seigne, Aosta, and the Great St Bernard. This is perhaps the most interest-

ing tour of this kind in Europe, not merely from the sublimity of the mountain scenery which it exhibits, but from the historical recollections of Hannibal's passage of the Little St Bernard, and Napoleon's of the Great, with which it is fraught. The precipitous descent of Mont Blanc to the Allée Blanche, ten thousand feet in height, and the view of that monarch of the mountains from the opposite summit of the Cramont, are sublime. It is a curious instance, however, of great physical fatigue in deadening the mind to everything but a sense of its own imperious wants, that having mounted our mules for the first time since leaving Martigny in crossing the front of the great glacier in the Allée Blanche, we all fell asleep upon them, in spite of the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, and although the mules were threading their devious way along the edge of precipices where a single false step would have caused certain death. I no longer after this wondered at Napoleon when extremely fatigued snatching a few minutes' slumber even when the enemies' balls were falling around him.

Having rejoined our carriage and the great road at Martigny, after ten days of exquisite enjoyment, we crossed the Simplon, and, after visiting the Italian lakes, repaired to Milan. Thence we went to Placentia to visit the double field of battle—of Hannibal against the Romans, and Suwarrow against Macdonald—which lies on the banks of the Trebbia, about three miles from that city. We went to the

spot with Livy in our hands, and identified the features described by his graphic pen, particularly the hollow banks overhung with brushwood, unchanged after the lapse of two thousand years. With some difficulty I made myself master of the movements of the French and Russians on the same ground in recent times; and it was there that I first recollect figuring to myself the description of a battle on the ground where it actually occurred.

Next morning at Placentia I saw the two bronze statues of the Duke of Parma and another hero; and I then felt for the first time that much of the effect of sculpture when in the open air consists in its being placed in a *small* square; so small as to render the statue a considerable object with reference to the adjoining buildings, and to prevent it from being seen but at the proper distance, so as to have this effect preserved. Parma with its exquisite Correggios, Mantua with its superb fortifications, the Lago di Garda and classic banks of the Mincio, Verona with its noble amphitheatre and adjoining fields of battle, successively engaged our attention, —and at length we went by Vicenza and Padua to Venice.

We remained ten days in this interesting city, rendered doubly so at that time by the introductions which Captain Hall had brought to Lord Byron, who was then residing there. He had recently separated from Lady Byron, and was living in almost total seclusion from his countrymen, for whom

he seemed to entertain a rooted aversion. As Captain Hall was a distinguished literary character, however, and had brought letters from Mr Murray, their common publisher, he received us with great cordiality, took us to his favourite ride at Lido, and in his gondola round the Great Canal, and made his hotel, during our stay at Venice, in a manner our home. The character of this justly celebrated man, as seen on a near approach, was so totally at variance with what I had previously conceived from his writings, that I could hardly believe it was the same person. Occasionally, indeed, the fervour of the poet warmed his expression, and always the fire of genius kindled his eye; but in general, an affectation of fashion pervaded his manner, and the *insouciance* of satiety spread a languor over his conversation. He was destitute of that simplicity of thought and manner which is the attendant of the highest intellect, and which was so conspicuous in Scott. He was always aiming at effect: and the effect he desired was rather that of fashion than genius; he sought rather to astonish than impress. He seemed *blasé* with every enjoyment of life, affected rather the successful *roué* than the great poet, and deprecated beyond everything the cant of morality. The impression he wished to leave on the mind was that of a man who had tasted to the dregs of all the enjoyments of life, and above all of high life, and thought everything else mere balderdash and affectation. Every reader knows how strongly this tendency is

perceptible in his poems; 'Don Juan' conveys a faithful portrait of his mind as it was at that period. Yet, amidst all this wretched conceit, traces of inherent greatness appeared; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the Great Canal, or riding along the shore of Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story, especially in the great contest at Malamocco with the Genoese, which the objects pointed out recalled to his recollection. In justice to Lord Byron, however, it must be added that he was living at this period (August 1818) in Venice under peculiar and very unfavourable circumstances. Driven from England by a burst of public obloquy, which had succeeded to an extravagant season of public adulation, he was at once in sullen alienation from his countrymen, and in a vortex of discreditable and almost desperate dissipation. Captain Hall and I were, I believe, the only English who saw him, at least for any very considerable time, at this period. Lady Blessington's description of him some years after this at Genoa, is by far the most accurate I have met with; it is a perfect portrait of the man, only considerably purified from the epicurean sty in which we found him immersed.

From the great of the present time we passed to the immortal of former days. From the hotel of Byron at Venice, we drove to the tomb of Petrarch at Arqua; and thence to the prison of Tasso at Ferrara. Nothing could be more suggestive than the former of

these shrines of genius: the house built by the poet, amidst the smiling vineyards and orchards of the Euganean Hills; the room in which he died; the last book he read; his tomb surrounded with laurel,—left nothing to be desired. More melancholy impressions were awakened by the narrow cells of Tasso at Ferrara. Modena, with its beautiful academy, and superb collection of casts, occupied only a day, but several were devoted to Bologna, where some of the finest specimens of its great school of painting are still to be met with. Sir Joshua Reynolds's eulogium on the school of Bologna recurred to my recollection; its justice was speedily felt: the exquisite conceptions of Ludovico Caracci and Guido appeared to deserve all the eulogiums which he has bestowed upon them.

In crossing the Apennines from Bologna to Florence, and making excursions from thence to Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and Lavernia, the peculiar character of Apennine scenery became apparent. It is different from the Alps, and still more at variance with the mountain-ranges of Northern Europe. It has neither the rocky pinnacles, icy valleys, or snowy summits of the former; nor the desolate heaths, naked sides, and spacious lakes of the latter. The fir does not appear in gloomy but impressive monotony, as in the central parts of Switzerland; the oak and the birch do not clothe the slopes of blue lochs or brown torrents, as in the Grampians of Scotland. Rich woods cover every part of the ascent, until you reach an elevation

of nearly five thousand feet, when the cool summits and open pastures of the Apennines, from the highest points of which, in a clear day, you can frequently see from sea to sea, refresh the wearied traveller with their delightful breezes. A vast population is nourished in these wooded declivities: in the lower parts, on the produce of the gardens, orchards, and olive-woods, which are supported by the incomparable system of terrace-cultivation for which Tuscany is celebrated; in the upper, by the vast forests of sweet-chestnut which overspread the hills, and furnish great part of the subsistence of their numerous inhabitants. Lakes there are none; rivers very few, and those only such as are of considerable size, in that vast mountain region; the long drought of summer, joined to the steep descent of the streams, speedily causes their waters to run out; in the course of a few days a swollen torrent is frequently reduced to a trickling rill, or entirely dried up. It is the beauty and prodigious extent of the woods, joined to the extraordinary efforts of human industry in its umbrageous recesses, and the innumerable villages and spires marking the residence of civilised and happy man throughout its rude declivities, which contribute a peculiar charm.

Florence, with its superb collections and unique gallery, detained us for a week. The Venus de Medicis, enshrined in beauty in the Tribune, appeared to much more advantage than when I had seen it in the halls of the Louvre four years before.

There can be no doubt that the vast accumulation of the most perfect works of genius in that immense collection fatigued the mind, and rendered the sense of individual excellence less vivid than when seen in their native seats. The Palazzo Pitti, with its noble Salvators, and exquisite Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, held me in a trance of delight for several days; and as the perception of the excellence of these great masters increased, I felt the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds's remark that "a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention."[1] Perhaps there is no proposition in the range of thought which has been, and ever will be, more keenly contested than this, not merely by the unlettered many, but the interested few. The former deny it from ignorance of the subject, the latter from interest in its rewards. Mediocrity cannot conceive the mental effort requisite to conceive or appreciate the great works of former ages; envy is unwilling to admit in others an excellence which it feels itself unable to emulate. The first symptom of a real spread of taste in the nation will be a general appreciation of the excellence of the great artists of former days; of the rise of rivals to them among ourselves, a candid admission of their superiority. There was no such devout worshipper of Sophocles as Racine; Gibbon not merely studied but "meditated" on

[1] Reynolds's Works, i. 17; Life by Malone.

Tacitus; Reynolds's writings are filled with generous admiration of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

The journey from Florence to Rome by Arezzo, Terni, and Narni, is one of the most interesting in Italy. The placid lake of Thrasymene, seen through the overhanging oaks which still overshadow, on the banks of the Sanguinetto, the scene of Hannibal's victory; the lofty plateau of Perugia, the classic vale of the Clitumnus, the Etruscan walls of Cortona, the wild pass of Monte Somma, the romantic scenery and fall of Terni, the noble bridge of Narni, the castellated heights of Otricoli, the cliffs and overhanging walls of Civita Castellana; in fine, the desolate Campagna of Rome,—captivate the traveller in succession, and keep him, if he has a mind susceptible of such impressions, in a continual transport. The northern traveller feels that he is in classic land; the images of Virgil and Horace arise at every step. His interest is not, as in northern Italy or southern France, divided between the remains of antiquity and the recollections of modern times; the Romans are here all in all. Near the summit of the Monte Somma, I for the first time saw goats hanging from the shaggy precipices, and browsing the leaves of the pendent shrubs; the beautiful image of Virgil immediately recurred to my mind—

> "Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
> Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."
> —VIRG. Ecl. I.

The transition from northern latitudes, where pastur-

age is obtained from grass, to southern, where it is found chiefly on the foliage of trees, was manifest. The fairy temple near the pure fountain of the Clitumnus, the bridge of Augustus at Narni, all bear the stamp of antiquity; the very road on which you travel is the Emilian Way, which, after the lapse of nineteen hundred years, is in many places still undecayed.

It was on the 19th September 1818, about half a mile beyond the post-house of Baccoino, that on crossing a low ridge of hills, the postilions, pointing across an expanse of desolate plains which stretched before them, exclaimed, "Roma!" As we looked in the direction which they showed, the dome of St Peter's and the square steeple of the Capitol appeared rising above a dark intervening ridge. I gazed with delight on these objects, the images of which had long floated in my mind; but the impression was not so profound as when I first beheld Paris; whether that the present interest of the war with Napoleon was stronger than the recollection of the past glories of Rome, or that my associations were more intimately wound up with modern than ancient times. In traversing the Campagna, the remains of antiquity became at every step more apparent; the sarcophagus which bears the name of Nero, the aqueduct stretching across the plain, the solitary tombs rising out of the waste, bespoke the approach to the Eternal City; and soon we rolled over the Milvian bridge, and stopping the carriage before arriving at the Castle of St Angelo,

hastened up the slope between the magnificent colonnades to gaze on the matchless interior of St Peter's.

How wonderful is the ascendancy which genius in description obtains over the human mind! how indelibly is it blended with all that is greatest in art or in nature! In walking up the colonnade, in front of "the noblest monument ever raised by the hand of man to the purposes of religion," my thoughts were less on the structure than on the passages descriptive of it which I had read in books; I thought of Madame de Staël's account of the sound of the waters as I heard their murmur at intervals through the interstices of the columns, and unconsciously I repeated the words of her Fortanes.[1] The general outline of the dome itself struck me then, as it has ever since done, as less perfect in form, though greatly larger in size, than that of St Paul's in London. The front has many obvious defects, due to deviations from the design of Michael Angelo; but on entering the doorway, and beholding the interior, the most perfect structure ever reared by human hands is before you. It is not the richness

[1] "Ce murmure des ondes, qu'on a coutume d'entendre au milieu de la Campagne, produit dans cette enceinte une sensation toute nouvelle; mais cette sensation est en harmonie avec celle que fait naître l'aspect d'un temple majestueux. Le bruit des eaux convient à toutes ces impressions vagues et profondes; il est uniforme comme l'édifice est régulier—

"L'éternel mouvement et l'éternel repos."

—*Corinne*, i. 165.

of the materials, though they are unrivalled; it is not the magnitude of the structure, though it exceeds the Pyramids in elevation; it is not the beauty of the proportions, though they are faultless,—which gives that interior its unrivalled charm. It is the exquisite harmony of form and colour; the unequalled unity of effect; the combination of all that is most beautiful in outline, tint, and proportion to produce one undivided emotion,—which is the secret of its effect. The treasures of the earth, and its generations, as it were, are there; all that the wealth and enterprise of antiquity could collect, with all that the genius and taste of modern times could combine: it is the temple of the human race. Before another St Peter's rises in the world a second republic must have been followed by a second empire—a second mythology by a second Popedom; and the genius of modern Europe, drawn to a centre by one conquering state, must have been succeeded by another night of a thousand years, during which superstition must have subjected the civilised world to its sway.[1]

In ascending next day to the summit of the Capitol, another instance occurred of the combined recollection of ancient interest and modern genius. My thoughts reverted to the moment when Gibbon mused amidst the ruins of the Forum on the fall

[1] This sentence is to be found in the third volume of my History of Europe (iii. 35), but it is inserted here because the idea first occurred to me on this visit to St Peter's.

of the empire, and first conceived the design of writing its history, "where barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The view from the top of the square tower is without a parallel, for it exhibits antiquity and modern times combined together: you see at once the amphitheatre of Titus and the church of St John Lateran, the pillar of Trajan and the halls of the Vatican, the Castle of St Angelo and the dome of St Peter's. In Rome alone are they to be seen together, for only in Italy has the efflorescence of civilisation twice occurred. Yet of all the striking objects which there meet the eye, perhaps the most interesting are the long lines of aqueducts which, branching off from the city, bestride the deserted fields of the Campagna in different directions towards the Apennines. They bespeak the magnificence of the ancient empress of the world, which was thus lavishly supplied with the first necessary of life by the patriotism or fears of the emperors; and they forcibly recall the subsequent changes of time when the eye surveys the brown and desolate tracts which they now traverse. In many places they resemble the views of the ruins of Palmyra at the foot of the mountains in the Eastern desert—one of the scenes which, from my earliest years, has most strongly impressed my imagination.

It was in the middle of September that we arrived in Rome, and as the summer had been exceedingly warm, and in consequence very unhealthy, after a few

days devoted to exploring its most interesting remains we proceeded towards Naples. We arrived at Velletri on the southern slope of the Alban Mount at midnight, having left Rome late in the afternoon; and the position of the stars then for the first time brought to my mind the arc of the globe we had passed over since leaving Scotland; Charles's Wain appeared greatly lower than I had ever seen it before. Next morning we crossed the Pontine Marshes and slept at Terracina. Again the interest of ancient and modern association was united as we rolled over the Appian Way. Through the level expanse we watched the Roman milestones which still mark the distance from the centre of the Forum, or gazed on the distant peaks of the island of Circe. 'Corinne' was in our hands; we compared the drowsiness we felt in the Marshes with that which Madame de Staël has described; and at night we walked to the foot of the huge rock surmounted by the castle of Theodoric, to see the spot where Corinne showed to Lord Nelvil the cloud obscuring the moon emblematic of her fate.

The next day's journey to Mola di Gaeta was very interesting. The romantic defile between the wooded cliffs and the sea which lies between Terracina and Fondi, with the remains of an amphitheatre in one of the hollows; the undecayed blocks of the Appian Way on which the road still passes beyond the latter town; the wooded intricacies and castellated summits of Itri, one of the wildest passes in the Apennines;

the charming descent to the Bay of Gaeta, through the slopes where the Falernian wine was raised; the lovely amphitheatre of olive-clad hills which shut in the bay; the tomb of Cicero, still standing on the spot where he was murdered by the emissaries of Augustus; the delicious perfume of the orange-groves around, then for the first time felt by the northern traveller; the summits of Vesuvius and Ischia, rising over the ocean in the extreme verge of the horizon,—keep the mind in a state of continual enchantment. Next day we reached Naples; but before doing so we had passed the Liris, in the marshes of which Marius was hid; wandered over the remains of Capua, where the army of Hannibal was corrupted; and surveyed the modern palace of Caserta, with its treasures of ancient art. From the moment of leaving Terracina, you feel that you have entered a new region of the earth. The different varieties of the cactus spreading their thick and prickly leaves by the roadside; the huge and tropical look of the plants in the marshes; the bright scarlet berries of the arbutus clothing the rocks; the vines creeping up to the tops of the highest trees, or trained in festoons from branch to branch; the fields of maize waving over the plains; the olive-woods crowning every eminence; the orange-perfume wafted from every garden; the purple light which at sunset illuminates every mountain,—all speak of the regions of the sun.

Naples impressed my mind more strongly even than Rome had done. It has not the same interesting historical associations; but it is superior in beauty and romantic effect. The Bay of Naples is beyond all question the finest scene of the kind in Europe: that of Constantinople or of Genoa will not bear comparison. Nothing can compensate for the want of the lofty range of mountains crowding down to the water's edge which forms its magnificent background. The palaces and woods on the Seraglio Point, the crowded harbour of the Golden Horn, the romantic steeps of the Bosphorus, combine to form a home scenery superior to anything on the shores of Cumæ; but the hills above those charming declivities are flat or round-backed plateaus, very different from the peaked and serrated summits of Ischia, Vesuvius, or the promontory of Sorrentum. It is these bold and magnificent distant features, with the marvels of art and nature which they enclose; the happy proportions between the surrounding mountains and the size of the bay which they shut in, and of the city which rises in successive terraces from the water's edge; and the enchanting light which a brilliant sun and cloudless sky throw over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the wooded hills or castellated cliffs around,—which constitute its charm. The partial feelings of the inhabitants of Dublin and Edinburgh may lead them to flatter themselves that their marine scenery is equally fine; but a single glance at the Bay of

Naples is sufficient to dispel the illusion. To effect a resemblance, it would have been necessary that the mountains of Killarney should have been brought to the Hill of Howth and the Black Rock, in Ireland; Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond to the shores of the Firth of Forth, in Scotland.

Ischia with its terraces of vineyards and lofty peaks, Procida with its smiling cliffs, the classic shores of Baiæ, the far-famed ruins of Posilipo, detained us several days. Every place in that region recalls poetical recollections: the promontory of Misenum, the gate of Cumæ, the lake of Avernus, still bear the names familiar to us in the Æneid. The genius of Virgil breathes around; it is not without reason that his tomb was placed in the centre of the region which his genius has immortalised. The museum of Portici, the caverns of Herculaneum, the streets of Pompeii, the rocks of Amalfi, the towers of Salerno, excited our interest and our admiration: Perhaps there is not so romantic a voyage in Europe as that from Amalfi to Vietri: the lofty precipices rising from the water's edge clothed with olive-woods or orange-groves; the villages and churches built on the summit of apparently inaccessible peaks; the white buildings aloft, as it were, in air, glittering in the clear blue vault of heaven,—present a harmonious picturesqueness which partakes of the character of Mount Athos and the islands of the Archipelago. The olive-groves behind Eboli, the long drive thence over the deserted Maremma, the herds of buffalo

which are occasionally seen in the thickets, the huge temples of Pæstum rising in solitary grandeur amidst the surrounding wilderness,—terminate our pilgrimage to the south, with an impression which can never be effaced.

Vesuvius was not in a state of violent eruption at this time, but it had been so not long before; the lava lay in a broad burnt-up track from the spot whence it issued from the mountain to the sea, near Portici. Considerable explosions every four or five minutes attested the undiminished action of subterranean fire. We saw it, therefore, under circumstances favourable to the observer, for it was in action, and yet could be approached. We stood on its summit and beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the tremendous explosions which took place every three or four minutes. First was heard a loud subterranean groan as if from smothered thunder; then the cone where the eruption was going on gave two or three frightful heaves; at once the summit opened, and through its gaping jaws a stream of fire shot right up into the heavens, with an explosion like the discharge of a thousand cannon. A silence yet more awful succeeded, during which the fiery projectiles, like ten thousand rockets, described beautiful curves in the heavens, dark even at noonday by the volumes of smoke; and soon a clatter was heard on all sides, and the falling stones for many miles around covered the black summit and sides of the mountain with specks like the mouths of a glowing furnace.

On our return to Rome, as the unhealthy season was past, we devoted some weeks to examining in detail all its wonders, both ancient and modern. In doing so we followed 'Vasari' as a guide-book, and made it a rule, at whatever expense of time or trouble, to see everything—the only way to avoid subsequent regret; for nothing is more certain than that if anything, however insignificant, is omitted, you will be told at some future time that it is the thing of all others most worth seeing. The labour of seeing everything in Rome, however, in a month, is considerable, and prevents that repeated recurrence to the finer objects, which is in general necessary to impress them indelibly on the memory. Our way was, to see everything, but to take an opportunity every day of seeing over again at leisure some of the principal objects. In this way, in the midst of the laborious "courses" in which we were involved by the zeal of our antiquarian guides, we contrived almost daily to visit the Forum and Palatine Mount, St Peter's, the Pantheon, and the baths of Diocletian. It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons do, that these objects cannot be properly seen, or durably retained in the memory, unless visited at leisure—my experience enables me to say the reverse. The mind expands, as during the fervour of public speaking, with the necessities of its situation; its activity, when strongly excited, becomes such, that it takes in and can long retain objects when seen for even a short space of time. Many of the

scenes in the Alps, which I even now distinctly recollect, were seen only in passing rapidly in the carriage, or during a hurried sketch. It would be worth while to travel from England to Rome and back again, though the only object was to walk up the colonnade of St Peter's, and, drawing aside the screen, look for five minutes into the matchless interior.

Never shall I forget the moment when, in looking at one of the monumental inscriptions in the Museum of the Vatican, I read the words "*Samnitibus bis Devictis*" on the tablet of one of the Scipios, brought from their tomb on the Appian Way. I was carried back to ancient times, to the early days of Rome and the first recollections of my own youth. The tomb of the Scipios on the Appian Way is one of the most interesting monuments in Rome, but it would have been still more so if the inscriptions and urns that were found there had been allowed to remain, instead of being transported, as some of them were, to the Museum of the Vatican. The number of simple but touching inscriptions on the women of the family is singularly affecting. We knew of its statesmen and warriors, its senators and generals; but here we are admitted into the privacy of domestic life—we read of the virtues of its mothers and daughters, and take our place beside the household gods around the hearth of the family. More truly than of any other Roman house may it be said, if these inscriptions are a faithful picture of character, that "all the men were brave and all the women virtuous."

Michael Angelo's frescoes on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, Raphael's in the halls and galleries of the Vatican, and Claude Lorraine's landscapes in the Doria Palace, strongly arrested my attention. I had recently read Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses, in which he gives Michael Angelo's frescoes the preference, and places them at the head of modern art. I cannot say that I coincided in that opinion; but that might be owing to my not having been sufficiently initiated into the art of historical painting. Sir Joshua remarks that he did not at first perceive their superiority, and that a taste for the highest excellences of art is not intuitive, and is never attained without labour and attention. Nothing can be more magnificent than Michael Angelo's drawing; but in the expression of one uniform emotion, and in simplicity of effect, Raphael appears superior. For the same reason Raphael's Madonna del Foligno, or his Assumption at Dresden, appear more perfect compositions than even his Transfiguration in the Vatican. Claude's landscapes and sea-pieces in the Doria Palace, as well as one or two in the National Gallery of London, are altogether inimitable, and, like the Salvators in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, will probably never be equalled.

Tivoli, the Alban Mount, the ruins of Adrian's villa, and the site of Horace's villa in the Apennines, are places to which every traveller is conducted who has any time to spend in Rome. The romantic beauties of the Cascatelli, surmounted by

the lofty arches of Mæcenas's villa; the beautiful temple of the Sibyl perched on the crag above the cascade; the rugged cliffs on which the town stands, with the surrounding hanging woods,—form a charming contrast to the level deserted expanse of the Campagna. Association gives Tivoli a matchless charm. The works of genius in ancient and modern times by which it has been immortalised rise to the recollection at every step. Adrian's villa, with its "cento camere," its forests of statues, and ivied ruins; the Alban Mount, with its wooded intricacies and classic steeps,—occupied each a day; the Tusculan villa, the Sabine field, were successively visited, and we returned to Rome by the Lake of Nemi, the tombs of the Horatii, and the Appian Way, repeating Virgil and Horace's verses at every step, and dreaming of Livy's immortal episodes in early Roman story.

But periods of enchantment, like periods of mourning, come to an end; it was now past the middle of October, rain fell in torrents, and the shortening day reminded one of the necessity of hastening home. Before bidding adieu to the Eternal City, however, we paid a visit to the works of modern genius, in the studios of Canova and Thorwaldsen. Canova carried the representation of the grace and delicacy of the female figure to its highest point, and many of his statues of men have an imposing air of dignity; but he has little originality, and never attained the full command of the chisel. His finest works are little more than

imitations of the antique; and of that antique it was the still life which he studied: he dreamt of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis, but never sought to emulate the "Dying Gladiator," the "Torso," or the sculptures of Phidias on the Parthenon. Thorwaldsen had more originality of conception and vigour of execution: his "Triumph of Alexander" was a revival of the highest style of art; it was the living and moving, not the passive figure, which he portrayed. His *basso-relievos* are among the finest works of modern genius. In later years his conceptions became enfeebled, and he sank into a mere imitation of the antique, similar to that which has stamped a secondary character on so many of Canova's works. The study of the antique is the only road to excellence; its imitation a sure path to mediocrity.

The evening before leaving Rome I supped with Canova. Sir Humphry and Lady Davy and Captain Basil Hall formed the party. It was one of the "noctes cœnæque Deûm" which occur rarely in the course of life. It was hard to say whether the English philosopher or the Italian artist was the more delightful. The simplicity of manner by which both were distinguished is the invariable mark of a high class of intellect. The recollection of my breakfast not long before with Sir James Mackintosh and Jeffrey recurred to my mind; but the contrast was all to the advantage of the Roman party. Canova and Davy each sought to draw out the other, and each seemed forgetful only of his own greatness. Lady

Davy, whose vivacity and talents were well known, gave animation and sprightliness to the conversation, which was carried on chiefly in Italian, and no one could be better qualified by the possession of remarkable talents herself to draw out the abilities of others. Canova's expression of countenance was charming; it was distinguished by the serene contemplative aspect of a pure and elevated mind. Sir Humphry Davy's countenance was less ethereal, but sweet and animated, with a cast of thought which bespoke a philosopher.

The conversation turned at one period on the inferiority of Great Britain to Italy in the fine arts—a fact which is brought painfully home to the mind of every candid Englishman who passes the Alps. "You need not wonder," said Canova, "at that inferiority in one respect; it is the price you pay for your superiority in others. If England were Italy, Mr Pitt and Mr Fox would be your painters and sculptors, and then you would have no reason to complain of your inferiority." "I fear," replied I, "we can hardly accept so flattering an apology. Do we not find in other countries that the age of the greatest excellence in one department has been that of similar eminence in all the others; that they have all advanced abreast? Was not the age of Phidias that of Euripides, Socrates, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Pericles? Ariosto and Tasso were the contemporaries of Titian, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and were not Alfieri and Botta alive at the

same time with Canova and Thorwaldsen?" Subsequent reflection and experience have convinced me that I was right, and that we must look for some other cause than the exclusive direction of British talent to politics and the Bar for our inferiority in the fine arts. It is not that pictorial genius is a fruit only of the south; the examples of Reynolds and Landseer in England, of Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt in Flanders, prove the contrary. In our own times, the talent for description has shone forth with lustre both in poetry and prose. What were Scott and Byron but painters in words? The true causes of our inferiority are to be found in our remote situation, "Penitus divisos orbe Britannos," which has deprived us of the habitual contemplation of the objects of ancient excellence; and in the natural advantages which, by turning the national genius to manufactures and commerce, has drawn it aside from higher and more spiritual arts.

We returned to Florence by Bolseno and Radicofani, amidst torrents of rain, and thence by Pisa and Lucca to the sea-coast at La Spezia. In passing along the lower part of the Val d'Arno, a specimen was exhibited of the manner in which parallel roads, like those of Glen Roy in Scotland, have been formed. The recent heavy rains had flooded the river, and caused it to bring down a mass of trees, corn-sheaves, and other *débris*, which, forming an obstruction in a narrow part of the river, made it regorge and overflow the level plain on either side to the foot of

the hills. The accidental barrier having at length given way from the increasing pressure of the stream, the accumulated water got vent and flowed away; but two parallel mounds, precisely similar to those of Glen Roy, marked the successive levels at which it had stood, each for a considerable time, during the inundation.

Pisa, with its antique edifices and hanging tower; Lucca, with its beautiful baths, embedded in the most romantic part of the Apennines; Carrara, with its Alpine scenery, and marble quarries of dazzling whiteness; and Massa, with its cool stream and umbrageous retreats,—filled us in succession with delight. The luxuriant olive-woods covering all the slopes in this delightful region in those lower hills where the Apennines sink into the sea, give a peculiar charm to this scenery. The rains had now ceased, but left their traces in innumerable cascades that glistened on the sides of the mountains, and combined with the brilliant tints of autumn to render the scene peculiarly delightful.

The Gulf of La Spezia, surrounded on all sides, save the narrow inlet which connects it with the Mediterranean, by olive-clad hills, interspersed with smiling villages surmounted by graceful spires, exhibits within its sheltered haven a charming specimen of Italian scenery. The bold rocky promontories which protect it from the external surge, are crowned with magnificent castles. We set sail from La Spezia at sunset, and reached Genoa the

following morning at eight o'clock. The torrents of rain which had recently fallen had cleared the atmosphere; the sun set in gold beneath the waters of the Mediterranean, and hardly had his failing beams ceased to illumine the west, when the moon rose in unclouded lustre, and shed a mellow but clear light over the eastern hills. The castellated cliffs, beneath the shade of which we emerged from the gulf into the open sea; the bold rocks which we afterwards skirted rising from the water's edge, and forming the wall, as it were, of the Apennines; the narrow ravines in that mountain barrier, and its distant summits,—all appeared clearly defined in the bright moonlight of an Italian night. The breeze which, during the night, blew from the land, was charged, even at the distance of a mile or two, with the fragrance of innumerable flowers, recalling the descriptions I had read of the perfumed gales which Columbus met at the mouth of the Orinoco, and which induced his ardent imagination, fraught with Scriptural imagery, to suppose that he was approaching the mouth of the great river which flowed westward from the fountains of Paradise.

We returned from Genoa by the Bochetta pass, Novi (where I again visited the field of battle), Asti, Turin, and Mont Cenis to Lyons. In crossing the Alps by this pass, I became convinced that Hannibal traversed them by this route. A white rock is to be seen on the little plain, shut in by snowy alps, at the summit, corresponding exactly to the "λευκόν πέτρον"

mentioned by Polybius. The rocky descent to the valley of Susa, formerly accomplished by a slide in sledges like that in the "Montagnes Russes," now traversed with so much caution by the winding modern road, may be the scene of the celebrated, perhaps fabulous, story of the melting of the rocks with vinegar; while from the summit of the pass, *and it alone* in this part of the Alps, the plains of Piedmont are distinctly visible, and the address of the Carthaginian general to his troops, on showing them the theatre of their future victories, becomes not only possible but probable. I took a sketch of the view from the summit of the pass down the valley of Susa, at the lower extremity of which not only the plain of Piedmont but the Apennines beyond appear. There can be no question that Hannibal, after leaving the Rhone, came up the valley of the Drance; the only point of doubt is whether, after passing Montmilian, he went straight on up the stream which leads to the Little St Bernard, or turned to the right and followed the course of the valley of St Jean de Maurienne to the foot of Mont Cenis. After passing both, the latter appears to me the more probable; and this is confirmed by its having been from time immemorial the great pass from Piedmont to that part of Gaul, and by the narrow defiles below St Jean de Maurienne corresponding precisely to the rocky gorges in which the Carthaginian general sustained such dreadful losses while combating the mountaineers, in threading his way up the mountains.

The pass of Mont Cenis from Susa to Chambery is two days' journey, even by the present admirable road which the world owes to Napoleon; and in point of continued and sustained interest it will bear a comparison with that of the Splügen, the St Gothard, or the Simplon. But no part of it approaches in sublimity to the long and narrow ravine which the road follows from the foot of the mountain of Simplon to Duomo d'Ossola. The defile below St Jean de Maurienne, however, may justly claim a place next to that exquisite Alpine pass. The scenery on the summit of the mountain is more sublime, from the snowy heights on either side rising more abruptly from the plain. The descent to Italy, if not so picturesque, is more imposing, for it is performed, not in a cleft in the mountains thirty miles in length beside a torrent winding in its bottom, but on its bare and rocky face, in a descent of eight miles, near a roaring stream which descends in an almost constant cataract, with the Falls of Susa and plains of Italy generally visible at a great depth below. In this respect Mont Cenis resembles more nearly the passage of the Splügen with the rapid descent down the slopes of the Cardinal on the Italian side. But the defiles to the north of the mountain, though highly picturesque, will bear no comparison with the gorge of the Via Mala formed by the passage of the Rhine through the rocky barrier above Tusis.

After leaving Chambery we descended into the

level country of Dauphiny by the pass of Echelles. My companions being worn out with romantic scenery, could not be induced to make any further deviation from the great road, and continued their journey on to Lyons; but I knew that the Grande Chartreuse was at no great distance, and resolved to make an effort to see it. Accordingly I hired a horse and guide, and set out alone for the convent—which is about fifteen miles from the post-house of Echelles—at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

The first five miles is over the plain which runs level and cultivated up to the foot of the mountains. When you enter the gorge a small lake appears at the foot of the wooded rocks, after skirting which, between its margin and the precipice, you turn to the right and enter a dark ravine which perforates the huge barrier. An old archway, spanning the narrow space between the rocks and the torrent which roars at their foot, marks the entry to the territory of the convent. For the next six miles the scenery is magnificent. The path winds by the side of a torrent which descends in successive rapids or falls through the shades of a forest of beech and oak. Higher up, the steep and precipitous sides of the valley are formed by bold faces of rock, the light tint of which is finely contrasted with the sombre colour of the fir and pine which have taken root in their inaccessible ledges. Highest of all, three or four thousand feet above, lofty and fantastic peaks, or vast walls like the ruined castles of giants, stand forth

in naked majesty clearly defined against the clear blue of heaven. Crosses and little chapels are placed frequently during the ascent on projecting eminences or in sheltered dells, as if to mark the sway of religion in those solitudes, or lead the mind to the feelings of devotion which the near contemplation of the greatest works of nature is fitted to inspire. It was on the 26th October that I visited this matchless scenery: the sky was serene, the sun bright, and his rays poured over the magnificent forests which clothed the lower parts of the mountains, and lighted up their autumnal tints. I went along repeating Gray's noble Ode on the Approach to the Chartreuse, which so happily expresses the inspiration of the scene, and had thrilled through my heart from my earliest years.[1] Two miles before reaching the convent you turn sharp to the left, and ascending to a great height by a winding path, emerge into the open slopes of the mountains above. There, at the height of 4500 feet, amidst sloping meadows and at the foot of fir-clad peaks, the convent is placed. I received a hospitable welcome from the monks, and after dinner returned by the same route to Echelles, from whence I continued my journey by Pont Beauvoisin to Lyons, which, by travelling all night, I reached next morning at eight o'clock, before either of my companions was up.

[1] "Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum,
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem."

From Lyons we returned as rapidly as possible by Mont Tarare, Roanne, and Moulins, to Paris, and thence to London. In crossing the former range of mountains I gazed long at the Alps—then glittering in their rich wintry garb in all the splendour of an autumnal day—from the same spot whence I had first seen them two years before. The stupendous barrier which then rose in awful and seemingly unapproachable sublimity had now become familiar. I had crossed it in several directions; its snows and glaciers were in some degree known: I could distinguish on the slopes of Mont Blanc, which towered over all the surrounding heights, the passes by which I had myself made the circuit of the mountain. I confessed that the reality of nature had in this instance much exceeded the anticipations I had formed of it. The Alps had far transcended all that my ardent imagination had conceived. The infinite variety which their mountains exhibit, the blending of the sublime and the beautiful which they present at every step; the exquisite combination which nature alone can exhibit, of the most perfect finishing in detail with the most powerful generality of effect, render them unique in European scenery. All the rest, even the Pyrenees and the Apennines, which justly claim the second place, fade into insignificance in comparison. He who would acquire a taste for the choicest beauties of nature, and open in his mind a vein of the purest and most delicious enjoyment, should devote every vacant hour,

when youth renders fatigue a pleasure, to the study of Switzerland.

During this long journey in the end of autumn from Lyons to London, I was much impressed by the talent and conversation of Captain Basil Hall. As we were anxious to get on rapidly, and I had travelled the road before, we were in the carriage every morning at four, and went on till nine at night. This lasted seven days, independent of a few days' rest in Paris; and during the whole of that time our conversation never flagged, nor did I experience a moment's weariness. He had inherited from his father and mother,[1] in both of whose families talent had long been remarkable, strong natural abilities; and though he had not enjoyed the advantage of a university education, in consequence of having been sent to sea at thirteen, yet he had supplied this defect in a surprising manner by observation and conversation. His thirst for knowledge led him to inquire minutely into the circumstances, manners, and institutions of every country which he visited; his acuteness gave him an extraordinary power of discovering everywhere the persons from whom such information could best be obtained. The chances of his profession had already led him into almost every quarter of the globe,—he had visited America, Canada, the West Indies, India, and China, besides almost all the naval stations of

[1] Sir James Hall, a distinguished geologist, and Lady Helen Hall, daughter of the Earl of Selkirk.

Europe, and he had recently returned from Loo-Choo, of which he had published a very interesting account. The celebrity acquired by this work had rendered him a decided lion the season before in London society; and thus his acquaintance with people of distinction in this country, equalled that which he had already acquired and turned to such good account in other quarters of the globe. These great advantages, joined to a graphic power of description, extraordinary quickness of observation, and great talents for conversation, rendered him a delightful companion. His temper was naturally passionate, which the habits of despotic command at sea had tended to increase; but he was generous, had no rancour in his disposition, and when the fit was over, his smile was like the sun emerging from the clouds.

Such was the eagerness for information with which Basil Hall was animated, that he sought it at all hands, and often without due consideration of the sources from which it was derived. So intense was the ardour of his mind that it often led him to hurry to conclusions without sufficient regard to the premises on which they were founded. He was thus perpetually deceived as to the real character even of what fell under his own observation, and hence his descriptions of distant countries are often tinged with the colours of romance. On his return from Loo-Choo he visited Napoleon in St Helena, by whom he was very kindly received; but the experi-

enced emperor at once saw through the illusions under which he laboured. He represented the inhabitants of those primitive islands as without either arms or money. "How, then," said Napoleon, "do they make war?" "How," said Mr Vansittart,[1] when he gave the same account to him, "do they pay their taxes?"[2] Subsequently he visited South America when in insurrection against the government of the Spaniards; and his ardent mind, inflamed with the popular enthusiasm, saw the revolution there in those brilliant but deceptive colours which, published to the world in his account of his voyage to South America, powerfully contributed to diffuse those extravagant ideas which afterwards terminated in such disaster both for the New World and the British empire. Captain Hall repeatedly expressed to me in subsequent years, with his usual candour, his conviction that "he was all wrong in his account of South America;" and he regretted the share he had had in augmenting the general delusion on the subject.

[1] Then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] I received these two characteristic anecdotes from Captain Hall himself.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MY RETURN TO EDINBURGH IN NOVEMBER 1818, TO MY APPOINTMENT AS ADVOCATE-DEPUTE IN 1823.

NOVEMBER 1818—FEBRUARY 1823.

I RETURNED to England with a determination, certainly not uncalled-for, of devoting the next years to assiduous attention to my profession, and of making up for three successive vacations of travelling by as many devoted to legal labour. I was soon immersed in my law papers, and found it necessary to work hard to make up my leeway; for, besides the business necessarily lost by these repeated excursions, the last alone had cost me, including a noble set of Raphael Morghen's engravings, which I bought at Florence, and two vases by Bartholomy, fully £320. During 1819 and 1820 I remained at home—at least I never left Scotland, and speedily found my hands as full of business as I could overtake. During these years, however, I found time for several inconsiderable literary essays; and the subjects on which they were written, as well as their style, were characteristic

of the strong bent to the fine arts which my mind had received, as well from natural inclination as from my repeated visits to the classic regions of Southern Europe. I wrote two papers in 'Blackwood's Magazine' on the Restoration of the Parthenon in the National Monument of Edinburgh,[1] which contributed much to produce the noble but unfinished structure which now adorns the Calton Hill in that city; one on the Musical Festival held there in October 1819;[2] one on the Manners and Character of the Tyrolese;[3] one on Robert Bruce, occasioned by the recent discovery of his remains in the Church of Dunfermline in Scotland;[4] one on the proposed Monument to Lord Melville in Edinburgh, in which an imitation of the Pillar of Trajan, and its erection in the centre of St Andrew Square, was strongly urged, and which had the effect of bringing about the column there, which is now so great an ornament to the Scottish metropolis;[5]

[1] 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July 1819, vol. v. p. 377, and November 1819, vol. vi. p. 137. Part of the first of these articles, combined with one which I wrote in July 1823 on the same subject for the 'Edinburgh Review,' were afterwards published in my 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

[2] "Observations on the Edinburgh Musical Festival," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' November 1819, p. 183. The greater part of this paper was reprinted under the title "Sacred and National Music," in my 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

[3] 'Blackwood's Magazine,' September 1819, vol. v. p. 643. This paper appeared afterwards entire in my 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

[4] "On the Discovery of the Remains of Robert Bruce," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' December 1819, vol. vi. p. 297. This paper was reprinted almost entire in my 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

[5] "On the Proposed Monument to Lord Melville," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' February 1820, vol. vi. p. 562.

and one on the character of George III., who had just died, and which appeared in the 'Scots Magazine,' of which my father's valued friend and colleague, the Rev. Robert Morehead, was then editor.[1] Although the greater number of these essays were on the fine arts, yet the bent of my mind to history or historical description had now become apparent: the paper on Robert Bruce expressed opinions on the effects of his victories on the subsequent condition of the Scottish people; that on George III. delineates his character nearly as it was afterwards given in my 'History of Europe;'[2] and in the 'Manners and Character of the Tyrolese' is to be found a considerable part of the description of that interesting people which appeared in the same work.[3]

The close of the year 1819 was marked by the next breach in our family circle. My sister, Mrs Gerard, had gone to Switzerland with her husband and family, when in the course of the journey her youngest child was seized with typhus fever. The infant recovered; but the mother in attending on her, as my sister Eliza had done on her sister, took the infection, and died at Lausanne on the 28th November. Thus both my sisters fell victims to the same pestilence, taken in the same way, during their courageous discharge of domestic duty. The life of

[1] "On the Death of George III.," 'Scots Magazine,' Feb. 1820.
[2] See History of Europe, chap. lx., vol. viii. p. 32.
[3] See History of Europe, chap. lv., vol. vii. p. 388.

a woman is, or at least should be, made up of home duties and home enjoyments; if the latter are to be cut short, it cannot be in a nobler cause than in the discharge of the former. My father and mother were grievously stunned by the blow, for it deprived them of a favourite daughter in the bloom of life, and in the midst of her most important maternal cares. But they recovered sooner than they had done from the loss of my sister in 1812. The first chasm in a family circle is the most grievous wound; it makes such an aperture that subsequent losses slip through with less observation. Increasing years and absence of beloved ones are fitted by Providence in mercy to soften such inevitable separations; for the first insensibly detaches the heart from a world where so many of its ties have been broken—the second familiarises the mind with the want of one who has gone before, and leads it to lean on the hope of a future reunion beyond the grave.

In the years 1819 and 1820, I commenced for the first time the formation of regular collections of *References* from the different books which I was in the course of reading. It is not so much what we do not read, as what we lose of former reading, that occasions our intellectual weakness. If the sum total of what every person of common information has read at one time or another of his life were to be preserved and put together, it would form a respectable stock of knowledge. If it has been

directed chiefly to one object, it would give him a marked superiority in that particular. Desultory study, directed to no one object, but to many objects in succession, all of which it has touched, without mastering any, is the great impediment to useful or available acquisition. Whenever a passage particularly struck me in any author I read, as having a bearing on a subject I was interested in, I marked down on a sheet of paper the author, volume, and page, with the idea or reflection it contained.

In this manner, and with the reference-sheet lying by my side, I began in good earnest a course of historical reading. Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson's 'Charles V.' were read with care for the third time; Hallam's 'Middle Ages' gave me equal instruction and pleasure—his 'Constitutional History,' overwhelmed under a load of antiquarian details, appeared less interesting. I read again the principal parts of Sismondi's 'Italian Republics,' and the whole of his 'Littérature du midi de l'Europe.' Machiavelli's *Discorsi* on Livy were carefully studied, and innumerable references to their profound reflections collected. The ancient historians again, as in early years, fascinated me by their beauty and instructed me by their wisdom. Livy, Xenophon, and Herodotus charmed me by their episodes and the magic of their language; but it was in Sallust, Tacitus, and Thucydides that I found by far the greatest number of passages to mark for reference, and of

profound reflections to record in the memory. The two former have always appeared to me the most profound historians of antiquity, and the destruction of a large part of their works the greatest literary loss we have to deplore.

These varied historical studies led me to begin the composition of a work in which I soon made some progress. It was at first meant as a chapter to my Population, but it soon expanded beyond such limits. It was intended to illustrate the effect of general thought and instruction in coercing or correcting the errors of particular sects in religion, or of classes and interests in society. I thought that the manifold evils which had in every age afflicted the world were to be traced to the power accidentally, or perhaps inevitably, acquired at particular times by a limited class in society, and that the remedy for these evils lay in the simultaneous activity and power of other classes. Thus each, though sufficiently inclined to tyrannise or run into excess in its own department or sphere of power, would be checked and restrained by the simultaneous operation of the same desires in other classes or interests, equally roused into political and intellectual activity; and in the collision of mutual ambition or jealousy would be found security against flagrant injustice or oppression in any quarter. In the education and mental activity of the people there appeared to be the only durable barrier against the encroachment or tyranny of nobles; in the energy, property, and

talents of the nobles, the most effectual security against the ambition or vices of the populace. The weight and authority of an Established Church was the fly-wheel to steady the vehement action of religious schism; the efforts and activity of Dissenters a great security against the oppression, or an antidote to the slumbers, of the Establishment. I made considerable progress in the work, nearly every sentence being the result of a fact collected in my previous historical reading, and supported by references to it. There was much truth, I still think, in these speculations; and possibly the only effectual remedy for the evils which afflict society is to be found in such a system of mutual check and coercion, springing from universal intelligence; but I did not at that time sufficiently appreciate the incessant operation of the selfishness and corruption of the human heart, in all classes and in all ages, in thwarting designs for social improvement. On this account the work is unfit for publication, though it afforded a useful exercise for my earlier years.

At this period my reading first began to be systematically directed towards the Continental wars following on the French Revolution. I had always, as these went on, taken a keen interest in them, which the sight of the Allied armies in Paris in 1814, as already mentioned, as well as the numerous fields of battle I had since visited, had strongly confirmed. This interest was now increased by the

publication of the Memoirs of Napoleon by Montholon and by Gourgaud, and the account of his conversations by Las Cases. I cannot describe the impression which those most interesting works produced on my mind. From the outset I never had a doubt of their authenticity; and constantly replied to the numerous persons who at first hesitated to give credit to them from an apprehension of being taken in, "If these Memoirs are not genuine, *two Napoleons* must have existed at the same time in the world, and it is not very probable that that was the case." About the same time I read Jomini's 'Histoire des Guerres de la Révolution' in sixteen volumes, his 'Grandes Opérations Militaires' in three, and his 'Vie de Napoleon' in four, as well as the Archduke Charles's 'Stratégie,' or account of the campaign in Germany in 1796, in three volumes. From these studies I derived one important advantage, which was of the greatest service in the composition of my History: I learned to think for myself on military subjects, and to disregard the supposed limitation of the power of understanding them to military men.

The close of the year 1819 and the whole of 1820 were marked by an unusual and alarming ferment in the minds of men on political subjects over all Europe. The revolutions in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, though leading to no beneficial or durable result, were sufficient to inflame the minds of the democratic party in this country, already

sufficiently excited by the commercial distress consequent on the sudden contraction of the currency by the fatal bill of 1819 compelling the Bank of England to resume payments in specie. Queen Caroline's trial fanned the embers into a flame, and excited such tumults and disaffection throughout the country as led to a serious insurrection in the west of Scotland in March 1820, well known there by the name of the Radical war. Volunteer and yeomanry corps were everywhere raised — admirable organisations, effecting more by moral influence than physical force, and which in an evil hour the popular cry for economy and party views of subsequent administrations led them in great part to disband. I joined in November 1819 the regiment of gentlemen infantry volunteers raised in Edinburgh, and continued with them till April 1821, when I entered the Yeomanry Cavalry as a private in the Edinburgh troop of the Mid-Lothian Horse, in which I continued many years. Both services, especially the latter, afforded me great pleasure, and no small instruction. Mr Gibbon says that he found his bloodless campaigns with the Hampshire Militia of no small service in recounting the exploits of the Roman legions; and I can with safety assert that my service in the Grenadiers for two, and in the Yeomanry Cavalry for three years, was of the utmost value in enabling me to appreciate and describe the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington.

The Edinburgh squadron at that time was 100 strong. As the troopers all rode their own horses, and the expense of serving in the ranks was at least ten times the pay received, they of course were all young men in easy circumstances, most of them gentlemen by birth and education. When I look back on the companions who then shared with me the mimic war on Portobello sands, where our drills, generally of six hours' each, took place, I see many who have risen to eminence, and fully justified the high expectations then formed of their abilities. My right-hand man in the front rank for long was J. Gibson Lockhart; my old friend Patrick Tytler was one of the best horsemen among our carabineers; Francis Grant, since so distinguished in the art of painting, rode within two of me, and John Hope, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, occasionally joined our ranks. Tytler and Grant and myself were always in the same lodgings in Musselburgh during our permanent duty, and a most joyous party we formed. Lockhart and Tytler, whose convivial gifts were equal to their descriptive talents, were the life and soul of the troop. Their songs made for the occasion, at once brilliant and humorous, diffused universal delight; and when the lives of these eminent men come to be written, no slight indications of their genius will be found in the songs of the Musselburgh mess-room.[1]

[1] Such was the state of buoyant health which youth and excitement produced in us all at that time, that in July 1821, Grant and

During those two years I resumed and vigorously prosecuted my favourite amusement of drawing. I had assiduously taken sketches throughout my travels both abroad and in the British Islands; and when in the Alps, there was hardly a day in which I did not transfer ten or twelve scenes to my drawing-book. These sketches were mere outlines, and often very slight, but they were sufficient to recall the scene. It became an interesting occupation on my return home to make finished drawings from a few of my immense collection of sketches, already many thousand in number; and whenever vacation returned, and I could find leisure, I devoted two or three hours a-day to that fascinating amusement. I was in no danger now of falling into the error of my youthful years which Mr Henning had so kindly corrected: the risk lay in another quarter. The long habit of drawing from nature in outline, without either shading or colouring, the magnificent scenes in the Alps and the Apennines which had occupied my pencil, the inimitable remains of art which had awakened my admiration in the Italian cities, had so riveted my attention to accuracy of drawing, and the correct delineation of forms, that I had come to be unduly inattentive to shading and colouring.

I, after a drill of six hours on Portobello sands, dined at the mess; drove to Hopetoun House, a distance of twenty-one miles, to a ball at Lady Hopetoun's; danced all night; drove back and reached our lodgings in Musselburgh at eight next morning; bathed in the sea, and went to another six hours' drill without either being in bed or experiencing the least fatigue.

Not that I did not fully appreciate breadth of shadow and unity of effect in the works of others, but in my own pencil-drawings, accuracy of outline and minuteness of finishing were too exclusively attended to. Inattention to form or drawing was insupportable to me; but though fully aware of the value of breadth of effect, I did not sufficiently devote myself to it, from a desire to shirk the labour with which covering nine-tenths of the paper with shades of different depth was necessarily attended. Thus my drawings, though very accurate in outline, and occasionally highly finished in detail, had often a spotty appearance, and usually were deficient in general effect.

In the autumn of 1819 I went the North Circuit with John Hope, who was then advocate-depute,[1] and took me with him in his carriage. We went by Dunkeld and Killiecrankie over Corryarrick to Fort Augustus, and thence by Loch Ness to Inverness, where the assizes first met. In this way I visited some of the finest mountain scenery in Scotland. I had seen nearly the whole of it before, in 1811 and 1815; but I found with pleasure that, so far

[1] The advocates-depute or Crown counsel in Scotland are barristers appointed by the Lord Advocate to assist him in the laborious duty of prosecuting criminals over the whole country. They at that period were three in number, and drew the whole indictments as well as conducted all the trials; the Lord Advocate or Solicitor-General only appearing at the more important ones in Edinburgh, and never on the circuit. It is the first important step in official promotion, and is generally a prelude to the offices of Solicitor-General, Lord Advocate, and the Bench, or a sheriffship.

from the Scotch scenery appearing less beautiful from my having been habituated to contemplate nature on a much grander scale, the effect was the reverse. I was now much more alive to the beauty of the fine scenery in the Highlands than when I first saw it. It never occurred to me to compare it to the Alps, any more than I would compare a rhododendron to an oak; but it by no means follows because you have stately timber that you cannot admire flowering shrubs. Perception of the beauty of nature is an acquired sense, which is seldom attained without mental cultivation, and which never fails to be improved by exercise and attention. The common people are generally destitute of it: many nations have gone to their graves, apparently without ever having been conscious of its existence. What makes so many persons, even of some degree of mental cultivation, so insensible to natural beauty, is not having seen too much, but too little. It is otherwise with the fine arts. A cultivated taste for painting or architecture not only takes away all pleasure from the sight of inferior productions, but renders them an object often of aversion. You cannot look at a coarse or ill-finished landscape when you think of those of Claude, or a gaudy meretricious front when you recollect those of Palladio. The works of nature are all perfect in their kind and differ only in degree; those of man are not only different in degree, but often most imperfect in kind.

On this occasion Hope and I, on entering the inn

at Fort Augustus, were told that the only parlour it contained was already occupied by two gentlemen who had been there for above a week, but that they would probably, upon application, allow us to dine with them. We sent in our names accordingly, and received a cordial welcome. They proved to be Telford and Southey. It may be conceived what a delight it was to meet in the depths of the Highlands two such men, one of whom had been my playfellow in my earliest years, while the other was a poet of high celebrity. Though I had never seen Southey before, nor have met him since, he made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. We sat engaged in the most interesting conversation till past midnight. No contrast could be imagined greater than that between Telford and Southey; and yet they were warm friends, and had from mutual predilection travelled together. Both had strong natural talents; both had raised themselves by native vigour from humble circumstances to the highest eminence in their respective careers, and though their lines of life had been so different, they had several tastes in common. Both had an ardent admiration for the beauties of nature, as well as poetical minds, and both were possessed of an enthusiastic desire for social improvement and the happiness of mankind. But here the similarity ended. Telford was essentially a man of action; Southey of contemplation. The former looked for improvement by active exertion, strenuous effort, mutual communi-

cation; the latter from solitary thought, moral effort, and individual elevation. Southey's conversation was not that of a poet—much less so than that of Campbell or Byron; it was more that of a political philosopher. It was easy to see that the great social questions which had begun to agitate society had profoundly moved his mind; and that his thoughts were wrapped up in "the coming events" which had even then "cast their shadows before," and which could only be encountered by moral purification. Telford was less desponding in his anticipations—he trusted to the energy of the people in this country, and conceived the great thing was to turn it into the right direction by giving every possible facility to domestic industry. Both were perhaps over-sanguine in their expectation of the blessings likely to flow from the adoption of the changes they each advocated; and it was easy to see that the efforts of both would find ample employment in combating the principles of evil inherent in human affairs. But it may easily be conceived what an intellectual feast the conversation of two such men, so opposite in their means yet so similar in their ends, afforded during a long autumnal night. There are few days in my life to which I look back with more interest.

John Hope, who was the fourth on this occasion, though unknown in politics, war, or literature, and therefore not likely to be an object of interest to future times, was a remarkable man, and exercised considerable legal influence in his own day. He

was the son of Lord President Hope, and nearly related by marriage to the families of Hopetoun, Haddington, Melville, and several others of lesser note; so that he began life with the advantages of official and aristocratic connection. His rapid elevation to the highest situations at the Bar and on the Bench[1] was in a great degree, doubtless, owing to these causes; but he possessed qualities which, even if he had enjoyed no such advantages, must in the end have raised him to the highest eminence in his profession. He had considerable reasoning powers, a retentive memory, and vast application—the qualities of most value in forensic contest. To these were joined an ardent ambition, a steady volition, unbounded industry, and a great degree of self-confidence,—a quality which, when at all justified by others more substantial, will probably be found not the least important element in professional success. His heart was often generous, but his desires occasionally were rather selfish; his manners, though sometimes haughty, were always dignified. His temper became arrogant as he advanced in station and influence; his self-confidence, always great, at length degenerated into rashness; his industry never forsook him, but it was exerted rather to prop up prepossessions hastily formed, than to collect the materials for

[1] In 1823 he was made Solicitor-General, which office he held till November 1830, when he was made Dean of Faculty or head of the Scotch Bar; which he continued to be till November 1842, when he was raised to the Bench as Lord Justice-Clerk, the second judge both in the supreme civil and criminal courts of Scotland.

deliberate judgment. Hence his reputation was much greater as a pleader than a counsellor—at the Bar than on the Bench. His marriage in 1829 estranged him in a great measure from his family and early friends; and his ill-considered advice was a principal cause in producing the schism which in 1843 rent the Church of Scotland asunder. He had no poetic fervour, and consequently scarcely any eloquence; but he possessed great acuteness in debate, and had all the ready elocution which extensive practice at the Bar seldom fails to confer. He was a man of talent but not genius; he never struck out a new idea, but was capable of great efforts in elaborating those of others.

J. G. Lockhart was a person of a very different character. He had not the business talents of Hope, and having neither the power of public speaking, nor any turn for legal disquisition, he made no figure at the Bar, and indeed scarcely ever had a case. His talents lay in a different department, but there they were great indeed. He had great facility of composition, a strong love of study, was a good scholar, and extensively read in modern literature. These qualities rendered him admirably suited to conduct the 'Quarterly Review,' of which he became editor on the death of Mr Gifford in 1824, and probably no man in the country could have been found better fitted to discharge the duties of that important and difficult situation. He began his literary career as a novelist, and in 'Valerius' and 'Reginald Dal-

ton' unequivocal traces are to be found of an accomplished scholar, as well as an acute observer of character and manners. He had a strong poetic vein, as his translations from the Spanish ballads and many early *jeux d'esprit* demonstrate, but he was better qualified for the desultory labours of a reviewer than for the composition of any considerable work of his own. Ridicule and satire were his *forte*, and there he had very remarkable powers. Great part of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' which appeared for so long a period in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and contributed much to its great celebrity, were the production of his pen. This satirical turn made him a most amusing companion, but, at the same time, mingled a certain feeling of distrust even with the affection of his most intimate friends, for you never could tell how soon you yourself might become the object of the shafts which he launched with so unmerciful a hand against others. His hair was dark, his eye keen, his lips thin, his complexion sallow, his manners polished but reserved. In general society he was silent and observant, in his intimate circle joyous and expansive. Fortunately for his usefulness as well as reputation, his marriage to the daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and the duties which devolved upon him as his literary executor, gave him an admirable subject for biography, and a great work singularly fitted to develop his peculiar talents. Unquestionably his life of that illustrious man should be placed beside Boswell's 'Life of John-

son,' as the two most perfect specimens of British biography.

John Wilson, better known by the name of Professor Wilson, and better still as the Christopher North of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' was unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of his age. He was essentially a man of genius: you could not converse with him for five minutes without perceiving it. His very look revealed the fervour of his mind. Blue piercing eyes, thin and flying yellow hair, a fair complexion, and sanguine temperament, bespoke the Danish blood, as much as the dark eyes, black hair, sallow complexion, and bilious disposition of Lockhart revealed a Celtic descent. I never met a man whose conversation evinced so many flashes of genius as that of Wilson. He was greatly superior in originality to either Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Southey, or Jeffrey. If his perseverance had been equal to his conceptions, and he had brought the force of a mind enriched by a thorough acquaintance with the acquisitions of others, to bear on some one work of such dimensions as to form the principal object of his life, he would have been the first literary man after Scott of his age. But the desultory habits of a poet proved the great impediment to his success. He had not the good sense and steady perseverance which in Scott were combined in so marvellous a manner with the fervour of the poetic temperament. He did nothing regularly or consecutively; he was always the poet working, not the

worker become a poet. Though educated at Oxford, and a good scholar, he made little use of classical knowledge or allusions in his compositions; and it was in domestic literature, especially that which related to poetry, and by the working out of home images, that he obtained his reputation. He was essentially national in all his ideas; and that, too, in the most catholic of all senses, as embracing every class of the community. Like Burns, he was the poet and novelist of the fireside. Though strongly Conservative in his political views, it was from no preference of the aristocratic to the popular interest, but from a decided conviction that it was by the maintenance of the former that the latter could alone be durably maintained. He never courted the great; while maintaining their cause with strenuous ability, he was never seen at their tables. He was too proud to condescend to the obsequiousness which they require. His heart was essentially bound up in the peasantry of the country; but it was the peasantry as they were, and still are, on the mountain and in the glen, not as they have become in the plain and the workshop. His heart contained many of the purest and noblest sentiments; but with these were combined a strange mixture of humour and drollery, sometimes of not the most refined kind, which strongly appears in his 'Miscellaneous Essays.' As a critic he was generally lenient, and always generous, sometimes even to a fault, if that could be called a fault which arose from the high-minded and unenvying

sympathy of genius with kindred excellence, wherever it was to be found. No man had a more profound admiration of the beauties of nature, or had sought them out with more fervent devotion.

He was capable, as his numerous and long-continued essays in 'Blackwood's Magazine' demonstrate, of great efforts at particular times, but he had no regular or systematic habits. He scarcely ever began to work till a day or two before the article required to be printed, and then he wrote straight on, often for sixteen or seventeen hours without leaving his room. In the intervening three or four weeks, till the periodical demand of the printer's devil returned, he did little or nothing; dreaming over poetry, fishing in the Tweed, or wandering in romantic raptures through the Highland glens. Wilson was essentially desultory; he was so by nature, and no effort could have made him otherwise. He had scarce any command over himself; teeming with ideas, at once enthusiastic, poetical, droll, and homely, no one could tell, and probably he could not have told himself, when he sat down to write, what would come pouring forth. His courage was proof against any danger, and even in this world it was not without its reward. He steadily and manfully resisted political reform in all its various shapes, but his popularity never on that account underwent any decline, even with the common people. They felt that he acted as he did from conviction and a sense of duty,

and with no interested or ambitious motives. When he appeared at the Burns Festival in 1844 to pronounce his eloquent eulogium on the bard of Ayrshire, he was received by the peasantry, assembled from all quarters, with enthusiastic rapture; the more remarkable and creditable to both sides, as none of the Liberal party of Scotland thought proper to join in the homage paid to a man whose genius had shed a lustre over "the short and simple annals of the poor." Wilson's eloquence was of a very brilliant kind, but it had not the condensation necessary for the highest flights of oratory. He was enthusiastic, poetical, diffuse, but not weighty. With an unbounded command of language and romantic imagery, he wanted those brief expressions and burning thoughts which strike home to the human heart. Hence his speeches sounded better at the time than they appeared on reflection; and while they delighted all present, left little that could be carried away or stored in the memory.

During the years 1819, 1820, and 1821, I was much with Lord Chief Baron Shepherd, who, after having long held the office of Attorney-General in England, had accepted the comparatively subordinate situation of Chief Baron in Scotland, in consequence of his deafness having in some degree disqualified him for the elevated stations at the head of the English courts to which his talents and professional rank would otherwise have entitled him to aspire. His difficulty in hearing was not so con-

siderable as to prevent his being a delightful companion, and a great addition to the best society of Edinburgh. At his table I met frequently Scott and Jeffrey and William Clerk,[1]—the last, though not so celebrated in the literary world as the two first mentioned, was their equal in talent and their superior in antiquarian information. In force of expression and caustic severity of remark William Clerk was superior to either Scott or Jeffrey, and they readily yielded to him on questions of antiquarian lore. The Chief Baron was the most favourable specimen of that singular and perhaps unique race of men, the English sergeants-at-law. Their habit of addressing juries, and long practice of examining witnesses in trials, has usually given them a thorough acquaintance with human nature in all its phases, and uncommon quickness in rejoinder or repartee, but seldom any remarkable information on other subjects. In anecdotes of the judges and leading men of their circuits they are always very strong—the usual resource of the impatient talent of young counsel to avenge themselves on the tyranny of the Bench or the domineering habits of their seniors at the Bar. Chief Baron Shepherd had all these qualities, combined with great natural acuteness and uncommon suavity of manners and disposition. His anecdotes of the eminent

[1] Son of William Clerk of Eldin, the author of the Naval Tactics, and brother of John Clerk, the celebrated advocate, afterwards raised to the Bench by the title of Lord Eldin.

characters, political and legal, of his day, formed an agreeable variety amidst the literary discussions or antiquarian information of his guests, and I look back with pleasure to the evenings spent under his roof.

In April of this year (1821) I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a young lady, then in her eighteenth year, which soon turned into a friendship that has continued without change to the present time. Miss Stein, daughter of John Stein, Esq., one of the most enterprising merchants in Scotland, and long a member of Parliament, was a neighbour of ours in Heriot Row, Edinburgh. A thorough linguist, she was already, while only in her eighteenth year, mistress of French, Italian, and Spanish, to which ere long she added the more difficult command of German. She was a greatly better scholar in all those languages than I was, and had the advantage, to which I was a stranger, of speaking them with facility. Her execution on the harp and piano was exquisite; already at sixteen she was the favourite pupil of her master Erard. In addition to this she had an ardent desire to improve her mind, and a strong taste for literature in all its branches; and on this our conversation generally turned. Her literary talents have since become known to the world; and she has given to the public translations of Häkländer's chief novels and Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland, which have obtained much and deserved celebrity, and gone through

several editions. Like all charming women she had a strong vein of coquetry in her disposition, and was very fond of admiration; but her principles were steady, her heart was generous and warm; and although she had many admirers, she possessed the rare faculty of preserving the esteem of them all and converting them into steady friends. She married, in June 1821, Sir Alexander Don of Newton Don, M.P. for Roxburghshire, a highly accomplished man, of tastes similar to her own; and after his death, which occurred in 1826, she was united to her present husband, Sir Maxwell Wallace, K.C.H., a Waterloo hero, and most worthy man—and under the name of Lady Wallace has attained a high position in the world of literature, music, and fashion.

In the vacation of 1821 I again set out for the Continent. Having worked hard, and remained at home for two years, I conceived that I might again, without risk of interfering with my professional prospects, indulge my passion for foreign travel; and in order to be entirely my own master, I departed alone. Paris, as usual, was my first destination, and I reached that city in six days from Edinburgh—a very rapid journey at that time. I there met with Moore the poet, the only one of the great bards of the day whose acquaintance I had not hitherto had the good fortune to form. I was very much struck by his conversation. It was brilliant and sparkling in the highest degree, abound-

ing in those Eastern images and poetical thoughts which appear with such lustre in his 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Irish Melodies,' mingled with the quick repartee and rapid interchange of ideas acquired in the highest and most intellectual London society. It was easy to see that he was thoroughly a poet; perhaps a little spoilt by the adulation he had met with from the most intoxicating of all quarters, that of elegant young women of fashion. Delightful and sociable, when he continued, as he generally was, the idol of the circle, he was apt to be pettish if another shared its attention, and in an especial manner to be jealous of the admiration of young ladies. Nothing could be more enchanting than his singing of his own Irish lyrical poems. Never shall I forget the charm of the beautiful words of the melody on Genius in preference to Wealth winning the female heart, when he accompanied himself on the piano. We walked together for two hours after leaving the party where he had sung it, and had been such an attraction, up and down the Rue de la Paix, engaged in conversation, and parted at the foot of the Pillar of Austerlitz in the Place Vendôme at one in the morning. I never saw him afterwards; but the recollection of that night will never be effaced from my memory.

From Paris I proceeded to Geneva, in company with two legal friends, Skene and Jamieson,[1] whom

[1] Andrew Skene, Esq., advocate, afterwards Solicitor-General under Lord Melbourne's Administration; and Robert Jamieson, Esq., advo-

I met in that city, and who were travelling in the same direction. We went by Dijon and Dôle through the Jura to Morez. With inexpressible delight, after a long drive through the vine-clad slopes and monotonous plains of Burgundy, we entered at Juigné the hilly region. The sight of the precipices rising immediately above the houses, surmounted by firs, diminished by the great height to apparently dwarfish dimensions, literally filled me with rapture, which my more prosaic companions had no small difficulty in comprehending. We slept that night at Morez, amidst sounding torrents, overhanging woods, lofty precipices, and all the charming features of mountain scenery. Next morning we set out early by starlight, and crossed the lofty ridge of the Jura which overhangs the Lake of Geneva. The view of Mont Blanc and the Alps from the summit of the pass is the finest of those mountains which is anywhere to be seen. The Jura there rises gradually on the northern side, and during above fifty miles you are continually ascending, till at length at the summit of the ridge, where it overlooks the Lake of Geneva, the road is 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Thence the descent is abrupt and steep to the water's edge, at which you arrive in a couple of hours from the highest point of the pass. From this great elevation you see the magnificent ridge of

cate, son of the author of the 'Scottish Etymological Dictionary.' They were both barristers of great learning and celebrity, whom premature death alone prevented from obtaining seats on the Bench.

the Alps of Savoy, stretching from the Dent du Midi on the east to Mont Genevre on the west, surmounted by the towering dome of Mont Blanc in the centre. Their immense height, undiminished by the perspective which so often proves deceptive in viewing mountains from a plain, appears in its full proportions. We arrived at this point at eleven o'clock, when a brilliant sun and cloudless sky exhibited the spectacle in its highest perfection. Such was the brightness of the light that the eye could hardly bear to gaze on the prodigious pile of ice and snow which extended like a huge rampart in front, and sought relief rather in resting on the green and glassy expanse of the lake which lay at its feet. After gazing for some time, we began the steep descent. Soon the sharp air on the summit of the pass was exchanged for the balmy breath of the south; walnuts and sweet-chestnuts ere long overhung the road, and diffused a delightful shade amidst the sultry atmosphere; Mont Blanc, diminishing to appearance as we approached the lake, still formed at every point the background of the landscape; and before arriving at Geneva, a visit to Coppet and Ferney[1] united the associations of genius with those splendid objects of natural beauty.

From Geneva we travelled by the southern side of the lake beneath the far-famed rocks of Meillerie[2]

[1] The well-known seats of MM. Necker and Voltaire, at the former of which Madame de Staël wrote some of her finest works.

[2] Immortalised in Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Eloise.'

and St Gingolph to St Maurice, where we passed the night. The scenery above St Gingolph, where the rocky mountains are magnificently wooded down to the water's edge, is among the finest of the kind in Europe. Thence we ascended the Valais by Sion, and turning to the left after leaving that place ascended to the Baths of Leuk, and thence over the summit of the Gemmi to Kandersteg. The extraordinary path by which you surmount the precipice, 2000 feet perpendicular, which forms the southern face of the former, and the romantic beauties of the latter, render this one of the most interesting journeys in Switzerland. From Kandersteg we devoted a day to visiting the two lateral valleys of the Oeschinen and Gasteren, in its immediate neighbourhood, which amply repay the trouble of doing so. The latter, which is a level plain two miles across, evidently the bottom of an ancient lake, is surrounded on all sides by stupendous precipices 3000 and 4000 feet in elevation, and is surmounted by snowy mountains rising to the height of 11,000 and 12,000 feet. It resembles much the scenery at the upper end of the Mer-de-Glace or at the Jardin near Chamouni, but is more magnificent from the mountains, scarcely inferior in elevation, shutting in the valley with more precipitous sides, and closing the view on all sides by icy walls of stupendous elevation.

From Kandersteg we proceeded by Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, and Meyringen to the Hospice of the Grimsel, which we reached in the

midst of a violent snowstorm which had covered the whole upper part of the mountains to the depth of above a foot. The approach to that lonely and sequestered hospice, at the height of 6000 feet above the sea, amidst granite piles and huge masses of eternal ice, when the snow was descending fast, and the wind blowing with great violence down from the summit of the Finster Aarhorn, was singularly sublime. I have never seen the sensations I then experienced and the features of such a mountain hurricane so well described as in my friend Mr J. B. Fraser's admirable picture of a snowstorm in the Persian mountains in the beginning of the 'Dark Falcon.' On the following morning the storm had abated, and we pursued our journey over the summit of the Grimsel, and after winding through the lonely lakes which lie amidst its granite peaks, began the steep and dangerous descent to the glacier of the Rhone. But here an unexpected difficulty presented itself. So steep are the grassy slopes of the southern side of the mountain where it overhangs the Rhone, that the snow which had fallen on the preceding day and night had slipped down in vast quantities in those places where the descent was most rapid, and we were obliged to cross slopes, extremely difficult of passage under the most favourable circumstances, when their surface was to the last degree slippery from the masses of snow which had so recently glided down them that it was next to impossible to keep our footing. There was no other way, however, and we

attempted the passage. The long habit of walking on mountains, joined to good fortune, made me get across the perilous passage without losing my feet; but Skene and Jamieson both fell, and glided down with inconceivable rapidity some hundred feet, and were only saved from death by the activity of the guides stationed below, who at the hazard of their own lives caught them as they were whirling past. The iron-headed staffs which they held in their hands went down and over a precipice some hundred feet in height into the Rhone. Jamieson again on the same day made a still narrower escape from destruction. In passing on horseback along one of the narrow paths on the edge of a precipice in the descent from the summit of the Furka to Hopital in the valley of Ursern, the hind feet of the animal went over the edge, and man and horse rolled over and went some hundred feet down a rapid scaur where steep gravelly banks were mingled with bare rock. Almost by a miracle Jamieson rose up, streaming with blood, but not seriously wounded, at the bottom, while the horse lay dead by his side.

I descended the valley of Schollenen with my companions as far as Altdorf on the Lake of Lucerne, by the magnificent new road which had been made there since I had passed through it five years before—and there we separated; for they were tired of the mountains, and anxious to regain the amusements of Paris, and I was desirous to visit the Grisons, and the scenes of Macdonald and Suwarrow's memorable

passage over the Alps. Accordingly, from Altdorf I visited the Schächenthal, by which the Russian veteran led his army in single file to the canton of Glarus, and then retracing my steps, followed his footsteps over the Devil's Bridge, the summit of the St Gothard, and through the romantic defiles of the Ticino to Bellinzona, where he first entered the Alps from the Italian plains. Thence I ascended the Mesocco, celebrated for the magnificent ruins of feudal castles, rare in Switzerland, which it contains; crossed the snowy and desolate summit of the Bernhardino, visited the cold and shivering source of the Rhine, in the glacier of the Hinter Rhein, and from Splügen recrossed the great ridge of the Alps to the mountain of the same name, and again descended to the Italian plains by Campo Dolcino and the descent of the Cardinale. Thence I followed the footsteps of Macdonald, over the wooded steeps of the Col Apriga and the icy summit of the Mont Tonal, where the remains of the intrenchments erected by the Austrians, which barred his progress in that direction, were distinctly visible. I followed his march as far as the bank of the Oglio, where the French general at length reached the Italian valleys, and then returned over the Mount Albula to Tusis in the Grisons at the entrance of the defile of the Via Mala. I then descended to Reichenau, and after surveying the marvellous gorge of the Baths of Pfeffers, traversed the Lake of Wallenstadt, at the foot of the awful precipices which

form its eastern barrier to Glarus. Thence I wandered over that wild and sequestered canton, including the field of Nafels, immortalised in the wars between the Swiss and Austria, and followed the footsteps of Suwarrow to the wild summit of the Rhætian Alps during his memorable retreat from Glarus into the Grisons;[1] and then descended along the banks of the Lake of Zurich to the city of the same name. The extraordinary wellbeing of the peasantry in that beautiful district—their snow-white houses, green windows, trim and smiling gardens,—presented an agreeable spectacle; the more interesting that it was combined with a density of population unequalled in any other part of Europe—there being in the level parts of the canton an inhabitant to each acre and a quarter of territory. This combination of natural beauty with social felicity awakened the most delightful emotions, and revived those trains of thought in regard to the wisdom of God in the moral adaptation of man to his physical situation which had in former days so deeply interested my mind, but which had been in some degree effaced by the active avocations and exciting enjoyments of later years.

The Falls of Schaffhausen, to which I hastened after examining the field of Massena's famous battle around Zurich, recalled the emotions experienced on

[1] This scene is described in the account of the passage of Suwarrow over the Alps when retreating from Glarus, in History of Europe, chap. xxix., vol. v. p. 448.

viewing the eruption of Vesuvius three years before. The tremendous rush of the cataract, the vehement agitation of the waters—above all, the sense of irresistible power—awoke the same feeling of sublimity. I have only experienced the same emotion thrice since that time in an equal degree: once at St Abb's Head during a storm in October 1824; once on occasion of the great fires in Edinburgh in November 1824; and again when at sea in a great tempest off Flamborough Head in August 1829.

From Schaffhausen I visited the field of Stockach, where the Archduke Charles gained a decisive victory in 1799; and thence went over the theatre of his contest with Moreau in the memorable campaign of 1796, and through the pine-clad defiles of the Black Forest by the valley of Hell to Ulm and the Bavarian plains. I there examined the theatre of Napoleon's memorable campaign in 1809, and walked over the fields of Abensberg, Landshut, and Eckmuhl. Following the course of his victorious arms, I next descended the valley of the Danube to Ebersberg, and beheld with the deepest interest the long bridges over the Alpine stream and the Gothic castle which were the theatre of the desperate conflict at that place.[1] I was now too deeply interested in the military geography of Napoleon's wars to stop short so near the theatre of his greatest exploits. So I hastened to Dresden. The superb gallery of that beautiful city, its romantic environs in the Saxon

[1] See this scene described in History of Europe, chap. lvii. § 7.

Switzerland, and the field where the memorable battle of Dresden was fought, alternately excited my admiration and awakened my interest. By great exertions I succeeded before turning my face homewards in reaching the field of Bautzen; traversed at Leipsic the eminence which still bears the name of Gustavus Adolphus, and the vast battle-field where, two centuries after, the armed hosts of Europe contended for that political independence which had been secured for religious faith by the Swedish conqueror; and paused a few hours on that of Lutzen to do tribute to the hero of the north, as well as to the indomitable spirit of Napoleon. Being now pressed for time, I hastened back by Erfurth to Mayence, stopping only to visit the fields of Jena and Auerstadt; and in France halted only for a few hours to examine the pass of Islettes, and the field of Valmy, the theatre of the first, and still inexplicable, triumphs of the Republican arms. With such celerity did I travel homewards that I was in Court on the first morning of the winter session, ready for business.

These repeated and exciting journeys over so considerable a portion of the most interesting parts of Europe wrought a great change in my character, views, and objects in life. In some respects they had been of infinite service; in others they had been fraught with dangers of no ordinary kind. I was far removed now from the boy who came home in triumph with Hume's England and Thucydides under

his arm, bought with the savings of his allowance, or who lay awake all night striving to solve a problem in conic sections. I was almost as far removed from the ardent youth who ran down Bruntsfield Links, till he almost fell down from fatigue, in his eagerness to purchase a book in which to write a refutation of Malthus, and who devoted himself in secret vows to the elucidation of the wisdom of God and the wickedness of man in the moral government of the world. Since those days I had mingled with the world and felt its pleasures, its excitements, and its dangers. I had enjoyed a remarkable career of professional success. During eight years I had been at the Bar, I had not only paid all my own expenses, and accumulated a considerable library, and a very fine collection of prints, but had defrayed the charges of four long, and, from the rapidity with which great tracts of ground were gone over, costly journeys on the Continent. These repeated and dangerous deviations from the beaten career of professional duty had by good fortune not been attended with injurious consequences to my professional prospects; and in the year 1822 I found myself in more extensive practice than any of my contemporaries except Hope, who had never quitted home, and who enjoyed peculiar advantages from his father being at the head of the courts. I had visited the most interesting countries of Europe; and I had gone over nearly all the fields of Napoleon's great victories, whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland. I had seen and

conversed with officers on both sides who had been in all these memorable conflicts, and I had myself inspected the armies which had filled the world with their renown. My head swam with the vast variety of interesting and splendid images so rapidly thrown into it. Recollections of painting, architecture, and sculptures were mingled with blue skies, snowy peaks, unruffled seas, and glittering squadrons. All that could excite the imagination or stimulate the fancy was imprinted in an indelible manner on a mind naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament.

But these advantages, great as they were, had not been obtained without corresponding dangers; and from their very magnitude, I ran the risk of being disabled from turning them to good account. It was not that I had acquired indolent or desultory habits. On the contrary, I never in my life worked harder than I did during these years, nor returned to my labours after a temporary intermission with more alacrity. The journeys themselves were periods of incessant activity and ceaseless toil: every day had its work allotted to it, and the utmost regularity pervaded every movement. Unceasing effort was made, and no small exertion of bodily strength, aided by the blessing of uninterrupted health, was requisite, to complete the undertakings within the allotted time. It was the thirst for excitement which constituted the danger. The love of travelling, the desire of rapidly imprinting new images on

my mind, had become a passion. Like all other passions it acquired strength by gratification. No sooner had I returned home than I began meditating some new excursion; inflamed my mind by reading accounts of some fresh country; worked as hard as I could in the meantime to acquire the means of getting away, and counted the days till the happy period of my departure arrived. The power of application was no ways diminished—on the contrary, it was rather increased; but the object to which it should have been directed was in a great measure forgotten. I worked now not for fame, nor from a sense of duty, but for the gratification of a devouring passion. Selfish enjoyment, however disguised, was at the bottom of the whole of my exertions. I had so often indulged the passion for travelling without professional detriment, that I imagined there were no limits to its gratification; and while I sat eight or ten hours a-day dictating law papers, I was planning expeditions to the Pyrenees and the Alhambra, St Petersburg and Moscow, Athens and Constantinople. Such projects, if realised, must to a professional man have proved ruinous. Nor would such habits have been less fatal to literary success; they are inconsistent with the steady and long-continued efforts by which alone it can be obtained. Had I not travelled, indeed, I never could have written the history of the French Revolution; but had I continued to travel, it is certain I never would have done so.

From these dangers at this critical period of my life, I was saved by two events which at once and permanently changed my habits; and at length, though not without a severe struggle, altered my inclinations. These were my appointment as Advocate-Depute in February 1823, and my marriage in March 1825.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM MY APPOINTMENT AS ADVOCATE-DEPUTE IN FEBRUARY 1823, TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF MY HISTORY OF EUROPE IN JANUARY 1829.

FEBRUARY 1823—JANUARY 1829.

I HAD repeatedly received intimations for some years previously, both from Lord Advocate Maconochie, and his successor Sir W. Rae, who was promoted to that high office in 1819, that if I would go a few circuits, and evince a disposition to cultivate criminal practice, I would be appointed to the first vacant situation of Advocate-Depute. As this is the first step in official promotion, and therefore difficult to attain from the number of competitors for it, I had been, perhaps, inattentive to my own interest, in not having laid myself out at an earlier period for it. I had scarcely ever done so, however; partly from a dislike to criminal business on the side of the prisoner, partly from having had my hands sufficiently full of civil business; but chiefly from a secret dread of obtaining the very appointment which was so much the object of desire to others,

and being in consequence obliged to remain at home and forego my delightful expeditions to the Continent. In the autumn of 1822, however, I did not leave Scotland, in consequence of the arrival of George IV. in Edinburgh, in the magnificent pageant for whose reception I bore a humble part as a private in the Edinburgh Troop of Yeomanry. I went the Glasgow Circuit, and at the close of the year I received an intimation from Sir W. Rae, the Lord Advocate, that if I would accept the office of Advocate-Depute he would recommend me to Government at the next move for the post of Solicitor-General. This was too tempting a proposal to be declined. I signified my willingness accordingly; and on the 15th February following I received my appointment, and commenced my labours in the preparation of indictments for the North Circuit, which happened that year to be one of unusual weight and importance. The competitors to whom I was preferred on this occasion were both men of eminence and talent, who soon after left the Bar, and rose to deserved eminence in other lines. The one was J. G. Lockhart; the other, J. Menzies, now Mr Justice Menzies, one of the ablest colonial judges in the service of Great Britain.

The office of Advocate-Depute had already become one of great labour and responsibility. There were at that period only three Advocate-Deputes, and on them devolved the duty of weighing the evidence in all the criminal cases, above the class of mere police

offences, in Scotland; of directing whether the persons committed should be detained for trial, or liberated; of pointing out in what particular the evidence in any instance might be amended; of drawing all the indictments against those who were prosecuted, and of conducting in person all the trials. It may be conceived how laborious a duty this was in a country in which the persons committed for serious offences were already above 2500. In addition to this, the Advocate-Deputes considered the evidence taken by the Sheriffs in their respective counties, in all cases of sudden death or serious accidents, and directed a prosecution and drew an indictment in every instance in which suspicious circumstances appeared, or when the public mind was in so excited a state as to require a judicial investigation. Except in occurrences of extraordinary interest or of a political tendency, the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General never interfered either with the preparation of the cases or the drawing of the indictments, and in no instance appeared at the circuits, where three-fourths of the trials took place. Thus the three Advocate-Deputes were, practically speaking, the grand jury, coroner, Attorney-General, and counsel on the Crown side in all cases, over all Scotland. The advantage of this system, which still continues in this country, was, that it intrusted the administration of criminal law to a small number of professional men, who, from the great amount of business constantly put through their hands, soon became familiar with their duties

and acquainted with its niceties; who worked daily, and liberated accused persons, against whom there was not sufficient evidence, within a few days of their committal, instead of awaiting the distant decision of a grand jury; and who, being few in number, universally known, and obliged to conduct the trials in person, could not escape responsibility for any part of their proceedings.

I began these laborious and important duties with the North Circuit, in which there was a great arrear accumulated; no indictments having been drawn for it since the previous October, when Hope, whom I succeeded, had been made Solicitor-General. During the next two months I worked, between my civil business and official duties, like a galley-slave. The labours of the circuit were serious; for a formidable gang of housebreakers in Aberdeenshire, who had long kept the country in dread, was to be brought to trial. When I left Aberdeen for Inverness, four men remained under sentence of death, of whom three were executed. I had sixty cases to conduct on that circuit: a heavy and arduous duty to be undertaken by a young man who had previously had little practice in the criminal courts, and who, from the recent introduction and very scanty use of jury trial in civil cases in Scotland, had enjoyed few opportunities of making himself accquainted with that mode of trying the issue in cases of any sort. I soon found, however, that there was no great difficulty in the matter; and that close attention and

application of the mind at the moment of the trial were the chief requisites. Practice and necessity soon rendered this familiar and easy; the circuit was successfully gone through, and I returned home much interested in my new avocations, and with my mind awakened to dreams of ambition to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

I soon found, however, that the secret dread I had so long entertained of the consequences of holding this office was well founded; and that whatever prospects of professional elevation might now be open to me, my duties were fatal to the visions of frequent enjoyment which foreign travel might afford. So incessantly was I now engaged, that if I were accidentally absent for a week my library table groaned on my return under a load of law papers, which I was afraid to approach. Apart from the necessity of allowing nothing to fall into arrear, the weight and importance of the duties which would be neglected during absence — those of liberating the unfortunate and prosecuting the guilty — would admit of no attempt at evasion, and scarcely any at postponement. Thus, with the exception of a few country visits for a week or two during vacations, or when going the circuits, I was obliged to remain constantly at home. This transition from excitement and pleasure to labour—from the romance of life to its reality—must sooner or later be made by all, and is probably never made without at least temporary chagrin. But I am

almost ashamed to say how much it cost me to make it. I recollect feeling acute pain when my brother set out for Switzerland in August 1825; and after recounting to him the stages round Monte Rosa for every day, which I had assigned at some future period for myself, I returned with a mental struggle to hammer away at appeal cases on entail law, and indictments against habit and repute thieves. But the magnitude of the vexation which I then felt at the termination of the alternate dreams and realisation of foreign travel, which, ever since I was a man, had occupied my mind, was a measure of the necessity of the transition now imposed upon me, and of the imminent danger which I had escaped, by being forcibly rescued from those habits before they had acquired a lasting ascendancy over my mind.

These professional avocations, however, by no means weaned me from my favourite pursuits in the fine arts; and an opportunity was now afforded of putting to the test my zeal in their cause. The seed sown in 1819 had begun to spring; and after the usual amount of resistance by which every new project is assailed, public opinion in Edinburgh had come to be generally in favour of the plan I had so warmly advocated, of placing a *fac-simile* of the Parthenon of Athens on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh as the national monument to the events of the late war. To carry this design into execution, a committee of which I was a member sat regularly

once a-week for above two years: Cockburn ably and effectively assisted me in my efforts to increase the subscriptions, and overcome the difficulties with which the undertaking was surrounded; and at length a copy of these exquisite remains of ancient genius was resolved on, and the foundation-stone was laid with great pomp and imposing masonic ceremonies in August 1822, when George IV. was in Edinburgh. The three persons who signed the contract for that part of the structure which we had funds to execute, and which has been since erected, were Sir W. Rae, Michael Linning the secretary, and myself. We anxiously stipulated that every stone in the building should be of the same dimensions as the corresponding one in the original—being well aware how much the effect of Doric architecture depends on the magnitude of the materials employed. This was faithfully complied with under the direction of the able architects of the building, Messrs Cockrell and Playfair; and the effect thus secured forms one of the most striking features in that noble structure. Several of the blocks in the column weighed seven and eight, in the entablature fifteen or eighteen, tons. These immense masses of stone, cut from Craigleith Quarry, near Edinburgh, were dragged up to the top of the Calton Hill in carriages made for the purpose, drawn by twelve horses and a hundred men. This ambitious structure soon excited attention both in Scotland and among strangers who visited its metropolis, and as

a matter of course awakened jealousy among those living artists who thought the restoration of a monument of antiquity was an undeserved slight on modern genius. I replied in an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' [1] on the restoration of the Parthenon in the National Monument of Edinburgh, in which the principles that had led the directors to select their model were explained, and the importance of forming the public taste, by placing the most perfect models in existence before their eyes, was pointed out. The edifice was completed with success so far as contracted for, and now forms a most striking, because unique and faultless, ornament to Edinburgh. Not more than a quarter indeed of the Temple has been erected, as the funds subscribed (£15,000) would not do more; but that quarter is the finest restoration of Grecian architecture which the British Islands can exhibit, and has contributed to introduce that pure and simple taste by which the edifices in Edinburgh have since been distinguished.

In January 1824 I commenced, at the request of John Hope, the Solicitor-General, an essay on the administration of the criminal law of Scotland, and a comparison of its results with that of England.[2] This was suggested by a series of attacks which had appeared of late years in the public press, some of which had also found a responsive echo in the 'Edin-

[1] "Restoration of the Parthenon," 'Edinburgh Review,' Feb. 1823. Vol. xxxviii. p. 126.

[2] Remarks on the Administration of Criminal Law in Scotland. William Blackwood: Edinburgh, 1824.

burgh Review,'[1] on the mode in which criminal justice was administered in Scotland, with a view to the introduction of the more popular systems of grand juries and the unpaid magistracy of England. Experience had taught me in my first year's essay in that department that these strictures were not only unfounded, but that criminal justice was better administered by the official functionaries in Scotland who are intrusted with its discharge, than by the unpaid magistracy of England; that the substitution of professional men as public prosecutors for the injured parties is more likely to lead to discrimination and efficiency, than intrusting the issues to the passions or interests of private individuals; and that the Act of 1701 (the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland) provided a more effectual remedy against arbitrary and prolonged imprisonment than the celebrated Act of that name in England. In illustrating these propositions, I had recourse to a species of evidence then for the first time, I believe, brought to bear on such disquisitions—viz., an examination of the *results* of criminal commitments and prosecutions in England and Scotland, as ascertained by statistical returns, as well as an examination of the different provisions of the laws of the two countries for the restraining of crime and the prevention of delay or injustice in criminal proceedings. Both tests proved favourable to the Scotch institutions, and exhibited in striking

[1] 'Edinburgh Review.' No. lxxi., art. 9; No. lxxv., art. 11; No. lxxviii., art. 5.

colours the superior wisdom and expedition of the Scotch criminal proceedings to those of the neighbouring country.

The pamphlet made a considerable noise at the time, and a feeble attempt at a reply in the 'Edinburgh Review'[1] only demonstrated how well founded the general strain of the argument was. The facts stated took root in the public mind, and, I may say without vanity, have settled the question. On looking over this pamphlet with the aid of a more extensive knowledge of the world, I see many indications in it of an inexperienced mind, and some expressions, used with a view to influencing statesmen at the moment, I would now have avoided. There was nothing in it which was not true; but it is not always expedient to state what is true in unmeasured terms, for the greater the truth the greater the libel, because, as lawyers say, it is the more difficult to bear. In the end, however, the fearless enunciation of truth is generally beneficial, however much it may irritate at the moment; for "truth is great, and will prevail." Grey-headed statesmen at the time shook their heads at it, and said there were things in it which were very injudicious: but the desired effect was produced; legal institutions began to be estimated by their results, and statistics came to be applied to the subject. The superiority of the Scotch to the English system, when tried by this test, was too evident to be dis-

[1] 'Edinburgh Review,' January 1825. Vol. xli. p. 450.

puted, and the tide soon turned the other way. We have heard nothing since of the expediency of transplanting the criminal institutions of England into Scotland; but much of the advantages that England would derive from having local judges, public prosecutors, and a daily jail-delivery.

In the autumn of 1824 I passed a few days at Sir James Hall's seat of Dunglass, with Mr Buckland, the celebrated geologist. At first I thought he was very entertaining, and the variety of facts which he mentioned concerning the habits of antediluvian animals rendered his conversation for a time very instructive. Among other curiosities of the antediluvian description he produced a piece of hyæna's marrow, from the celebrated cave at Kirkdale in Yorkshire, of which we all tasted, being certainly as old a dish as ever was eaten of. After a few days, however, the curiosity of his accounts of the habits of the antediluvian lizards and other animals wore off, and he was deemed somewhat tiresome by the whole party. What was wanting in him was, not a thorough acquaintance with his own subjects—for of that he was a perfect master—but a corresponding interest in, or knowledge of, those of others. He resembled the English sergeants-at-law or us Scotch advocates, who are often very entertaining for a few days while the stories of circuits, judges, and juries last, but who in general become exceedingly tiresome when that stock, which soon runs dry, is exhausted.

Miss Edgeworth had shortly before this time been

in Scotland with her two nieces, and I saw a great deal of her, both at my father's house and elsewhere in society at Edinburgh, particularly at Sir Walter Scott's, Baron Hume's, and Mr Jeffrey's. Our family had long been in the habit of carrying on a friendly correspondence with hers, in consequence of Miss Edgeworth's younger brother Henry having been much at my father's house while a student of medicine at Edinburgh in 1804, and having been nursed by him and my mother during a lingering illness from consumption, of which he afterwards died. Mr Edgeworth, her father, and Maria Edgeworth had been frequently at Bruntsfield Links at that time, but I was too young then to form an opinion of their characters. Now, however, the case was different, and I attended with much interest to the conversation of this remarkable woman. She was little, and possessed of no personal attractions: it was evident that the usual feminine objects had never interfered with her masculine understanding. Her conversation was chiefly remarkable for its acuteness, good sense, and practical sagacity; she had little imagination, and scarcely any enthusiasm. Solid sense, practical acquirement, the qualities which will lead to success in the world, were her great endowments, and they appeared at every turn in her conversation, as they do in her writings. This disposition of mind kept her free from the usual littlenesses of authors, and raised her far above the ordinary vanity of women. She was

simple and unaffected in her manners, entirely free from conceit or effort in her conversation, and kindly and benevolent in her judgment of others, as well as in her views of life and in her intercourse with all around her. But she had neither a profound knowledge of human nature, nor the elevated mental qualities which give a lasting ascendancy over mankind. No one without imagination ever will gain such a sway: "C'est l'imagination," said Napoleon, "qui domine le monde." She formed her opinion of men from the conclusions of a strong and sagacious understanding living in retirement; and judging of life from its results, she had not the practical acquaintance with it which is arrived at by those who are really brought into contact with its allurements, and have themselves felt the force of its passions. It is remarkable that though she was a woman of strong religious impressions, there is scarcely any allusion to religion to be found in her writings; a peculiarity which arose from her desire to avoid the antipathies of sects, but which indicates an ignorance of the first principles of human nature; for to portray the heart without frequent reference to God, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark. It is this want of reference to higher principles, as much as the absence of imaginative charms, which has rendered her reputation by no means so great with the present age as it was with that in which her works first appeared. Nevertheless her writings were an evident step in advance,

and have done great good, chiefly by bringing down novel-writing, as Socrates did philosophy, from heaven to earth. She forgot only how frequently the rays of heaven shine on earth; how necessary they are to bring to maturity its finest fruits; how cold and cheerless is life without their benign influence. Compared with the sentimental novels of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, or Miss Burney, their superiority is evident; but imagination and genius reasserted their eternal superiority in the romances of Scott, Bulwer, and James.

Dr Parr, the celebrated scholar, visited Edinburgh in the same year, and dined at my father's, with several of the principal literary characters in that town. He was from every point of view a remarkable man, and peculiarly interesting as the last relic of the great school of scholars in England, of whom Porson was the most learned, and Johnson the most intellectual. Dr Parr's conversation bespoke the scholar in every sentence, and indicated that precise and accurate use of words which arose from a constant familiarity with their originals or roots in the dead languages. But he was not merely a great scholar; he was also a powerful dialectician, an original thinker, an intrepid assertor of new and important truths. None of his works, numerous and multifarious as they are, convey the idea of his powers which his conversation did; a peculiarity common to him with Burke and Johnson, and which will often be observed in men of original and powerful minds. The reason is, that a

mind which draws from its own resources is never at fault, and appears greatest when most left to itself: one which relies on the acquisitions of others can produce nothing considerable, if deprived of the aid of reading and previous study. Parr, in both his greatness and his peculiarities, recalled the image of Johnson, of which Boswell has left so graphic a picture. He had the same intellectual strength in reply; the same caustic and forcible expression; the same fearless assertion of intellectual power. His peculiarities also, and littlenesses (for, strong as he was, he had his weaknesses), recalled the intellectual giant of the eighteenth century. He wore a wig like that of the Bar in private society, affected the extreme of the clerical dress, which belonged to his station in the Church, and smoked habitually in company after dinner. These peculiarities, which would not have been tolerated in another man, were by common consent overlooked in him, in consideration of his age, his eminence, and the intellectual gratification which his conversation afforded. He had little patience for the conversation of women, and apparently no inclination for their society. The interchange of ideas with able men gave him delight; and in it he evinced a vigour and raciness which had no parallel during his time. His politics were strongly imbued with Whig principles, and he had lived much with Fox, Grattan, Mackintosh, and the eminent men on that side, of his day; but he was still essentially a scholar, and laid down the law in society much as he

would have done to schoolboys. His manners were sometimes rough, and his retorts often felt as somewhat rude; but he had a warm and benevolent heart, was anxious to promote happiness whenever in his power, and was ever ready to make amends for the pain which his inconsiderate sallies might have occasioned. It is to be regretted that he did not devote himself to the formation of some great work really worthy of his reputation and powers; he rather frittered them away in a variety of different objects of temporary or inconsiderable interest.

In the end of October in this year I had the good fortune to witness, while at Dunglass, one of the most sublime scenes which nature could exhibit. This was the sea breaking during a dreadful tempest on the rocks near St Abb's Head, the well-known promontory in Berwickshire, where the extremity of the Lammermuir range projects in huge precipices into the German Ocean. The wind had blown for several days with unusual violence from the north-east, and the vast swell on the ocean, "heaving on the tempest's wing," was hurled with almost resistless fury on the iron-bound coast, which there faces the northern blast. As far as the eye could reach the waves broke in prodigious volumes over vast fragments of black rock, which, torn down from the precipices above by earthquakes, or a long series of wintry storms, lay strewn along the beach at their feet, and mounting up the face of the rock some hundred feet high in sheets of foam, fell back again

in beautiful white cascades into the ocean. Excited by the grandeur of the spectacle, I set out to gain a nearer view of its magnificent features, and after passing the ruined chapel of St Helen's, situated on the edge of the cliffs, succeeded, by creeping on my hands and knees along their summit—the wind being too violent to stand erect—in reaching a break-neck path frequented during winter by smugglers, by which I gained the bottom of the precipice and stood on the edge of the surge. No words can paint the sublimity of the scene which there presented itself. To me on the sands at the foot of the cliffs, and more beneath than above them, the waves seemed of stupendous magnitude, and to have been rather elevated by a sudden earthquake from the deep than raised by the mere force of the wintry winds. One after another the breakers came rolling in on the beach with extraordinary rapidity and in tremendous volume, so that it seemed as if even the steady precipices above would be swept away by their fury.

If this storm exhibited in perfection the grandeur of which, under the influence of wind, water is susceptible, an occurrence shortly after presented in equally striking colours the awful agency of fire. In the course of the summer of 1824, two conflagrations broke out in the High Street of Edinburgh, and each consumed a large pile of buildings, leaving two huge gaps in the midst of its close-set and lofty masonry. On the 15th November another conflagration burst

forth in the same neighbourhood, which also burned a large pile to the ground; and some sparks from it having caught the Tron Church steeple, which was entirely of wood, it took fire, and the flames being above the reach of water from the fire-engines, the conflagration was unchecked, and in a few hours consumed the whole structure. The aspect of the flames curling up the pinnacles of the steeple, tossed about in wild eddies by a high wind at its summit, and shaking their burning wreaths over the illuminated city, was very striking, and recalled to my imagination a similar disaster which had occurred to the great cathedral of Copenhagen during the bombardment of that city by the English in 1807. But it was nothing to the scene which the next night exhibited. At nine o'clock in the evening the fire-drum went round, announcing to the agitated citizens that another conflagration had broken out. My brother and I hastened to the Parliament Square, whither the tide of people was tending, and beheld a prodigious and evidently unconquerable fire raging in the lofty buildings which composed the southern side of that ancient quadrangle. The huge pile, however, which formed the eastern side of the Square —six storeys high in front, and, from the rapid declivity of the ground at the back, fourteen storeys behind—was still untouched. About midnight, however, I perceived a bright light suddenly appearing in one of the skylight-windows on that side, and with such rapidity did the conflagration spread,

under the influence of a tempestuous gale from the south-west, that in a few hours this immense structure was wrapt in fire. The flames, fanned by the increasing wind, burst with frightful fury from every window in the edifice, rose to a prodigious height in the heavens, and were whirled about as the blast veered, in a frightful manner in the dark abyss of air far above the highest buildings in the city. The roar of the conflagration drowned even the howling of the autumnal tempest. Such was the heat, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could stand to the engines in the middle of the Square: so prodigious the light, that the whole city was illumined by the lurid glare, and its reflection shining in the heavens, spread an undefined dread over the country, as far as the hills of Fife and the banks of the Tweed. The fire at five in the morning was so violent that it would have burnt down the whole of the old town of Edinburgh, for it was far beyond the reach of human arrest, had it not been that when it had consumed everything to the edge of the vacant space occasioned by one of the preceding fires, it there terminated from want of structure to destroy. At six the walls of the burnt edifices fell with an awful crash, followed immediately by the rise of a dense black cloud from the ruins, which froze every heart with horror.

On 21st March 1825, the most important and most fortunate event of my life took place. I was married to Elizabeth Glencairn, youngest daughter of Colonel Tytler; then in her twenty-fourth year, and

possessing no common share of elegance and beauty. Like myself, Mrs Alison was descended by her father's side from a literary family, and by her mother's from an ancient and noble one. Her grandfather was William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, in Mid-Lothian, well known for his defence of Queen Mary and other learned works—a man of very great acuteness of mind. Her uncle was Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, and the accomplished author of the 'Essay on Translation,' the 'Life of Lord Kames,' and the 'Elements of Universal History.' My old friend Peter Tytler was her cousin-german. Her mother was Isabella Erskine, daughter of Lord Alva, by whom she was descended from a family which for several generations had held the highest judicial situations in Scotland, and which had sprung from a union second to none in the island for lustre. She was lineally descended from the Treasurer Mar (eldest son of the Regent Mar) and Lady Mary Stewart, his second wife, daughter of Esmé, Duke of Lennox.[1] I have ever considered family distinction as a trust rather than as a privi-

[1] The second son of this marriage, Henry Lord Cardross, was ancestor of the modern Earls of Buchan, rendered illustrious in recent times by the talents of Lord Chancellor Erskine, long head of the Scotch Bar. From the fourth son, Hon. Sir Charles Erskine, descended the Erskines, Earls of Rosslyn, and also the Erskines of Alva, eminent in the judicial annals of Scotland. Mrs Alison's mother, Isabella Erskine, was daughter of James Erskine, one of the Lords of Session under the title of Lord Alva. She was born and educated at Alva.

lege, and as creating responsibility more than conferring immunity. Descent from departed greatness is an advantage which no one, I believe, ever really undervalued but those who did not possess it; and I acknowledge some satisfaction in the reflection that our children can boast among their progenitors names distinguished both in arms and philosophy, and that some of their ancestors, both by the father's and mother's side, are to be found, three hundred and fifty years ago, enumerated in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' among the barons who attended the King of Scotland to combat with Charlemagne against the Saracens around the walls of Paris.[1]

Never was evinced in a clearer manner the beneficial effect of marriage, in detaching the mind from dangerous excitements, and bracing it up to the real duties of life, than in my case. The business falling on me as Advocate-Depute had indeed done much to wean me from my previous thirst for enjoyment; and foreign travelling was stopped, as it had become next to impossible for me to leave Scotland; but within Scotland itself enough remained to gratify an ardent passion for excitement, and effectually prevent

[1] "L'altra bandiera è del *duca di Marra* *
Che nel travaglio porta il leopardo.
. . . . . .
Quell' avoltor, ch' un drago verde lania,
È l'insegna del *conte di Boccania.*†
Signoreggia *Forbesse*‡ il forte Armano,
Che di bianco e di nero à la bandiera."
—*Orlando Furioso,*' x. 82, 83.

* Mar. † Buchan. ‡ Forbes.

the acquisition of habits of self-denial or the prosecution of any considerable or laborious undertaking. Society remained with its attractions, its enjoyments, its gratifications. It need hardly be said that a young man, who had early had the advantage of being introduced into good society, who had travelled much, who was enthusiastically fond of drawing and the fine arts, and who was known to be rising in his profession, was not likely to remain a hermit. My disposition led me in a peculiar manner to prize the society of elegant and superior women, and to form intimacies with persons of the other sex often above my fortune. There are gardens of Armida in the most elevated circles, as well as around the palace of a bewitching siren; and the dangers of their attractions are only the greater that they fascinate the heart and the imagination rather than the senses. I do not pretend to have had the strength always to shun such scenes of enjoyment, in which, although vice is not indulged, time is lost, and if no injury is done to others, there is often irreparable mischief committed on one's self. From these dangers I was at once delivered by my marriage, as by my professional appointment I had been from my perilous thirst for foreign travelling. And this speedily appeared, both in my inclinations and habits. Old objects revived in interest; long-forgotten desires were reawakened; the duty of working out my appropriate charge in life was strongly felt; and in the first vacation after my marriage I recommenced my book on Population,

and wrote the first three chapters nearly as they were afterwards published to the world.

In autumn 1825 Mrs Alison and I went the South Circuit together. Our route, which was by Jedburgh, Dumfries, and Ayr, and thence, after it was over, to Loch Lomond, led us through the most interesting scenery of the south of Scotland. We surveyed the ruins of Melrose and Jedburgh; admired the magnificent towers of Caerlaverock Castle, and the still more beautiful remains of New Abbey in Kirkcudbrightshire; passed through the sequestered and pastoral vale of the Nith; wandered up the narrow ravine above Craigengillan, also in Kirkcudbrightshire; and admired in the finest weather the exquisite scenery of Loch Lomond.[1] I had seen many

[1] The impression produced by the latter scene may be judged of by the following description, written ten years after from recollection: "It is the hour of noon; the heat, the rare heat of a summer day has spread a languor over the face of nature; its numerous wooded islands are clearly reflected in that lovely lake; each rock and headland, each drooping birch is pictured in the expanse beneath; the rowers rest on their oars, as if fearful to break the glassy surface; the yellow cornfields at the foot of the mountains, the autumnal tints of the woods above, the grey faces of rock on their shaggy sides, shine again in the watery mirror; you can reach with an oar from the picture of the hills on either side of the valley; you can touch with your hand the purple summit of the mountains—

> 'Each weather-tinted rock and tower,
> Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
> So pure, so fair, the mirror gave,
> As if there lay beneath the wave,
> Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
> A world than earthly world more fair.

Whoever has seen that magical scene at such a moment will deem that the travelled Clarke has not overstated its beauty when he said

of these scenes more than once before; but never under such auspices. They had never appeared nearly so beautiful. I then perceived how true it is in Bacon's words that marriage doubles our joys and halves our sorrows; I felt with Moore—

> "How the best scenes of Nature improve
> When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

In November 1825 we took possession of a new house which I had built in St Colme Street, Edinburgh, in one of the best situations in town.[1] The arrangement of my library, which was now for the first time brought together, was a work of considerable labour and great interest. I was not a little astonished at the literary riches I possessed. The furnishing of the house was a source of interest to us both, and many were the expeditions we had together in quest of the little niceties which add so much to the comfort without materially augmenting the expense of a dwelling. This winter was very delightful: seated in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms, with our books and pictures around us in the winter evenings, we heard the roll of the carriages outside conveying people to the evening parties, in which we no longer cared to participate. Instead of doing so, we planned out by the fireside, when my law-papers were done, tours to Paris, the Rhone, the Alps, which we were to take together in

that a Swedish lake 'excelled the Lago Maggiore in Italy, and *almost equalled* Loch Lomond in Scotland.'"

[1] Hitherto I had constantly lived under my father's roof.

future years. "Nous étions heureux," says Madame de Staël, "nous commençames à dire *nous*." Ere long, however, we were recalled from the world of imagination to that of duty. On 21st January 1826 Mrs Alison was confined, and I became the father of a son, who has since been the solace and delight of my life. He was christened Archibald, after my father. Truth obliges me to confess, that in the determination to give him no other name I was actuated by a hope that the name would one day become known, and that he might feel a pride in bearing it.

In the summer of 1826, so well known for its uncommon heat and extraordinary drought, we joined my father, who had taken Polton, a country place near Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, where we passed four months. The heat of this summer, almost unparalleled in the climate of Scotland, and which brought the fruits of southern Europe to maturity in our northern latitudes,[1] was felt only as agreeable; it recalled the recollection of Switzerland and Italy. Every day, from the 15th July till the 10th September, I walked to my house in town, a distance of eight miles, and returned in the evening at seven or eight; the intervening period was occupied with my law-papers. Mrs Alison at the well-known hour when I was to return came

[1] A mulberry-tree bore fruit which was completely ripened on the lawn of Polton. For two months the thermometer ranged from 78° to 84° every day.

to meet me, and we ascended together the steep path, through overhanging woods, which led from the banks of the Esk to the mansion-house. In autumn we went the West Circuit, which it was my turn to take, and this led us through the Highlands by Stirling, Loch Katrine, Lochearnhead, Tyndrum, Loch Awe, Inverary, and Loch Lomond. This tour was very delightful, and I again felt what I had already more than once experienced in similar circumstances, that fine scenery first visited in early life appeared more beautiful to me now than it had done when first seen. One scene in particular, at the upper end of Loch Fyne, is indelibly impressed on my recollection. We had left Inverary in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Cairndow, a lonely inn, nine miles distant, on the margin of Loch Fyne. When we came opposite to the inn, on the Inverary side of the loch, but still four miles from it by the road which makes the circuit of its upper end, the beauty of the evening and the stillness of the water inclined us to leave the carriage and row across. The scene was not usually of extraordinary interest, and is daily passed by travellers without exciting attention, but the hour and the weather rendered it then one of ravishing beauty. The sun was just setting behind the heath-clad hills on the western shore of the lake, and every rock and tiny birch was clearly projected at their summit on the liquid gold behind. So still and clear was the water that every pebble, every blade

of grass, every leaf was reflected with perfect fidelity in the lovely mirror; it was literally impossible to tell where the shore ended and the lake began. When we reached the middle, the hills on either side seemed to meet as you looked down into the watery expanse; with one hand you could touch the dark outline and bright light on the west, with the other the illuminated purple summit of the eastern range of hills. Let no one who sees such a scene fail to try and engrave its recollection on his memory; he is fortunate if he beholds two or three such in his lifetime.

If this sunset exhibited Nature in her loveliest, a scene we witnessed on the next spring circuit presented her in a more awful aspect. In April 1827 we went the South Circuit, and in the course of it, crossed on the 23d April from the hospitable mansion of Sir David Blair at Blairquhan in Ayrshire, where we had passed the two preceding days, to Dumfries, a distance of forty-eight miles, of which thirty was over the mountains. When we set out at six, the morning was cold and frosty; but on leaving Dalmellington, the first stage after breakfast, the snow began to fall, and when we reached the hills the storm was thick and violent. It continued to increase as we advanced, and before we reached the summit of the range, all trace of the road was lost in the prodigious drifts with which every hollow was overcharged. The wind blew with violence; and it was only by knowing the road previ-

ously, and following the course of the torrent which roared on the left, when the thickness of the storm obscured the view, that we were enabled to avoid losing our way in the snowy wilderness. I never on the summit of the Alps saw anything more terrific; the snow fell to a depth of nearly two feet in a single day. After reaching Jedburgh, spring burst forth with uncommon beauty; and as we returned home, the primroses and wood-anemones in the copses, the cry of the curlew on the hills, and the lambs careering on the green knolls of the Lammermuir, awakened the most charming emotions.

During all this year, and for several years afterwards, I continued a practice which we had begun early in the preceding summer. This was every night, after the labours of the day were over, to write in a commonplace-book kept for the purpose, an extract of some favourite passage of poetry which Mrs Alison or I had previously marked for insertion. The day and the place where it was written were noted at the end, with occasionally a word, or two or three initial letters, to bring to the recollection any particular event which had occurred in connection with it. No one who had not tried it could conceive with how much pleasure this practice was attended, and how materially it extended the poetical knowledge of both. Love of poetry is like that of painting or natural scenery; it increases with exercise and attention. The poetical extracts thus collected filled our minds with beautiful ideas

every night before retiring to rest; they were thus engraved on the memory, and furnished a constant subject of future reflection; and they presented on a retrospect a delightful record of the past, in which charming images and ennobling sentiments were blended with the stream of ordinary life, and with the events, sometimes joyous, sometimes sorrowful, of our existence.

In the summer of 1827 we again joined my father in taking a large house called Whitehouse, at the head of Bruntsfield Links, since converted into a Roman Catholic nunnery. I there had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with Mr Hallam the celebrated historian, who dined with us, and whom I also met at Captain Hall's. He is a remarkable man; but his powers of conversation do not consist in sagacity of observation, force of reply, or epigrammatic expression, like Parr, or like what we read of Johnson, but in a great extent of varied information, which is poured forth in a stream of easy and often felicitous expression. His defect is that he is too great a *parleur*, speaks incessantly, and follows rather the course of his own ideas and recollections than what is interesting or instructive to his auditors. His extensive antiquarian information on remote subjects of English history renders him a valuable inmate in great families, to whom the records of past greatness are in general an object of interest. Hallam did not strike me from his conversation, any more than he does from his

writings, as a great man. His reputation, like that of all men brought forward or taken up by a party, was probably more considerable with his contemporaries than it will be with posterity. He occasionally makes striking remarks, often brings forth fine criticism, and always displays great erudition; but he evinces learning rather than philosophy, discrimination rather than genius. His writings were a great addition to the literature of his age, and will always occupy a respectable place in our libraries; but they will do so rather as books of reference to the learned, than of delight to the generality of readers.

At Captain Hall's, during the same summer, I met General Miller, who bore an important part in the war of independence in South America, and whose charge at the head of the hussars of Junin mainly produced the victory of Ayacucho, which established the independence of Peru, and terminated the contest over South America. Though I was far, even then, from sharing in the general enthusiasm which the liberation of that vast portion of the globe from the government of Spain produced, and though I by no means expected that the republics of the New World would, as was generally then believed, become the seat of social regeneration and unbounded felicity, yet I listened with delight to that gallant officer's most interesting account of his passage of the Andes with the army despatched from Columbia under General Bolivar, and of the shock of the

lancers formed from the Guachos of the Pampas with the hussars of Spain at the foot of Condorkanki. This march with its subsequent campaign was one of the most romantic that ever occurred in the history of human adventure: it exceeded, both in difficulty, distance, and danger, the passage of the Pennine Alps by Hannibal, or of the Great St Bernard by Napoleon. General Miller's vivid descriptions, combined with the splendid account of South America by Humboldt which I read about the same time, were the principal cause of my inserting in my 'History of Europe' the chapter on the Revolution in that part of the world, which followed Napoleon's invasion of old Spain, and which, though but remotely connected with the events of his age, became of great importance in the next.

In July of this year my brother was seized with violent inflammation of the lungs, which was no sooner subdued by copious bleeding than the disease spread to the liver, and produced a protracted and dangerous illness, which wellnigh brought him to the grave. That illness, from which he only recovered after several months' confinement, produced a serious impression on my mind. Independently of the deep anxiety which we all felt for a person of so upright and estimable a character, then threatened with dissolution at the commencement of his chief usefulness in life, I was in a peculiar manner interested in the fate of my early playfellow and

first friend, whose qualities of head and heart, always promising, now gave token of no ordinary distinction. I began to reflect seriously, for the first time, on the precarious tenure of my own existence. Ideas and resolutions long dwelt on and formed in early life, but wellnigh obliterated in the whirl and excitement of later years, returned with increased force and a painful feeling of responsibility. If I were cut off to-morrow, what memorial would I leave of my existence upon earth? what account could I give of the talents intrusted to me by the Lord of the vineyard? So deeply did these feelings impress themselves on my mind, and so powerful is the influence of sorrow in awakening serious and perhaps superstitious ideas, that I became impressed with the belief that the illness of my brother was a warning sent by Providence to "whet my almost blunted purpose," and revive in mature life, ere it was too late, the designs and aspirations of my youth. I do not at this distance of time say that this impression was well founded, or that in the administration of a just Providence, sickness of body is sent to one to induce health of mind to another; I mention merely the effect produced by this event on myself, and it will immediately appear that it was attended with important effects on my destiny in life.

As my brother was recovering, and while these feelings were still strong, I accidentally met with and read Cléry and Hue's account of the last days

of Louis XVI., in the Temple. No words can convey an idea of the impression which these simple and pathetic narratives produced on my mind. The resignation, piety, and charity of Louis, Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, appeared in bright contrast to the malevolence, the infidelity, the cruelty of their persecutors. The King's Testament, in particular, appeared to me one of the most perfect commentaries on the Gospel which had ever come from the hand of man. My resolution was soon taken. I resolved to devote myself to the elucidation of the unbounded wickedness, the disastrous results of the French Revolution, and of the angelic virtues displayed by its principal martyrs. This was the first time I had thought of writing the domestic history of that convulsion; my former visions, originating in the great review at Paris in 1814, had related to the military annals of the period. It was for this I had made such strenuous efforts to visit the fields of battle which had been signalised by Napoleon's genius: the mournful catastrophes, the heartrending suffering, the astonishing delusion of the Revolution, were almost unknown to me. That other dreadful period had hitherto appeared only as a dark and fearful scene of demoniacal strife, of which it was impossible to trace the thread, and almost as impossible to discover the motives. Now, however, the case was different —from the tower of the Temple a light had appeared which shone through the gloom, and dis-

played the terrible features by which it was distinguished. Insatiable was the avidity with which I fastened on this new field of study. My leisure moments were devoted to devouring the works which narrated the sufferings of that dreadful time; and the great collection of revolutionary memoirs, published at Paris in sixty-four volumes, which I fell in with and immediately purchased, furnished ample materials for reflection.

I soon perceived that the French Revolution was a subject of such vast extent and intricacy that even the reading necessary to understand it could only be mastered in a course of years, and meanwhile my manuscripts and collections relating to my speculations on population and to political economy being in a comparatively forward state, could much more rapidly be reduced to a state fit for publication. The great difficulty was condensation; for the materials I had collected were so extensive, that, if all brought together, the work would be probably unreadable, and certainly unsaleable. But I resolved in good earnest to make the attempt. From the time of my return from the North Circuit in October 1827, accordingly, I regularly wrote on this subject whenever I could find leisure from my law-papers, and during the winter the work made considerable progress. But though this was the topic of my writing, I had already fastened on the French Revolutionary wars as the most fascinating subject of reading. Jomini's History of the Campaigns

prior to 1800, the Memoirs of Napoleon and Las Cases, of the Archduke Charles, Botta's History, Madame Roland's Memoirs, and Beauchamp's Wars of La Vendée, fascinated my leisure hours. As I was now studying for an object, I followed the plan already mentioned of making on the first blank leaves of every book I read a digested index of the principal observations or facts applicable to my subject. These collections soon became numerous, and not only gave me a great command of facts and references, but fixed the succession of events in some degree of arrangement in my mind. I soon saw that both the internal history and the wars of the Revolution were subjects of such vast extent and multiplicity of event, that the greatest efforts would be necessary to class them under their proper heads, and prevent attention from being distracted by an infinity of subordinate, and yet not unimportant, details. Insensibly, in the course of making my collections, facts noted arranged themselves in their proper places; cells were formed in the memory for the reception of the different classes of events; order arose out of chaos; and while yet engaged in the Theory of Population, the History of Europe during the French Revolution was rapidly forming itself in embryo in my mind.

In the summer of 1828 we again joined my father, and took Canaan Lodge, a villa two miles from Edinburgh, belonging to my aunt, Mrs Gregory, where we resided during the long vacation. Being

now anxious to bring my work on Population to a conclusion, I worked this autumn exceedingly hard at it. I there wrote the chapter on the Principles of Renovation and Decay in Human Affairs, and the remaining ones in the first volume, and that on the Division of Landed Property among the Poor in the second. At Aberdona, in Clackmannanshire, in the autumn of the same year, I wrote the chapter on the Management of the Poor in Great Cities, on the Corn Laws, and most of the second volume. In the composition of this part of the work I experienced great benefit from the practical acquaintance with the condition and habits of the working classes which I had gained in the course of my professional duties as Advocate-Depute, and in the investigation of the vast number of crimes which had come under my notice in that capacity. Without some practical knowledge, speculation on the means of ameliorating the condition of the lower classes will in general prove not only useless but pernicious. It leads to plans of relief which prove nugatory from ignorance of their habits and ruling motives, and thus diverts benevolence from the proper channel, by chilling it from the disappointment with which it must be attended. The greatest difficulties which the wise and philanthropic experience in the prosecution of attempts to elevate the condition of the poor arise from the selfishness of the great body of men, who generally give themselves no concern about their more unfortunate brethren, but invariably display

extraordinary activity in resisting any proposition of an assessment for their relief. The want of practical knowledge of the indigent among the benevolent renders a great part, often the whole, of what they do to ameliorate their condition of no effect. One great error into which they fall is supposing that the poor are actuated by the same views, and are capable of as much consideration of the future, as they themselves are; a mistake not quite so palpable but almost as great as that of the French princess who expressed her surprise in a scarcity how the people should be in such distress when they might live on bread and cheese.

In the autumn of this year I went on the South Circuit, and after it was over paid a visit, along with Rutherfurd, to Corehouse, near Lanark, the beautiful seat of Lord Corehouse. Three days were spent in sketching the romantic scenery around the Falls of the Clyde in the forenoon, and enjoying polished and intellectual society in the evening. Lord Corehouse, a distinguished judge, but better known as George Cranstoun, long the acknowledged leader of the Scotch Bar, enjoyed a great reputation among his contemporaries. He was descended from the ancient and famous Border family of the Cranstouns, celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and bore marks of noble descent both in manners and appearance. His forehead, like that of all intellectual men, was large, and almost disproportioned from its expanse; his features

were high and finely chiselled, with an expression resembling that of Napoleon; his manners refined and courteous. His taste was cultivated, his reading varied, and the extensive practice and high reputation which he enjoyed at the Bar bore testimony to the forensic talents which he possessed. But I saw when he engaged in serious conversation that although he was well read, had a great knowledge of history and antiquities, and a refined taste in poetry, in which he was no ordinary proficient, he had no originality of thought. His speaking was correct and ornate rather than eloquent, and he was influenced by a constant apprehension of endangering his reputation—a peculiarity often seen in eminent men of a second order, but never to be met with in the master-spirits of mankind.

On leaving Corehouse I set out on foot for Aberdona, in Clackmannanshire, which I reached before dinner, having walked fifty miles in twelve hours and a half; an achievement of which I was not a little proud, as I had been in no previous training. Shortly after I walked from the latter place to the summit of the Ochils, where, elevated at a height of 2600 feet above the sea, the eye commands an extensive view over the plains watered by the Forth on the south and the Tay on the north. But more than by these scenes of agricultural riches, one is attracted by the magnificent range of the Grampians, at its nearest point not more than fifteen miles distant, and stretching as far as the eye can

reach from right to left towards the north-west. From that height these far-famed mountains appear in their due proportions, and present a splendid spectacle. It is the finest view of a mountain-range in Great Britain, and is scarcely inferior in interest and sublimity to the prospect of the Alps from the summit of the Righi above Lucerne, or of the southern face of the Helvetian range from the Superga near Turin.

After returning to Edinburgh in November 1828, I continued to work during every leisure moment at my book on Population, and at length, on the 22d December 1828, brought it to a conclusion. The termination of an undertaking begun so early in life, and which had for so many years been an object of interest and solicitude, gave me the highest satisfaction. It was at eleven at night, sitting in the drawing-room in St Colme Street beside Mrs Alison, that it was finished. My first feeling was gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events for having given me life and health to bring a work of such varied research to an end; my next, that my principal duty in life was now discharged, and that I might henceforth treat literature as an amusement or relaxation. Influenced by those feelings, I said that my work was now done, that I had brought one arduous undertaking to a successful issue, and that I would be in no hurry to involve myself in another. Mrs Alison, however, knew me better than I knew myself. She had observed how deeply I was interested in specula-

tions on the social improvement of mankind; how essential intellectual activity was to my happiness; and how readily I was in the habit of turning from one pursuit to another. Great part of the work now finished had been written while she was sitting by my side; and she was reluctant to forego the enjoyment of the community of interest which such social employment produced. She told me, therefore, that I could not live without writing, that I must have some durable object to interest me, that I was not made to work at law-papers like a horse in a mill, and that it would never do to think of letting our sweet evening employments come to an end. After a day or two I felt that these observations were well founded. The want of the regular occupation, the stated task, was sensibly felt; the pleasure of seeing a long-continued work growing under my hands was wanting; the delightful recreation of turning from professional labour to literary pursuit had been too long felt to be relinquished. After a week's rest, accordingly, I resumed my labours on a totally different subject, and on the 1st January 1829 the first three pages of my History of the French Revolution were written.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF MY HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO MY LOSS OF OFFICE IN 1830.

JANUARY 1829—NOVEMBER 1830.

I WAS induced to adventure on a history of Europe during the French Revolution, though well aware of its magnitude and difficulty, not merely by the enthusiasm which, since my visit to Paris in 1814, I had felt for the military events of the war, and the more recent and still more profound interest which the detail of the sufferings of Louis XVI. in the Temple had awakened, but by the clear perception I had that affairs were hurrying on to some great social and political convulsion in this country, of which it was easy to see the danger, but impossible to foresee the termination. The passion for innovation which had for many years past overspread the nation; the vague and unsettled ideas which were afloat in the public mind; the facility with which Government entered into these views, and purchased present ease and popularity at the expense of future stability and resources; the consequent

loosening of the constitution in its most essential parts, and progressive vesting of political power in new and inexperienced hands,—all these had awakened gloomy presentiments in my mind. I saw that a revolution was approaching in Great Britain, and that the means of resisting it did not exist in the nation. This was not owing to the want of physical strength or material resources at the disposal of Government to resist any violent outbreak on the part of the populace, but to the general delusion which had seized the minds of men; the visionary anticipations of some, the experienced suffering of others; the desire for change and unhinging of mind in all. Government had fanned this dangerous spirit in the most imprudent manner for a great number of years by not merely yielding to, but even anticipating, the public desire for change.[1] They did so because it gave them temporary popularity, and disarmed their opponents for a brief season. But it is not less true in politics than the arts, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's words, that "present time and future may be considered as rivals; and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

[1] The extent of this feeling on the part of Government may be judged of by the following observations of the two principal Crown officers in Scotland: "This is a change," said Lord Advocate Rae, in speaking of a proposed bill affecting the Scotch law in 1828; "but this is the age of changes, and we must take the lead in them." "Last autumn," said Mr Solicitor-General Hope in November 1828, "every Government officer was endeavouring to recommend himself to Ministers by proposing the abolition of his neighbour." These words, coming from the first Government officers in the country, paint that epoch to the very life.

Another cause, and it was the principal one, gave the advocates for change an extraordinary advantage at this period. Such had been the distress produced by the fatal resumption of cash payments by the bill of 1819, followed up and enforced as it had been by the suppression of small notes by the bill of 1826, that great part of the productive classes had become bankrupt, and nearly the whole were in straitened circumstances. The landlords and farmers in every part of the country had suffered in an extraordinary degree by the change. Their produce had fallen on an average fifty, in some years a hundred per cent below its value in the latter years of the war, while the debts contracted during the extravagant prices of that period retained their former amount. Rents distressed the farmer, bonds the landlord; the constant fall of prices ruined the small trader; the dreadful monetary crisis of 1825 had swept away all but the most opulent and firmly rooted commercial establishments. Thus, not only did distress very generally prevail, but the elements of resistance to change were destroyed in those classes where it had hitherto been most powerful. Such had been the sufferings of the rural population for a great number of years past, and such the cold-blooded indifference with which their complaints had been received by the political economists who unhappily had obtained the direction of affairs, that their hereditary aversion to change was nearly extinguished, and they were pre-

pared to support any projects of alteration in institutions, however great, which promised to induce a more beneficent and paternal system of government. The greater part of men, indeed, were not aware of these powerful social changes which were going forward, and deemed the Ministry stronger than ever, because they had obtained a majority of 188 on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill in March 1829. They forgot that in a free country, men in the long-run inevitably either join with the party based on property, or that resting on numbers; and that Government is never so near destruction as when a great temporary majority is obtained by one party paralysing its adversaries by adopting its measures.

Impressed by these ideas, and nothing doubting that a political crisis was approaching, I relinquished, for the time at least, all thoughts of publishing my Population, and proceeded assiduously with the History of the French Revolution. The profound and absorbing interest of the subject; the importance which I felt it was soon destined to acquire from the advent of similar passions in this country, and the want of any popular narrative of that convulsion; and the pleasure of seeing a great work gradually advancing under my hands, — soon rendered it a delightful occupation, more than compensating for the labour with which it was attended. The introduction and first two chapters were concluded by the end of April; for there was scarcely an evening on which, after my law-papers were

done, I did not find time to steal an hour or two for historical composition. After that, I at once began the "Russian Campaign in 1812," and wrote the two chapters on that noble topic, being attracted by its magnificent features, and the comparative familiarity with it which I had acquired through the works of Ségur, Labaume, Boutourlin, and Jomini, where it is so admirably treated, as well as from the conversation of the Russian generals at Paris. But in the course of writing these, I saw that if I picked out in this manner the most interesting parts of the subject, there would remain much irksome work for the close of my labours, when the long and dreary intervening periods required to be filled up. After the "Russian Campaign" was done, therefore, I went back to 1789, and resuming the thread of my narrative where it had been left off, never deviated again from the direct line of events till the English standards had entered the gates of Paris.

In one particular, however, I signally miscalculated the probable extent and duration of my labours. I imagined I could get through the work in two or three years; and in my simplicity I thought it would be finished in four, or at the utmost five volumes, of six hundred pages each. It was on this principle that the first two volumes were written, and it was that which rendered so great a change on those volumes necessary in the later editions. It was for the same reason that I drew

the great proportion of my authorities from the revolutionary writers, and marked them so carefully on the margin, avoided all disputed points, and omitted purposely a variety of minute though interesting details which subsequently found a place in the work. I early saw that the internal history of the Revolution was so vast a subject, that, if I entered into its details at length, the work would assume a gigantic bulk; and it would become doubtful if any bookseller could be found who would publish or any reader who would peruse it. For these reasons I was careful to make the work as brief as possible, and based it so much on the revolutionary writers, that there could be no danger of its being objected to as a mere rhapsody on the aristocratic side. I was too old a lawyer not to know the strength of a case depending chiefly on an opponent's testimony. Writers, especially in the 'Quarterly Review,' when the work appeared repeatedly objected to it, as being founded mainly on revolutionary writings, and not going sufficiently into the detail of original authority on the royalist side. They did not see that this was the precise object which was aimed at, and which gave the work its success. No one can read it without perceiving that its main design is to illustrate the danger of revolutions; and yet I have the satisfaction of thinking that, though it has frequently been censured for being unduly favourable to the popular leaders and not sufficiently minute in its details of the horrors of the Revolution, it

has never yet been stigmatised by the popular party as containing an unfair or exaggerated representation of their principles or actions.

Being now fairly engaged on the work of my history, I began in a systematic way to purchase books and collect the authorities necessary for its prosecution. On applying to the public libraries in Edinburgh, especially that belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, esteemed with reason the best in the country, I found not only that the greater part of the books I wanted were not to be had there, but that even their existence was unknown to the librarians. Such as I did get, and they were very few, were almost always demanded back before they had served the purpose for which they had been borrowed. I soon found, in consequence, that it was in vain to apply to any of the public libraries for assistance. The work of an historian, at least of one who is engaged in any considerable and long-continued undertaking, is of a peculiar kind, and requires the constant command of books of reference in many different stages of his labours. In the first place, he must read carefully through several works, generally in different languages, relating to each period and class of events of which he has to treat, and must mark in a commonplace-book or other means of reference the volume and page where the subject treated of is to be found. In the next place, he must have those passages marked, and ready to be immediately

turned to when required, which have an *indirect* bearing on the subject,—as, for instance, those which contain some statistical facts of value having reference to it, or geographical descriptions of countries or places treated of, or historical facts of other times of an analogical character, or possibly quotations in prose or poetry which may be deemed ornamental. In the last place, he must have all these references and books at hand when he comes to write on the subject. Incredible will be the labour and vexation to which he will be exposed if he has not; for he will frequently lose hours together in seeking for a single passage or reference. In this way it is indispensable for such an author to have books constantly lying beside him, in different stages of advancement,—some for reading, referring to, and collating *ahead*, so as to form the materials of the composition, and arranging its order in his mind; and some for quotation, examination, and study at the moment of writing. A man who has no other occupation but that of an author may perhaps accomplish these various objects by having his books of reference all arranged in some apartment of a public library, and returning there day after day, as he would to his own study. Even in that case the want of books *at home* will ere long be severely felt. To one like myself, however, who had not a moment's leisure in the daytime to bestow on public libraries, and only a few hours stolen from the night to devote to literature by my own fireside, this was wholly out

of the question; and therefore no resource remained but to purchase all the books I required.

This, however, soon came to be a serious matter,—much more so than I had at first imagined. So prodigious is the number of works bearing on the French Revolution, or the wars connected with it, that they would of themselves form a great library. Many of them—especially such as relate to the internal history of the Revolution in its earlier stages—are exceedingly rare; not more than three or four copies of several of the most important are to be found in the British dominions. The cost of others—especially such as relate to military subjects — is very great. No small labour and attention, frequent journeys to London and Paris, an ample command of money, and the continued effort of ten or twelve years in reading and buying, seemed requisite to make such a collection. How this was to be accomplished by a professional man, chained to the oar by incessant and laborious avocations, unable even to leave home for more than a few weeks in autumn, possessed of no fortune but what he could make at the Bar, and with a rising family, which had entailed heavy life insurances upon him, was not apparent. Nevertheless, I early foresaw, what experience has since verified, that how difficult soever, it was unavoidably necessary to possess the books; and being sensible it was so, I bent the whole force of my mind to accomplish this object.

The reason of the necessity was, that I knew if

one of the race of critics had discovered in the corner of a public library an obscure book relating to this period which had not been referred to, he would immediately set it down as the most important that ever appeared on the subject, and hold up my work as deplorably deficient in reference to original authority, from containing no notice of it. The only way to guard against this was to leave nothing unread. But this became a serious matter in regard to a period of history which had been treated of in many thousand volumes in all the principal languages of Europe, and was indeed the greatest difficulty I had to contend with. It was so great as to seem at the outset insurmountable. The first editions of the early volumes were evidently deficient in detailed information and reference to original authority. They were a slight sketch only, not a finished piece. Yet, strange to say, it was from the success of the sketch that I obtained the means of filling up the picture. Surrounded as I now am by a noble library, containing all the works of value or interest relating to the Revolution and its wars, acquired at a cost of above £4000, I look back with interest, not unmingled with surprise, to the gradual steps and the persevering industry with which this collection was formed. The publication of successive volumes and editions furnished the means of obtaining the materials from which those that were to follow them might be obtained.

I had not been long engaged in my work before

I perceived that another great difficulty awaited me, which would require a methodical plan and considerable efforts to overcome. This arose from the magnitude and complication of the subject. So closely interwoven were the struggles of parties during the progress of the Revolution, so vast the field of military operations and diplomatic negotiations in the wars emanating from it, that I had often great trouble in understanding the subject myself, and the task of rendering it intelligible to others seemed at first nearly hopeless. The Continental works often did little towards overcoming this difficulty, because they presupposed an amount of experience or practical information in their readers from living on the spot, to which even the best-informed persons in this island were in general strangers. After reflecting long on the subject, however, I began to see how the evil was to be overcome. Events appeared confused because they were mingled together; transactions inexplicable because the peculiar thread of each was not followed out. The facility with which the memory retains the various objects of interest in a city or country which has been visited, depends on the addition made to the power of recollection by classification under proper heads. A variety of separate incidents and details which would be confounded together, and speedily forgotten if not separately arranged, are readily retained in the memory if each is deposited in its proper cell, and associated with others having

a natural affinity to it. The way in which it seemed possible to render the course, even of the most complicated episodes in that complicated period, intelligible and easy to remember, was to classify the events, not so much according to their chronological order as in their connection with each other, and to make each separate chapter, so far as might be, a picture complete in itself, of a distinct class of events, or of a well-defined epoch in the general narrative. By steadily pursuing this object, and sometimes making the order of time in a certain degree yield to it, it is surprising how naturally the chaos of events arranged themselves in their proper departments, and how many well-defined periods appeared, affording natural resting-places. Indeed, so far did this go, that ultimately, when the work was well advanced, and its termination as it were within sight, the periods appeared so distinct, and the proper order so clear, that I was almost tempted to believe that they had been purposely arranged in their course of occurrence by Omnipotence, in order to render the great moral lessons to be deduced from them more palpable to and undeniable by mankind.

I had not proceeded far with my work before I perceived that, by adhering steadily to this plan, I would not only render my narrative more clear and the facts mentioned more easy of retention in the memory, but would add in the highest degree to its interest. The great thing complained of by ordinary readers of history is, that it is so dull; that

the battles are all like each other, and equally unintelligible; and that the narrative is nothing but a dry detail of intrigues, negotiations, and crimes, scarcely distinguishable from each other. By classifying the events of the French Revolution in this manner, I early saw that I would gain one inestimable advantage—variety. The record of the civil dissensions would bring into view the great questions which have divided society; and that of the warlike transactions a most astonishing aggregate of naval and military efforts and virtues. Almost every country of the earth would successively be brought into notice in the course of the mighty struggle; every imaginable variety of tragic occurrence passed in review in narrating the suffering to which it gave rise. It could only be the fault of the historian if such a subject proved uninteresting. I knew that subjects, even of intense and thrilling interest, become wearisome and even distasteful by being too long continued; and it was necessary, therefore, to pay assiduous attention to varying the subject, as well as to classifying the events of each under their proper heads. I had observed how carefully Sir Walter Scott and all great novelists studied the introduction of variety into their compositions; and in Gibbon's Rome had long admired the happiest application of it to the complicated thread of historical narration. The events of the revolutionary contest, presenting alternately the oratorical discussions of the tribune, the tragic occurrences of the

forum, and the military incidents of the camp, appeared to present a favourable field for the application of this principle; and to my continued and anxious attention to it much of the success of my work is to be ascribed.

The examples of Herodotus and Gibbon also made me early conceive that much might be done towards varying the interest and adding to the information of history, by uniting it anew to geography, from which it had been so long and unhappily divorced. Early in life I had felt how much the copious descriptions of the countries he introduced added to the interest of the Father of History's writings. Tacitus's inimitable essay, "De Moribus Germanorum," made the reader long for similar descriptions of other countries of the ancient world from the same masterly hand; and the highest admiration is expressed for the luminous and admirable disquisitions on the pastoral nations, the Saracens, and the Roman Empire, with which Gibbon had enriched his immortal pages. I saw no reason why advantage should not be taken of the varied events of the revolutionary war to bring under the reader's eye almost all the countries of the world, and enliven the narrative by a description of the most remarkable of them,—stored with part at least of the more accurate statistical information which the laborious researches of later times have accumulated. This undertaking soon proved agreeable. My old love of drawing and passion for travelling returned, as I sat surrounded

by books with the pen in my hand, and turned out of the utmost service in this part of my labour. Dread of unduly swelling the work, and of terrifying both booksellers and purchasers, made me at first restrain the strong desire which I felt to engage on every possible occasion in this fascinating kind of composition; but after the work was in a manner established, and I felt at liberty to follow the natural bent of my inclinations, I indulged in it without scruple, and made it an object of solicitude to vary in this manner the otherwise tedious repetition of military events.

Mr Fox classed the arts of composition thus: 1, Poetry; 2, History; 3, Oratory. This arrangement, coming as it did from so great a master of the art of eloquence, had long struck me as very remarkable. Upon looking back to the great historical works of antiquity, I could not but feel that the remark was well founded, and that history, combining as it might the thoughts of the philosopher, the eloquence of the orator, and the descriptions of the poet, was fitted to take a very different place in the arts of composition from that usually assigned to it. Why was romance in the hands of its great masters so fascinating, and felt as such by all ranks of men? Simply because it described, with sufficient graphic power, an imaginary scene of existence. Why should not the real portrait equal the interest of the imaginary picture? Novels and epic poems are felt as admirable, and attain a durable reputation, just in pro-

portion as they give a faithful picture of human nature. Is history, in relation to romance, like the asymtotes to the hyperbola, which perpetually approach, but can never touch the magic curve? Considerations of this sort anxiously pressed themselves on my mind when I commenced my historical labours. The fascination of nearly two thousand years in the pages of Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, convinced me that the difficulty of giving that degree of interest to historical narrative which romance possesses is not insuperable.

A closer examination, however, united to a certain degree of experience in historical composition, ere long made me sensible what it is which gives their extraordinary interest to the historical works of antiquity, and has made modern writers so often fail in attaining it. Their subjects were far simpler than ours: the situation of society permitted them to throw a bright light on the transactions of a single State or city, and keep the adjoining ones in shade. If this state of the political world was a great bar to a general diffusion of historical information on various countries, it was eminently favourable to exciting a vivid interest in relation to any one of them. It made history assume the character of biography; it enabled the historian to clothe his simple and succinct narrative with the colours, as we say, of romance, but in truth of fully painted nature. It is by filling up the details of his piece with this minute finishing that the novelist excites

such interest in the breast of his readers; the historian can do the same in no other way. It was thus the ancient writers succeeded so admirably: Cyrus, Pericles, Alcibiades, Hannibal, Cæsar, Scipio, Catiline, Nero, Tiberius, stand forth from their immortal pages with the minuteness of biography and the colours of poetry.

The difficulty of carrying these principles of composition into practice at the commencement of the work was great. It was as hard to determine what to reject and what to select in the tragedies of the Revolution, as it was to give interest to the innumerable actions, most of them without any important result, which occurred on the Rhine or in the Pyrenees in the earlier years of the war. To illustrate these actions with incidents or descriptions so as to make them interesting, would have made the work endless; to mention them briefly would have been to render it a mere gazette; to omit them altogether would justly have exposed it to the charge of imperfection. Colonel Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War,' of which two volumes had then been issued, appeared a striking instance of the way in which a work even of the greatest ability might be endangered by going too much into detail of inconsiderable military actions. His graphic descriptions of the greater battles and sieges of that memorable contest never have been surpassed, but nevertheless, the work is not generally popular. It will always be highly esteemed by mili-

tary men and admired by the lovers of animated warlike narrative, but it is not to be seen in the cottage or by the fireside. It is flooded with insignificant military details, and there is a want in it of the essential quality of grouping and breadth of effect. This is in some degree owing to the intricacy of the subject, great part of which is in reality composed of multifarious inconsiderable events; but it is in some degree owing also to the fault of the historian, who has treated them all with nearly an equal degree of minuteness. The early campaigns of the revolutionary wars presented a similar embarrassment, and I dare not hope that, however anxious to do so, I have entirely avoided Colonel Napier's error. When Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, and Wellington appeared on the field, the difficulty was removed: the historian had only to follow out the bright path traced by the light of their genius.

In describing the great battles and important military operations of these illustrious commanders, I proceeded uniformly on one principle. This was to study carefully and minutely the account of them as contained in the best narratives, if possible of eye-witnesses, and having done so, to form a conception of what at certain stages of their progress their appearance must have been, and then describe in as vivid language as I could that conception. In forming an idea of the scenes which were thus to be made the subject of description, I was careful to adopt, on every

occasion where it could possibly be obtained, the images, the incidents, even the sounds and colours which had been seen and described by eyewitnesses of the events. I was too old a draughtsman not to know the infinite superiority of any sketch, how slight soever, made on the spot, to the most laboured efforts of imagination endeavouring at a subsequent period to supply their want. In making these descriptions I experienced the greatest benefit from having myself visited the principal fields of Napoleon's victories, and the theatre of his campaigns in Italy, France, and Germany. It was easy to clothe well-remembered scenes with the animation and tumult of battle; and where I had not seen the ground, as was the case with the battles of Spain and Russia, a careful study of the best military plans in some degree supplied the want of personal observation.

These were what may be called the *artistic* principles on which my work was formed. In the higher and more important matter of establishing truth, and deducing the proper moral lessons from the events it related, the rule I adopted was to derive my authorities mainly from the revolutionary annalists. I had a distrust of party writers on the royalist side, and early perceived that enough was to be found in the undisputed facts of the struggle to condemn the Revolution. It was sufficient if a general historian could give the admitted facts; any attempt to embrace in his pages all the de-

tails would destroy the general effect, and endanger the life of the work by augmenting its size to an immoderate length. At a subsequent period I added a great variety of details to the early volumes, drawn from original sources which were not at my command when the book was commenced, but which were necessary to bring up the early volumes to the scale into which the later ones had expanded. But these authorities, too, were almost all on the revolutionary side, consisting chiefly of the original journals published by the Jacobins during the progress of the convulsion; and throughout I was in an especial manner careful to state no fact for which I could not find authority on the side opposite to that to which my own impressions, whether political or national, inclined.

In the estimate and drawing of character, I proceeded on a principle which experience through life had convinced me was well founded. This was, that men, when you really know them, are neither so good nor so bad as they are generally supposed to be, but that "characters of imperfect goodness" constitute the great majority of the human race. The best have their failings; and the worst, in general, are in some respects at least not without some good qualities.[1] Being convinced that the same held good

[1] I had recently had a striking example of this truth. I was one of the King's counsel who conducted the prosecution of the notorious Burke, who was tried on December 24, 1828, at Edinburgh, and convicted of three murders. He had committed sixteen in all, in cold blood, and sold the bodies to the anatomists for dissection.

of mankind in all ages and countries, I was solicitous in the most depraved characters to discover traces of something good, and in the most noble felt no repugnance to admit the marks of something bad. Political sins appeared as frequently to be the result of mistake as of selfishness: errors of the understanding, delusions of the heart, have as large a share in producing mournful catastrophes as grasping ambition or tyrannical despotism. I sought anxiously for, and discovered many redeeming traits in the characters of Robespierre and Danton; I found, and admitted without hesitation, traces of the universal corruption of humanity in those of Nelson and Wellington. I was not ignorant that this would expose me to much obloquy from those who are disposed to deify some men and make devils of others; but I know that neither gods nor demons are now to be found upon the earth. In this way it appeared both that justice would best be done to the merits of individual men, and the great moral truth would be at the same time unfolded that perfection is not to be looked for in a fallen being; that all,

Yet even this hardened, calculating, wholesale murderer, evinced in the decisive moment of his fate a certain generosity of disposition. He was tried along with a woman with whom he had lived, and who was the partner of his crimes. When the jury, after a trial of twenty-four hours, returned a verdict of guilty against him, they at the same time acquitted her. He instantly threw his arms round her neck and said, "Thank God, Mary, you are safe!" The thought occurred to me at the moment, "How many are there among his judges, his jury, or his accusers, who in similar circumstances would have done the same?"

of whatever rank or station, have their failings; that every theory which assumes the exclusive residence of virtue and innocence in one class of society is essentially fallacious, and every system of government built on such an assumption, whether by a sovereign, an aristocracy, or the people, will speedily prove oppressive or destroy itself.

The more that the events of the French Revolution and the extraordinary delusion from which it took its rise were studied, the more clearly did it appear that a false view of human nature, and over-sanguine ideas of the virtues and capacity of man, were the original sources of the calamities which it induced. The belief so firmly entertained, the doctrine so sedulously inculcated—that the great majority of men are virtuous and innocent, and fully capable of being intrusted with the duties of self-government, and that all the miseries of mankind had been owing to the tyranny of kings and the delusion of priests,—produced the disasters that ensued. When reduced to first principles, it was not so much a political as a religious question which divided the world: the point at issue was, whether human intellect, enlarged by education and purified by republican institutions, was adequate to discharge the duties of self-government, and virtuous enough to resist its temptations. The French, resting on the supposed innocence of the human heart, and the visions of perfectibility which had so largely for the preceding half-century imbued the doctrines of philosophers, maintained

the affirmative. The believers in Christianity, relying on the doctrine of the inherent and universal corruption of human nature, which revelation had so strongly inculcated and experience had uniformly confirmed, maintained the negative, and asserted that the only practicable basis of government was that in which property was the ruling, and numbers the controlling power—where aristocratic selfishness was restrained by popular vigilance, and democratic cupidity coerced by patrician resolution. In this way the inestimable blessing of good government might reasonably be hoped for, even when the agents intrusted with its power were actuated by selfish motives; and that equitable rule be looked for from the balanced interests of men, which would in vain be expected from their virtues.

But while a firm conviction of the truth of the fundamental doctrine of Revelation as to the corruption of mankind appeared to furnish the true key to the crimes and horrors of the French Revolution, another doctrine of Christianity seemed to point equally clearly to the antagonistic principle which opposed and in the end obtained the mastery of it. This was the Divine superintendence of human affairs, acting through the means of free agents. "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone," evidently was the principle on which supreme power vindicated the course of Divine administration. The passions and feelings of men were so adapted to the varying circumstances of

human affairs, that they worked out by the actions of an infinite number of free agents the laws of Providence for the government of mankind. There was no need for supreme interposition; their own passions wrought out the Divine will, their own hands did the work of justice. In no equal period in the whole history of mankind did these principles appear to be so clearly evinced as in the annals of Europe from the breaking out of the French Revolution to the fall of Napoleon; for in that short space, little exceeding twenty years, were successively presented the rise, triumph, and punishment of the most vehement democratic passions and sanguinary military ambition that ever desolated mankind.

A distinguished man, with whom I formed a close intimacy while going on circuits, was Lord Gillies. This very able judge was respectably descended, but possessed no family influence, and his rise at the Bar was the result of his own force and originality of mind. But these were great indeed, and of such magnitude as could not have failed, had fortune placed him in Parliament, to have led him to the head of affairs. He had no great store of acquired information, and had not enjoyed the advantages of a very extensive or liberal education. But all these early deficiencies were more than compensated by the native vigour and clearness of his mind. He was unrivalled in the quickness with which he apprehended an idea, and the force with which he instantly set his mind to answer or to support it.

In this respect—the secret test of power of intellect—he was far superior to any of the eminent men whose talents then shed lustre over the Scotch Bar. The extraordinary power which he enjoyed in this respect gave him great advantages, both in pleading at the Bar and in charging juries on difficult cases and conflicting evidence; and he never failed on such occasions to electrify the audience by the vigour with which he trampled under foot the subordinate matter in the cases, and brought out their leading features in clear outline and in irresistible colours. The very magnitude of this power, however, sometimes interfered with the impartiality of his addresses from the Bench; and it was a common saying at the Bar, of which I have sometimes experienced the truth, that he was certainly impartial in his attacks, for he first let his sledge-hammer fall as hard as he could on the head of the prosecutor, and if he stood the shock, he then let it descend with equal violence on that of the prisoner. He could not argue or even speak in private but with vigour and antithesis. In private life he was courtesy and blandness itself; chivalrous in his manners to women, and a great and deserved favourite with them. He possessed a simplicity of mind and unassuming manners hardly ever seen in second-rate men.

Another man of eminent talents had been well known to me ever since I came to the Bar, and that was John Clerk of Eldin. A scion of the family of

Sir George Clerk of Penicuick in Mid-Lothian, and the son of John Clerk of Eldin, the celebrated author of 'Naval Tactics,' he had the advantages both of ancient descent and of hereditary talent. His great acuteness and legal ability soon brought him into the first practice at the Bar, in those days when it was not, as now, to be found only from the advantage of extensive connection among attorneys. He was the acknowledged head of the legal profession when I came to the Bar in 1814; and he continued to hold the same exalted position till he was put on the Bench in 1828 by Sir Robert Peel, at which latter period his great legal powers had, by long-continued tension, been considerably impaired. He was not an eloquent man, had little general reading, and was utterly careless of the graces of composition or the flowers of rhetoric. Strong argument, caustic expression, and occasional happy antithesis, constituted his favourite weapons, and no one ever wielded them with more powerful effect. No one but his redoubted antagonist, Adam Gillies, could withstand the force of his blows in legal argument. He was very lame—one leg being six inches shorter than the other; but the remaining limbs were singularly strong and robust. Nothing could daunt him; and few ever found him without a retort. On one occasion, when pleading before Lord Chancellor Eldon, he said, "In plain English, my lord——" "In plain Scotch you mean, Mr Clerk," replied his lordship. "In plain *common-sense*, my lord, if you

understand that," rejoined Clerk, descending, as he was wont, with his body on his short leg. The Chancellor made no farther attempt to bandy retorts with the robust Scotch athlete.

Mr Henry Cockburn, afterwards Lord Cockburn, was as great a contrast to John Clerk as it was possible to conceive. He had not the intellectual power of that great lawyer, nor the occasional force and intensity of his expression; but he was gifted with far greater oratorical powers. He had the soul of genius in his composition. No one was so capable, in Scotland at least, of moving the feelings of his auditors, or by a happily turned expression or epithet of thrilling the heart. On this account his influence was unbounded with juries, especially in criminal causes; and he very frequently could thus "make the worse appear the better cause." I often experienced that in criminal cases, especially those involving the life of the prisoner, which I conducted on the circuits, and he was generally the leading counsel on the other side, he seldom failed on such occasions to so move the jury that in the face of the clearest evidence they brought in the verdict, "By plurality not proven." He was indolent, and averse to *continued* labour, though none by fits and starts could make greater efforts; on this account his general practice was not so considerable as it otherwise would have been. In private life he was simplicity and *bonhomie* itself; as ready as any of his sons for every kind of amusement; kind and

hospitable even to excess; and ever ready to throw open his romantic villa of Bonally, at the foot of the Pentland Hills, to his young friends and associates at the Bar. I was a very frequent visitor on these occasions, and had the happiness to secure a portion of Lord Cockburn's regard; and there is no man I have known for whom I felt a warmer affection, which was never for one moment disturbed by the entire divergence of our political opinions.

Andrew Rutherfurd, afterwards Lord Rutherfurd, was too eminent a man not to be in an especial manner noticed in this brief record of contemporary celebrities. We had been class-fellows, as already mentioned, during two years, at both the Greek and Logic classes, and had since lived within a few doors of each other in St Colme Street, so that we had always been on intimate and cordial terms. He was in every respect a remarkable man. In legal acuteness and argument, for which his peculiar powers gave him a great predilection, he was superior to both his friends Cockburn and Jeffrey. He had not the powers of the former in emphatic expression or in moving the feelings, nor the immense exuberance of ingenious illustration of the latter; but in judicial acumen and the power of seeing and illustrating legal distractions, he was superior to either. He was withal an accomplished scholar, and possessed of very refined, and, as it turned out, unfortunately for himself, costly tastes, which his large practice enabled him to indulge to a great

extent. He was a first-rate Italian scholar—superior even to any of the professed teachers of that language in Edinburgh. When worn out with his law-papers, his recreation was to read Tasso or Ariosto. If his manners had been more simple he would have left nothing to be desired as a companion; but his intimacy with Jeffrey had produced an affectation in his expressions and demeanour which was sometimes felt as painful. He formed in a comparatively short period a noble library, and deposited it in a splendid room he had built adjoining Lauriston Castle near Edinburgh, which he had purchased. Yet, like other bibliomaniacs, his taste was for fine editions and costly works rather than readable books. After going over with him his magnificent library at Lauriston, and admiring the splendid bindings and stately folios, I once said to him, "They really are superb; but I rather desiderate a greater number of octavos, which you might read at the fireside." "My dear Alison," said he in reply, clapping me on the shoulder, "*do you buy books to read?*"

In the course of 1829 Mrs Hemans visited Edinburgh, and we saw a great deal of her at my father's at Whitehouse. Her character as an author is now fixed in public estimation: she is decidedly one of the first lyric poets which England has produced. Without the classic charm of Gray, or the burning thoughts of Campbell, she has produced some pieces which have struck nearly as deep into the national heart as the verses of either of these writers. She is

eminently national in her ideas; the most beautiful of her odes are those which—founded on domestic feelings, rekindling the family affections, appealing to the images of the country, the national associations, the patriotic emotions—have touched a chord which is responded to in every generous heart. The great objection to her poems, which has chiefly prevented them hitherto from taking their place beside the most popular British classics, is their number. Gray, Collins, Akenside, and Campbell, owe much of their celebrity to the happy paucity of their poems. They are the favourite companion at the cottage and the fireside, not the costly ornament of the library or the drawing-room. Mrs Hemans in private society was just what you might expect from the impassioned and yet melancholy style of her writings. She was ardent rather than amusing; enthusiastic rather than animated. Her imagination was vivid, her language energetic, her sentiments elevated; but the private sorrow she had experienced had given a sombre cast to her thoughts, which formed as it were a dark setting to the flashes of genius that shone through her conversation.

In July 1829 Mrs Alison and I set out on a tour to England. This journey was most delightful. We first went to the Lakes of Cumberland, where we admired the wild falls of Keswick, the pastoral sweetness of Grassmere, the mild beauties of Winandermere. The sublimity of the Fall of Lodore, with its waves dashing through the huge masses of

rock, which wintry torrents or convulsions of nature in former days have thrown together in wild confusion at its foot, struck me in the most forcible manner on this occasion. From thence we went by Bolton and Manchester and Leck to Lichfield, the cathedral of which, with its graceful spires, was the subject of a minute and anxious sketch. Kenilworth, with its ivy-clad ruins and historical associations; the noble pile of Warwick Castle; the enchanting village of Stratford-on-Avon, with Shakespeare's house and tomb; the princely domain and charming gardens of Blenheim, interspersed with oaks coeval with the fair Rosamond; the venerable towers, stately piles, and magnificent halls of Oxford; the noble castle of Windsor, then recently enriched by great additions, — successively awakened our admiration. This kind of journey has since acquired the character of the past; few, if any, at present make it: interesting country, replete with many objects of picturesque beauty, historical association, and literary celebrity, is now traversed only by the railway trains from Birmingham and Liverpool, which in a few hours whirl the traveller over uninteresting plains, wholly unconscious of the charming objects which lie forgotten on each side of his route.

After spending a week in surveying the wonders of London, which Mrs Alison then saw for the first time, we embarked on the evening of the 15th August at Blackwall on board the Soho packet for Edinburgh. The weather was calm and serene,

the sky clear, the moon bright; and as we dropped slowly down the Thames, that marvellous scene of wealth and industry, we were never weary of admiring the stately vessels which, with their sails full set, passed us going up, like huge birds floating on the placid wave. Ere long, however, the scene changed, and nature appeared in her wildest sublimity. As we passed the Dogger Bank on the following evening, a bright bar of yellow light shone forth between a volume of dark clouds, charging the western sky and the surface of the ocean, which reflected its hue of deep indigo. The experienced mariners prognosticated a coming storm; and during the night the wind rapidly rose, and in the morning blew a hurricane from the north-east. For a whole day the noble steamer in which we were struggled against the increasing vehemence of the storm, and every effort was made to double the cliffs of Flamborough Head; but such was the fury of the wind that the attempt proved unavailing, and at length we were compelled to run for shelter into Bridlington Bay. This was the first time I had seen a hurricane of such severity out at sea, and its features were very different from what even the most violent tempest presents when breaking on the shore. It was no longer the quick succession of waves fiercely rolling over each other which I had admired five years before, impelled by the fury of the north-eastern blast against the rocks of St Abb's Head on the coast of Berwickshire. There was scarcely any foam

to be seen, except a distant line of brilliant white, occasionally visible when an opening was caught, where the surge beat on the foot of Flamborough Head. The waves did not break: slowly and majestically they rose to a prodigious height, and sank in the same manner, with scarce a ripple appearing on the vast surface, to a depth so great that it seemed as if the lowest abysses of the ocean were to be laid bare, and the bottom of the sea revealed for an instant to the astonished sight. Surmounting one minute, the enormous wave sank the next in the profound hollow: the steamer had barely power enough, by keeping its head steadily to the wind, to maintain its place, and avoid being driven by the fury of the tempest on Flamborough Head. The deck was deserted save by the seamen, who, grave and obedient, stood at their posts, holding by ropes to keep their feet against the violence of the wind. Our carriage, in which Mrs Alison sat throughout on deck, was strongly lashed to the paddle-box to prevent it being washed overboard when a wave occasionally broke on the forecastle; in crossing from it on one occasion to the other side of the deck, I fell thrice from the severity of the blast. In gazing on this sublime scene I often thought with what admirable fidelity Vernet had represented at one time the vast swell of the ocean far at sea, at another the short breaking of the waves over rocks nearer shore.

At length the vessel reached the comparative safety of Bridlington Bay, where, though in an open road-

stead, the projecting headland near the town screened it from the extreme severity of the storm. We lay there all night at anchor; but even under the shelter of the headland the waves ran so high that the lifeboat from Bridlington, which repeatedly attempted it, was unable to come to our assistance. When morning dawned the coast presented a fearful spectacle: as far as the eye could reach, the shore was strewed with wrecks; eight-and-twenty vessels lay on their beam-ends stranded at the foot of the cliffs; and when the lifeboat ventured to put off, and reached the side of the vessel to take us on shore, the quay of Bridlington was crowded with persons watching to see if we weathered the surf. It was an anxious but animating moment when, with the sailors standing erect, and rowing with the utmost vigour, we plunged into the abyss of foam. I could distinctly see when we mounted on the summit of the ridge the crowd on the pier-head, with their arms outstretched, in the extremity of anxiety. Steadily we pierced through the foam; a few shocks and all was over: in smoother water within the bar we steered between the mastheads of two vessels which had just foundered even so near the harbour, and soon scrambling up the side of the pier, were received by the agitated crowd with those demonstrations of heartfelt joy which in such moments so frequently show what a fund of real benevolence exists, often unknown to itself, in the human heart.

Travelling from Bridlington by Scarborough and

Whitby to Newcastle, we had an opportunity of seeing the vast moors of the East Riding of Yorkshire; and from their extent could credit the fact, then generally doubted, but which statistical researches have now established, that with the exception of Inverness-shire, Yorkshire is the county in Great Britain which has the greatest number of uncultivated acres. Durham Cathedral struck me again, as it had often done before, as one of the most splendid objects in Europe, and I realised a long-formed wish of making a careful sketch of it from the bridges, with the Bishop's palace in the foreground. In former days I used to say the finest things in Europe were the view from the bridge of Durham, the opera in Paris, and the first view of the interior of St Peter's at Rome. Perhaps at this period, when the transports of youth are past, I should place as the middle one, instead of the opera, the view of Mont Blanc from the summit of the Jura.

On our return to Whitehouse, near Edinburgh, I resumed the "Russian Campaign of 1812,"—commenced shortly before we set out on this journey, —and brought it to a conclusion.

I went the Spring Circuit of 1830 with my young and valued friend Mr Milne of Milne-Graden, eldest son of Sir David Milne, who distinguished himself so much as second in command under Lord Exmouth in the attack on Algiers in 1816. On our way to Jedburgh we went for two days to Sir Walter Scott's, whose hospitality I then enjoyed for the

first time. He had often asked me to come before, but my numerous avocations had hitherto prevented me from accepting his invitations. We spent two days there, almost constantly in the society of the great poet and romance-writer, then in the undecayed enjoyment of his faculties; and as I was well aware of the privilege it was to do so, I lost no opportunity of drawing him out to the uttermost. He took me over his house and grounds, and spent several hours each day in walking up and down on the banks of the Tweed, repeating Border anecdotes and characteristic traits of former days, in which he was unrivalled. Stories and anecdotes of the olden time were the staple of his talk. I tried him on the French Revolution, as he had written the 'Life of Napoleon,' but I found him by no means at ease on that subject. He viewed it with English eyes, and had evidently never entered heart and soul into the characters or objects of the leaders on either side. The great charm of his conversation, being a man of such eminence, was its perfect simplicity, and the entire absence of vanity and love of display. Nothing could be more courteous and hospitable than his manner in his own house, and he put himself to great trouble in showing his guests the numerous curiosities, chiefly antiquarian, which he possessed. The house had an imposing exterior; but there were only two very handsome apartments in it,—the entrance-lobby, which was hung round with a fine collection of old armour—and the library, a noble room forty

feet by thirty, in which his vast collection of books was deposited. He told me it cost him £10,000. Over the archway leading into the garden, which immediately adjoins the house, is the striking inscription:

"Et audiverant vocem Dei, ambulantes in hortis."

In April 1830 I was retained for the first time specially to plead an important case in the House of Peers. I had been often solicited to go up on previous occasions, for appeals in which I had drawn the appellants' or respondents' case, six or eight of which were generally before the House each year; but as the solicitors could not guarantee their coming on at any particular time, I had been obliged to decline, as I could not spare a month or six weeks in spring from my daily avocations as Advocate-Depute. On this occasion, however, having got the circuit over earlier than usual, I agreed to go; and set off from Glasgow direct for London, within an hour after the Court was closed. I was retained in two cases; one a marriage case, Ross *v.* Ross, involving several nice and difficult questions of international law—and another a great case in which the Messrs Drummond, the London bankers, were contending with the owners of a Highland estate for preservation of securities to a very large amount which they held. I had conducted the case successfully for them in the Court of Session; and in the House of Peers, in both cases, I had the great advantage of having Mr Brougham as my leading counsel. Dr

Lushington was the leader on the other side in both cases, with Mr Jeffrey, and Mr James Reay, an able Scotch counsel, as his junior. The two leaders being men of such celebrity and standing at the English Bar, I was happy at the opportunity afforded me of being counsel with them, and was particularly anxious to see how they handled questions of our law. This interest was increased by Lord Lyndhurst, then in the zenith of his talents and fame, being the Chancellor on the Woolsack, who was to hear the argument and decide the cases.

As we had gained both cases in the Court below, Mr Brougham opened both on the respondent's part, and I followed on the same side, confining myself to following out my leader's views in the examination of the cases. I was much struck with the clearness and precision of the English pleading, both on our own and the opposite side; but more, I own, with Dr Lushington's than with Mr Brougham's. In sarcastic power the latter was unrivalled, and he had a fair opportunity for exhibiting his irony in his observations in the marriage case. But though extremely forcible in expression, Mr Brougham did not convey to my mind the impression of a great lawyer—not so much as John Clerk and George Cranstoun had done at Edinburgh on various occasions before. In consultation he was kind and considerate, and readily put forth the stores of his vast experience, so far as applicable to the case in hand. He was totally destitute of that jealousy which

often leads senior counsel to lock up their knowledge within their own breasts, and had the kindness to point out more than one point in the respondent's case which I had misapprehended, as Scotch lawyers are too apt to do, and counselled me what was to be avoided and what pressed in my argument at the bar, recommendations which I followed with implicit faith and manifest advantage. In the few questions which Lord Lyndhurst asked, chiefly of myself, I had an opportunity of observing how quickly he apprehended the turning-points of the argument, and of verifying an observation I had often made, as to the facility with which legal talent of the highest order can turn from the law of one country to that of another, though depending in many respects on different precedents, and regulated in all by different statutes and decisions.

In 1830 my brother and I bought the villa of Woodville near Colinton, four miles from Edinburgh, a charming retreat at the foot of the Pentland Hills, where their pastoral slopes sink into the plain. On the 29th June my father and mother came out to see this beautiful spot, which more than realised the fond object of their life's desire. After spending the whole forenoon in wandering about it with us, my mother came into the dining-room, and throwing her arms around Mrs Alison's neck, said: "Well, dearest, we have at length got rest for the sole of our foot: we will live and die together." We parted, to return to our respective homes, having

first arranged the speedy removal of both families to this delightful retreat. We little thought of the mournful catastrophe which was approaching. We never saw her alive again. Seven days afterwards we were awakened in the morning by the intelligence that she had died during the night, without either a groan or previous ailment, rather of joyful excitement than of ordinary illness: a nearer approach to euthanasia than any other I have ever heard of.

My mother was a remarkable woman: one of the most remarkable I have ever met with. She inherited the talents and vigour of her race, and she had acquired the graces and anecdote of the first and most intellectual London society. Her conversation—formed upon a residence of ten years with Mrs Montague, as I have already mentioned—was in the highest degree varied and animated. She had great readiness and talent for repartee, and delighted in recounting the scenes and persons with whom her early years had been passed; but she had an utter abhorrence for learned ladies, avoided all display of her information, and often repeated a favourite saying of Jeffrey's, that "he had no objection to blue stockings, provided the petticoats were long enough to conceal them." Strong good sense, a masculine understanding, a determined will, accompanied by a strong sense of humour, were her great characteristics. Beautiful and admired early in life—having refused rank, fortune, and fashion—she had voluntarily retired at the zenith of her

prospects, to share with my father the solitude and seclusion of an English parsonage-house. Having taken her determination, she adhered to it steadily through life; accommodated herself cheerfully to her altered circumstances; and never cast a thought back upon the brilliancy of her former existence, but to feel its hollowness, and rejoice at her escape from its perils. She lived chiefly, as might have been expected, in the past; read much, but reflected more. A sincere piety, a deep sense of duty, regulated all her actions; and Providence as its reward allotted to her a life which grew daily happier as it advanced.

In autumn 1830, I went the circuit for the last time. Mrs Alison and I went to Inverness by Dunkeld, Killiecrankie, and Strathspey; and we subsequently paid several visits together in the most romantic parts of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. The wild and wooded banks of the Findhorn, the picturesque ravine of the Druim, the wild rapid of Kilmorack, the charming banks of Loch Ness, with its magnificent Fall of Foyers, were all visited. The view in particular from the heronry on the banks of the Findhorn, over the vast woods of Lord Moray, helped imagination to conceive the boundless forests of the far west in America; while the superb scenery of Inverfarikaig and the Altmore, near the Fall of Foyers on Loch Ness, afforded a perfect specimen of the birch-clad rocks and blue lakes of Northern Europe. I went to Aberdeen alone, during a violent storm of wind and rain which

nearly equalled the celebrated "Moray floods" that had committed such devastation in the same country a year before.[1] In crossing the Spey near Fochabers I had the good fortune to see that rapid river in a high state of inundation.

> "Red came the river down, and loud and long
> The angry spirit of the water shrieked."

With great difficulty, and no small exertion of strength and skill on the part of the boatmen, we reached the opposite shore, half a mile below where we had set off. This raging flood struck me extremely. I had seen some such from the snow of the Apennines, but never had been borne on any such before. It is perhaps as awful a spectacle as even a tempest on the ocean; the rush of water is so vehement, the stream seems so determined and irresistible. It awakened in me the same feeling of sublimity as the Fall of Schaffhausen had done.

In November 1830, the Duke of Wellington's Ministry was defeated by a majority of 29 in the division on the Civil List, and immediately resigned. As a natural consequence, Sir William Rae and all the Crown counsel in Scotland sent in their resignations. Misfortunes never come singly. On the

[1] A very interesting account of these terrible floods was published at the time by my esteemed friend Sir T. Dick Lauder, in two volumes octavo. The hurricane already described, in which we were caught off Flamborough Head in that year (1829), was the one which, bursting in torrents of rain over Morayshire, produced that memorable inundation.

same day on which I found myself out of office, I received accounts of the failure of two writers' firms, to whom I had long been standing counsel. I found, in consequence, my professional income at once diminished by above a thousand a-year; and that, too, when I was married, was under heavy life insurances, and had recently expended all the money I had made at the Bar on the purchase of a town and a country house. The overwhelming labour of my office during the last eight years had, of course, impeded my advance in general business, and a check in it, during the critical years from thirty to thirty-seven, is not easily recovered. The prospect of political advancement as Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate, almost within my reach, for which I had run that risk, was suddenly and apparently for ever blasted. I had been very unfortunate in my political career. When I took office in 1823 I was assured by Sir W. Rae that in a year or two I should be Solicitor-General; and in November 1830, when I lost office, I was still Advocate-Depute. This long service, unparalleled in that situation, was owing to the accidental circumstance that Sir W. Rae during that time declined seven gowns, any one of which was at his disposal, from a desire to secure that of Chief Baron, which he did not get, it having been bestowed on Mr Attorney-General Shepherd. This, of course, stopped the promotion among the whole Crown counsel, and left me Advocate-Depute in 1830, when

I should have been Lord Advocate or on the Bench. My business which remained was sufficient indeed for the maintenance of myself and my family; the difficulty was, how to keep up my heavy life insurances and maintain my share of the expenses of our country villa, which yet had been such a source of delight to Mrs Alison, my father, and sisters, that I was to the last degree unwilling to relinquish it.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM MY LOSS OF OFFICE IN NOVEMBER 1830, TO MY APPOINTMENT AS SHERIFF OF LANARKSHIRE IN DECEMBER 1834.

NOVEMBER 1830—DECEMBER 1834.

It is a common observation that events which at the time appear stunning calamities, if taken in good part, often in the end are discovered to have been the real, though at the time unobserved, source of great advantages. Never was the justice of this remark more evident than at this crisis of my life. The circumstances in which I was placed had the effect of stimulating additional efforts, and of throwing me decidedly and permanently into the career for which my tastes and qualities were more peculiarly adapted. Naturally of a buoyant and sanguine disposition, I was not for an instant cast down or depressed by this reverse. But for the severe anxiety which at first it gave to Mrs Alison, it never would have cost me a moment's uneasiness. I was confident in my ability to withstand the stroke, and repair in some other way the breach, however

apparently irreparable, made in my professional prospects. It in the end, however, entirely altered the ruling passion of my mind. It substituted a sense of duty for the thirst for excitement, and literary took the place of political ambition. I became not a sadder but a soberer man. The world appeared to me in its real colours. I saw what was within my reach and should be aimed at. I cast aside as no longer an object of desire what was unattainable. I ceased to dream of being Lord Advocate and of shining in Parliament, the secret object of my former ambition. I still aimed at distinction, but it was to be gained, as I hoped, by intellectual strength, not political power. I have had no reason to regret the change. The laborious lawyer has been converted into the successful author; the cramped political partisan into the independent social thinker; the life emoluments of office into an early competence derived from honest exertion. From an event which at first sight appeared a crushing calamity, I date the commencement of independence and good fortune.

My first care was to provide some immediate increase to my resources, and if possible open up some durable source of income, which might supply in part at least what had been lost. It occurred to me that I might turn to some account the great amount of experience in criminal law which I had gained during the last eight years; and I accordingly went to Blackwood to make arrangements for the publica-

tion of such a work. The terms were soon arranged: I was to receive two hundred guineas for the first edition of a work on the Principles and Practice of Criminal Law, in two volumes octavo. On the 22d November it was finally fixed that we went out of office, and on the 29th I began my legal work, and worked at it most assiduously for the next nine months, which it took to complete the first volume.

The great want which I had felt in studying every part of the municipal law of Scotland was that of legal principle in elementary works. Practice had sufficiently shown me that there was principle in every part of law, and that it was the power of reaching and applying that principle which constituted the great characteristic of a profound lawyer. In the opinions delivered by the English judges, and in some of those in our own courts also, general views were admirably brought out; and it was evident that the science of law was capable of being as successfully *philosophised* as any other. But in almost all books on law there was a want of general principle; and its absence constituted the principal difficulty with which both the student and the professional advocate had to contend. Everything was announced as of equal importance and equal authority; and the reader found himself immersed in a sea of details, every one of which was of nearly the same insignificance taken singly, while their prodigious number seemed to preclude the possibility of their all being retained in the memory.

This great defect in legal works had been owing to books of law being now written chiefly, if not entirely, by young men, or at least by men in middle life: the days are past when a Coke, a Hale, a Foster, or a Stair condense in their mature years the experience and acquisitions of thirty years. The vast increase of business, arising from the extension of population and from transactions in all parts of the British empire, has rendered it impossible for judges in whose minds principle has become matured to give it to the world, except in detached fragments in the decision of particular cases. The young men on whom, as a matter of necessity, the composition of legal treatises has devolved, undertake each only a separate subject; and they do not venture, in the general case, to classify some decisions and disregard others, in the way indispensable to the extraction of legal principle from them. If they attempted this, the chances are their works would create dissatisfaction in the judges; who, though they will take the law from their seniors on the Bench, will not do so from their juniors at the Bar, and can seldom bear to have their decisions called in question. Thence it is that by a sort of tacit understanding no legal work is quoted as an authority during the author's lifetime.

I was well aware when I began my work that it was this cause which had rendered all recent works on law little more than a digest of decisions, often so contradictory to each other that it was scarcely possible by any effort to extract a consistent system from

them; and that any attempt to classify or generalise them, or deduce general principles from their clashing authority, would awaken opposition, and probably prevent the work from being received as an authority for a generation. But nevertheless I resolved to make the attempt. I had felt so severely the want of legal principle in the study and practice of law, that I considered it as the first duty of a writer on any of its branches to endeavour, at any hazard to himself, to obviate it in so far as he could for future times. With this view, I adopted from the very first the plan, of which Heineccius had given an example in his Institutes and Pandects of the Civil Law, of giving the principle on every subject in a single proposition, and deducing it from a variety of cases of which the particulars were given in the paragraph which followed—so as both to enable the reader to judge of the correctness of the deduction and to make him acquainted with the cases decided on the subject. It is not for me to say how far my intentions have been properly carried out; but the success of the work has amply demonstrated that they were founded on just views. Before it had been two years published it was constantly quoted in all the criminal courts of the kingdom; and although sometimes assailed by my contemporaries when they came to the Bench and it was quoted to them, it has steadily maintained its ground, and is now habitually referred to, except where subsequent statute or decision has made an alteration, as a standard authority.

In the composition of the first volume of this work a curious proof occurred of how tenacious the memory is when the interest has been warmly excited. I gave the particulars in it of above a thousand cases, in which I had been myself engaged, but of which no reports had been published, and of the evidence on which I myself had preserved no note. These cases were of course often quoted, and referred to in subsequent trials by counsel or agents who had been engaged in them, or the judges before whom they had been tried; but I never heard of any instance in which any material error was detected in the account of them which I had given. They had occurred over a space of ten years, and were reported, many of them, at that distance of time from that in which they took place, and show how the interest of jury trials fixes the circumstances attending them in the memory.

The loss of my official appointment, however, was attended by a consequence more material than the publication of a professional work, interesting only to a limited circle, in a narrow country like Scotland. It led immediately to the commencement of my political writing, and eventually to the publication of my History of Europe.

In November 1830 I had made considerable progress in the second volume of my History, the first being done, though it was by no means so far advanced as to admit of publication, and I had determined to wait till both were finished before deliver-

ing it to the world, in order that the narrative of the French Revolution might be in a manner concluded. As the popular ferment, however, was daily increasing, and the aspect of the social world rapidly becoming more threatening, I thought it better that the publication should, if possible, be accelerated; and accordingly, in the beginning of December, I sent the manuscript to Mr Blackwood, who had made the agreement with me for the publication of my Criminal Law. In a few days he returned the MS., with a letter saying that he should be happy to become the publisher; that he recommended me in the meantime to proceed vigorously with the completion of the second volume; and that "he hoped to live to publish many editions of it; that he had no doubt it would prove a History worthy of the greatest, the most important, and the most interesting era which had occurred in Europe since the fall of the Roman empire."

I was much gratified with this communication from a man of such talent, as well as practical acquaintance with his profession, as Mr Blackwood, and it gave me fresh spirit to go on with my laborious undertaking. But he added an additional suggestion, which eventually proved hardly of less importance. This was that he thought the style in which it was written was at times rather too much on stilts, or "Gibbonish," as he called it; but that if it were a little varied—more broken, and less didactic—he had no doubt it would be well adapted for

political articles, written in a philosophical spirit and with general views, in his Magazine. I thought the experiment was worth trying, and felt the justice of his criticism on the style; and accordingly that very day began my first political paper. It was "On the French Revolution," No. I., and appeared on January 1, 1831. I cannot tell the interest and anxiety with which Mrs Alison and I looked for the first proof of that paper. They much exceeded that which I had felt on the first proof of anything I had written which appeared in print; for it was the commencement of a new career—it was my first speech in the great Parliament of the nations. This was the commencement of a contest in real life. It was a struggle against all of which I had read and thought so much in the French Revolution. We seized upon the proof when it arrived with avidity, and great was the delight with which it was read by both. I did not hear much of the paper when it first came out; but when the second and third appeared in February and March, the series began to be noticed in the London press, and ere long attracted great attention, especially when in April 1831, after the Reform Bill had been brought forward by Lord John Russell, it was styled, "On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution." I continued the series regularly every month during the whole year, and concluded it with No. XIII. in January 1832. I often returned to the subject, however, for many years in subsequent volumes of the Magazine.

On looking back at this distance of time to this series of political papers, written on the spur of the moment, often under circumstances of great political excitement, and always under a presentiment of the most serious danger impending over the country, from the vehement passions which were excited among the people, and the despondency so visible among the holders of property,—I find, as may well be imagined, that it contains much exaggeration, frequent repetition, and some anticipations that have not been yet realised. But I do not find that the anticipations have been disproved by the event; the *time* only of their accomplishment was sometimes stated to be earlier than it has turned out. Generally speaking, however, they appear to be in a train of accomplishment; and in many particulars they have already been verified by the event. In particular, the predictions in No. V., published on May 1, 1831, that the Reform Bill would destroy the virtual representation of the colonies, which had grown up with the purchase of the close boroughs by colonial wealth; close the avenue by which the highest and most disinterested talent had hitherto obtained an entrance into the Legislature; vest supreme political power in a single class—that of the traders in the dominant island—to the exclusion of the varied interest which had hitherto divided the powers and attracted the attention of Government from all the different quarters of the empire; enormously increase the practice of bribery, "which,

no longer veiled in the decent obscurity of rotten boroughs, would now stalk in the open prostitution of great cities;" and virtually disfranchise the rural by vesting a numerical majority in the urban constituencies, and thereby in the end occasion the downfall of British agriculture,—seem all to have been already accomplished, or are in the course of fulfilment. Nor is it difficult to foresee, from the perils the nation has already gone through during the commercial crises of 1839 and 1842, and the increasing and apparently interminable evils consequent on the connection with Ireland, that the still more serious dangers predicted as to the ruinous consequences of vesting political power, suddenly and irrevocably, in a million of electors—a great part of whom, especially in that distracted isle, and the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, were wholly unprepared to exercise it—are still in the womb of fate, and sooner or later seem destined to work out, I much fear, great trouble in the British empire.

On the 19th March 1832 Mrs Alison was a second time confined, and gave birth to a daughter, who was named Isabella, after her maternal grandmother. Both did well, and my daughter has ever been a source of unbroken delight to us both.

The years 1831 and 1832 were periods of great intellectual activity with me. During session time we lived quietly in St Colme Street—in vacation went to Woodville; and in either case our habits were perfectly regular, and our lives entirely happy. The

shock consequent on the loss of so considerable a part of our income, and the abrupt closing of all prospect of political promotion, had been recovered from; my business at the Bar, relieved of the incubus arising from the labours of the Crown office, was steadily increasing; Mrs Alison's admirable economy soon brought our expenditure within our income; our minds were at ease as to the future, and the interest of political events so completely absorbed our attention, as to render unnecessary, and even irksome, the excitement of society or travelling. Leading thus a life of perfect regularity and comparative seclusion, the various undertakings I had in hand made rapid progress. Not a day passed, even in session time, that two hours, and often three, were not devoted to Criminal Law, which advanced rapidly. The first volume was finished October 27, 1831, just ten months after it had been commenced on 20th December 1830. It was published in January 1832, with a dedication to Sir W. Rae, "*Late* Lord Advocate of Scotland," a mark of respect in his then fallen fortunes which proved highly gratifying to that old and valued friend. In addition to this, I generally contrived to steal an hour or two from the night for the prosecution of my History; and every month wrote one, often two papers for "Blackwood." Nothing but regularity of habit and uniformity of life could have enabled me to get through so much literary work, at the same time that I was maintaining myself and family in a re-

spectable manner by my practice at the Bar. The papers in "Blackwood," written during that and the succeeding year, would of themselves have made two respectable volumes.[1] They were written, however,

[1] The following is a list of the papers I wrote for 'Blackwood's Magazine' during the years 1831 and 1832:—

		Vol.	Page
	1831.		
1.	On the Late French Revolution, No. I.,	xxix.	36
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6.	Do. do., No. VI.,	xxix.	919
7.	The Whig Budget,	xxix.	968
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13.	Foreign Policy of the Whigs, Belgium,	xxx.	491
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16.	Segur's Memoirs,	xxx.	731
17.	On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution, No. XI.,	xxx.	765
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4.	A Creation of Peers,	xxxi.	386
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at the same time with two large volumes of Criminal Law, and one volume of my History.

The second volume of my Criminal Law was finished on October 5, 1832, and published in the March following.[1] It was compiled, so far as not taken from the prior writers of authority, from the MS. notes on points of law which I had preserved, made at the time on the margin of the indictments, in the trial of which the points occurred. Above a thousand new cases were in this manner reported for the first time, and arranged in the same systematic form, and under the same condensed propositions, as in the first volume. The attempt thus made to reduce the perplexing and often contradictory series of legal adjudications to a few principles, necessarily implied a dealing with several decisions in a way sometimes

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21. The French Revolution of 1830,	xxxii.	931
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[1] The first volume of my Criminal Law was begun on December 20, 1830, and finished on October 27, 1831; the second was begun on November 17, 1831, and finished on October 5, 1832.

not altogether pleasing to the Bench by whom they had been pronounced, and which necessarily at the time produced some feelings of irritation. These feelings, however, have now in a great measure subsided; and I have had the satisfaction of witnessing, during the period which has since intervened, not only the success of the work, despite some passing ebullitions of judicial envy, fully established, but the plan on which it was constructed adopted in several other legal works, both in Scotland and England. And I have since had the satisfaction of learning that this attempt to reduce legal intricacy to definite principles has been appreciated both in Germany and America, where my work is not only frequently quoted, but forms part of the course of legal education.

The Reform Bill having passed in the autumn of 1832, the elections for the ensuing Parliament took place with the new constituencies. A great effort was made on both sides to acquire a majority of the voters; and as the importance of the Registration Courts, where the voters were recorded, was at once perceived, they were almost everywhere contested, and in some counties with extraordinary zeal and at an enormous expense. Among the rest, I was retained by Lord Aberdeen for the Conservative interest in the county of Aberdeen, where a keen contest was anticipated; my old friend Mr Alexander Monteith being the leading counsel on the other side. We went to the different polling-stations in

the county where the Registration Courts were held, and the whole occupied above a month. My retaining fee was 200 guineas. This was the first occasion on which I was engaged in this species of legal work, of which afterwards I had, as a judge, so immense a load to bear. It was, both at the Bar and on the Bench, by far the heaviest legal duty I had to discharge; for it required the closest and most uninterrupted attention during eight or ten hours a-day, requiring not only an extensive and varied acquaintance with many different branches of law, but also a facility which practice alone can give, in bringing the knowledge out as occasion may require.

The efforts of the Conservatives in this county were successful. Captain Gordon, after a severe contest, both in the Registration Court and on the hustings, was returned by a large majority—a strange contrast to the greater part of the constituencies elsewhere, which returned candidates in the Liberal interest.

On this occasion I saw decisive evidence that the Reform Bill had made a vast addition to the trouble and expense of elections, and would open a wide door to corruption; in some cases to territorial or moneyed interest, in others to the impulse of popular passion. I never entertained a doubt from that moment that, under the new constitution, Government in periods of tranquillity would be directed by the pecuniary interests of the majority of electors; in times of suffering, by the passions of a numerical majority of the people.

During this registration tour, which I made with Captain (afterwards Admiral) William Gordon, the candidate for the county, we were invariably the guests of the neighbouring landed proprietors, who were for the most part Conservatives. They all received us in the most cordial manner. Among the rest, we were two days at Haddo House, the seat of the Earl of Aberdeen. I need hardly say that the society of that eminent diplomatist was in the highest degree agreeable; and to me, occupied as I was with the annals of the period in which he had been so distinguished an actor, extremely interesting. His manner was grave, as was the expression of his countenance, and his habits in general rather taciturn than the reverse; but when he got on subjects which interested him, and he was speaking to a person who appreciated his information, he was both indulgent and communicative. He left on my mind the impression rather of an eminently sagacious man and a safe counsellor, than of either a brilliant orator or a far-seeing diplomatist.

His conversation was full of anecdotes of the illustrious men with whom he had passed his life, and the great events, especially towards the close of the war, in which he had borne a part. His views of the future of Great Britain under the new constitution were gloomy. He had all the high-bred courtesy in his manner, though it was stately and distant, which is seldom acquired save in the field of diplomacy. Lady Aberdeen had formerly been very handsome.

Her figure was still fine, and the remains of beauty were to be seen in her countenance; but she was in feeble health, and evidently labouring under the insidious disease of the lungs which ere long brought her to a premature grave.

In April 1833 the first two volumes of my History were published. Blackwood gave me 250 guineas for the first edition of one thousand copies, a high and liberal price for a work of an unknown author of uncertain success, and certain expense in the getting up. In doing so, however, he only acted up to his uniform character, which was that of the most generous and honourable as well as sagacious and enterprising gentleman in his profession I have ever known. In the outset, the success of the work was far from coming up to his anticipations. His son Robert Blackwood, afterwards the worthy successor of his father, told me, after the specimen copy had been sent round to the booksellers, that the subscription had been "very poor;" and Blackwood himself informed me with manifest chagrin, that when he showed a copy to Lord Melville, and pressed him to take it, he contrived to evade the purchase. It was not long, however, before I received more cheering advices. I first learned that at a dinner at Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle's, Professor Wilson had, with that fearless generosity which is ever the accompaniment of the highest class of genius, spoken of the work in the most gratifying terms, in which he had been joined by Lord Advocate Rae. For

long this was the only encouragement I met with. I received many letters in return for my presentation copies, some of which, particularly one from Lord Meadowbank, were couched in a strain of flattering encomium. Generally speaking, however, they were conceived in polite but cautious and general terms; the writers were evidently afraid of committing themselves. Mr Croker, to whom I had sent a copy, declined in distinct terms giving any opinion at all on it: he contented himself with saying that the opinion of the public would, ere long, be pronounced decidedly one way or other on the subject. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel simply acknowledged receipt of the copies; Lord Aberdeen alone, of the statesmen who received copies, expressed the least interest in the undertaking, though I wrote private letters explaining my views in the work to them all. Such was the reception which the History of Europe met with from the Conservative leaders and the public. I was not discouraged; I felt a secret assurance within me that my time would come.

When a few weeks had elapsed after the publication, and I began to hear the criticisms of my friends on such parts of the work as they had read, I was beyond measure astonished with the minute and trifling nature of the observations which were made. Nearly all related to the style, hardly a remark was made on the thoughts, and not one on the general spirit in which the work was conceived, or the ends

which the author had had in view in its composition. One said that the sentences were too long; another that there were too many "whiches;" a third, that it was a pity there were so many Scotticisms; a fourth, that the style would require great revision and amendment in the next edition, if it ever reached one. Not one said a syllable about the ideas, principles, or objects of the book, or even the accuracy of the facts which it narrated. I at once saw, and have never since ceased to admit, that there was some truth in all these criticisms, a great deal in many; but what struck me was their uniformly minute and trifling character. It was like commenting on the cut of drummers' coats in a general's army, instead of the discipline of the troops or the measures of the campaign. This for the first time opened my eyes to the superficial amount of ordinary critics' information on the subject of most literary compositions, and the value at which an author should estimate their praise or blame. Incapable of entering into the spirit of a work of reflection or importance; immersed in commonplace thought or frivolous details; destitute of the information necessary to form an opinion on the correctness of facts, or the judgment requisite to appreciate the justice of conclusions,—they have yet sufficient vanity to deem it necessary to show their superiority to the author by criticising his production. Their only resource for doing so is to fasten on the style; which, as it lies on the surface, and is open to the observation

of the most superficial eye, presents a fair mark for their shafts. The blots they fix on are often so trifling that they had entirely escaped the observation of the author, set on higher and more important objects. At the same time I early perceived, what subsequent experience has amply confirmed, that none of these criticisms, how trifling and minute soever, were to be despised; but that, on the contrary, a sensible author, by taking them in good part, may often derive very great benefit from those which at first sight appear most contemptible, and which perhaps have even been dictated by spleen or malevolence.

I sent copies of my first two volumes to the editors of the principal Reviews, particularly the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh;' but neither took any notice of the work. The former never reviewed it at all, nor ever mentioned it, except in a carping note or casual attack; the latter did not review the work till it was concluded, but it did so then, though with a fair amount of censure, in a liberal and honourable spirit.[1] Considering that my History was a great effort made in favour of the Conservative cause at the period of its lowest depression; when the press almost universally had gone over to the Liberal or revolutionary side; and when the author by publishing it had of course precluded himself from all chance of professional promotion from Government,—I felt that this silence on the part of the 'Quarterly' was

[1] See Edinburgh Review, No. 152, vol. lxxvi. p. 1.

unjust, more especially as the editor was an old personal friend. I suspected however, at the time, what I have since ascertained was the fact, that this was not owing to Lockhart but to Croker, whose influence in the direction of the Review was paramount, and who was chagrined at finding another taking out of his hands a subject on which he himself intended to have written, and for which he had made considerable collections, especially among rare original authorities. I soon obtained proof of his design having been abandoned, by being offered, through an indirect channel, his valuable collection at the price he had paid for it—an offer which I deeply regretted I was unable at the time from circumstances to accept. He sent the whole, in consequence, to the British Museum, where it now is, and forms the basis of the rich collection of original documents connected with the French Revolution which its noble library possesses. Croker had great knowledge in detail of the subject, and had evidently studied it with the assistance of the scarce and very curious original documents which his industry had collected during a long life; but it is doubtful if he could have made a valuable history of the French Revolution. His edition of Boswell's 'Johnson' would seem to show this. He is too minute in his views, trifling in his criticisms, and unduly set on unimportant details in his researches. He is destitute of breadth in his pictures or of general views in his composition. In his opinion it is of more

importance to ascertain by parish registers the day when an important personage was born, than to draw his character or elucidate his actions. This microscopic habit is dangerous at all times in history; but in that of the French Revolution it would be fatal. The great difficulty there experienced is the multitude of details; the first requisite in the historian is to classify and generalise them.

In July 1833, as soon as the summer session was closed, Mrs Alison and I set off for Paris, which was reached in the end of the month; and there we remained six weeks. We went by sea to London, and thence by Dieppe and Rouen to the French capital. This journey in all its parts was very delightful. The weather, both on land and at sea, was superb; the ocean was smooth, the Channel like glass, and the country, from the coast to Paris, resplendent with the dazzling sun and harvest riches of France. I enjoyed, not less than on the first occasion when I visited it, the innumerable characteristic and interesting differences between the Continent and the British Islands; and this pleasure was doubled by its being now experienced by Mrs Alison for the first time. The magnificent Gothic structures of the cathedral and church of St Ouen at Rouen; the splendid view from Mont St Michel, near that city; the massy tower of Nantes; the noble terrace of St Germains, — alternately awakened our admiration: and we were worked up to the highest excitement when, in the evening of the 26th July,

we drove into Paris by the magnificent entrance of the Champs Elysées, and took up our residence in the Hotel Brighton, in the centre of the Rue de Rivoli, looking into the most beautiful part of the gardens of the Tuileries. Paris is so splendid a city, at least in its ornamental quarters, that it excites fresh admiration every time it is seen; and never appears to more advantage than when, in consequence of not having been visited for a course of years, its magnificent features have in some degree faded from the memory. I had not seen it since 1821; and in the intervening thirteen years vast additions had been made, both to its public and private edifices. The colossal Arch of Neuilly was finished; the exquisite peristyle of the Madeleine was complete; the Bourse was the seat of busy commerce; the Rue de Rivoli was perfect; the adjacent wing of the Tuileries far advanced; and between the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne a new city of charming villas had risen up, which bespoke the opulence that had accumulated in the capital under the pacific Government of the Restoration. Much as I had admired Paris before, I admired it more now; and the enjoyment of showing its various objects of interest for the first time to Mrs Alison, communicated to it a new interest I had never known before.

My principal object in going to Paris at this time was to see with my own eyes the effect of a successful revolution, and be able to speak from personal observation of the Government of the Barricades.

In both respects my desires were fully gratified. For two months I was constantly going about Paris, at all hours of the day and night; I mingled with all societies, from the highest to the lowest, and spared no pains to make myself acquainted with the state of public opinion, and the practical administration of government in the capital. Letters I had brought with me gave me access to the leaders of all parties; and, as is often the case, they were more communicative to a foreigner and bird of passage than they would have been to a neighbour and compatriot. I visited with the deepest interest the Clôitre de St Mery in the heart of Paris, and the Église de St Germain Auxerrois in front of the façade of the Louvre, the theatres of such desperate conflicts in the Revolution of July 1830, and in the not less formidable insurrection of February 1832. I beheld with emotion bands of workmen, armed to the teeth, repairing and strengthening the fortifications of Vincennes, and converting the theatre of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien into an impregnable citadel. I watched the progress of works, already beginning to be chalked out on the ground, which have since been completed by the aid of M. Thiers and the revolutionary party in France, and which subjected the rebellious capital to the empire of the sword. Returning from the opera at night to our hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, I counted the incessant pickets of infantry and cavalry which crossed our carriage even in that short distance, and in the

most opulent and peaceable quarter of Paris. I said nothing, but observed everything. My mind had not been fraught in vain with the annals of the former convulsion. In everything around me I beheld a demonstration of the truth that popular convulsions, from whatever cause commenced, lead if successful to nothing but military depotism.

My residence in the French capital at this time was far more instructive and usefully employed than it had been on any former occasion. I had now a definite object in view—to trace out, so far as they still remained, the vestiges of the great convulsion, in the history of which I was engaged, and to observe the effects of the subsequent change of dynasty, of which I was a spectator. The time passed very delightfully. The first four hours of every day were invariably devoted to some excursions of my own to objects or places of historic interest in Paris or its vicinity; the last three to visiting, with Mrs Alison in the carriage, its museums, palaces, churches, and collections of art. The museum of the Louvre was the subject of a daily visit: though stripped of the unequalled treasures it contained in 1814, it was still an important and interesting subject of contemplation. The heights of Belleville, Chaumont, and Montmartre; the Mont Valérien; the site of the Temple and the Bastille; the theatre of the combat of the Swiss, in the Place du Carrousel; the Hôtel de Ville, and scene of Robespierre's fall; the Conciergerie and cell where Marie

Antoinette was confined; the halls in the Tuileries where Napoleon reigned; the corner in the garden of the Luxembourg where Ney suffered,—were all visited and revisited with care. To engrave their recollection the more indelibly on the memory, I took sketches of the principal scenes and objects. The evenings were devoted either to the opera, theatres, or places of public amusement, or to writing observations on what I was daily witnessing in the French capital. The two articles which afterwards appeared in 'Blackwood' in the close of that year, entitled "Paris in 1833,"[1] and the review of Marshal Ney's Memoirs, were written at this period, in the *salon* of our rooms in the Hotel Brighton, Rue de Rivoli.

So delightful was this period, both to Mrs Alison and myself, that we entertained serious thoughts of prolonging our tour to Switzerland, and we had gone so far as to take out our passports and order post-horses for Geneva by the route of Dijon. But on second thoughts we concurred in thinking that, having already stolen two months from the autumn vacation, it would be imprudent, dependent as I now was entirely on my profession, to prolong our residence on the Continent for a longer period. Under a sense of duty to our children, therefore, but with heavy hearts, and a keen sense of the enjoyment we were foregoing, we altered our destination, and took

[1] See "Paris in 1833," Nos. I. and II., and "Ney's Memoirs," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. xxxiv., pp. 641, 657, and 902.

the road to Calais by Amiens. We were three days on the way, and saw the cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais, the picturesque churches of Abbeville, the stately remains of Chantilly, in passing. The weather was delicious. From morning till night a brilliant sun burned in an unclouded firmament; every object seemed smiling around us; and at night the moon shone in a serene heaven, and that delicious coolness pervaded the atmosphere, which in warm climates succeeds a sultry day. There are periods in life—few, brief, and far between—when external circumstances are so delightful, internal feelings so entrancing, good society so enchanting, that the mind surrenders itself without reserve to the stream of enjoyment, the recollection of which can never perish, and which form in subsequent years brilliant points that throw a halo round the monotony of intervening existence. Such a period was this journey from Paris to Calais.

> "Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
> As the vase in which roses have once been distilled:
> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"

From London we returned by York and Carlisle to Edinburgh. On the road to the former town we visited Burley, which, strange to say, I had never yet seen, and admired the exquisite head of our Saviour by Carlo Dolci, and the interesting relics of the Elizabethan age which that interesting pile contains. Our object in returning by Carlisle was to

visit Fountains Abbey, the only very celebrated ruin in England which I had never beheld. The little sequestered valley, shut in between pastoral hills, with its smooth meadows watered by a meandering stream; the noble trees, coeval with the sacred edifice, which now overshadowed its turf; the exquisite lancet-windows, and light tracery of the ruins; the walls, overhung with ivy, whose dark green contrasts with the light warm tint of the stone,—combined to form one of the most exquisite objects which Great Britain can produce, and which is of a kind not to be met with in any other country. The romantic vale of Greta, the shapeless swell of Stanmore, the imposing pile of Barnard Castle, detained us but a short period with their interest; and we reached home in the end of September, charmed with our journey, and with no small additions to the literary materials from which my History was to be framed.

The remainder of the year 1833, as far as time could be spared from my professional avocations, was devoted to the strenuous prosecution of my History, and it made rapid progress under the effect of continual application. I had now entered on the great campaigns of Napoleon: that of Marengo was soon finished; that of Moreau at Hohenlinden followed; and ere long the brilliant events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena, introduced me to the memorable and immortal events of the great soldier's life. Incredible was the ardour with which I entered on this new and

fascinating branch of the subject. The complication, the perplexity, the insignificant character of military events, were now at an end. I could afford to be graphic: the subject called for minuteness; its splendour invited description. Genius and success had stamped so great a character on events, that the historian would be felt to be wanting to his theme if he did not paint them with the pencil of romance, heightened, where it was possible, by the colours of poetry. This gave an interest to my labours which I had long hoped for, but never before experienced. It far exceeded what I had anticipated. Henceforth my work had got what I was aware it had previously wanted—unity of interest. The innumerable events, inconsiderable in themselves, trifling in their results, with which the military history of the wars of the Revolution had hitherto been crowded, were at an end. The historian no longer required to repress his desire for description by the necessity of preserving brevity. Napoleon had drawn all the events of the period to his person, as he had concentrated all the forces of Europe around or in opposition to his standards. The singleness of interest in Sophocles or Euripides was not more complete.

I continued throughout the whole of 1833 and 1834 to write regularly for 'Blackwood'—sometimes two, always one paper every month. Political excitement at that period was so vehement, anticipations of evil from the passing of the Reform Bill so strong, that no other subject but politics could be

thought of. It was impossible to expatiate on subjects of taste, literature, or poetry, when society was in a state of convulsion, and expectations of revolution were equally entertained on both sides; on the one, with the most ardent hopes of a regeneration of society—on the other, with the most mortal apprehensions of its overthrow. My heart was full, and I disburdened it in these monthly effusions, writing with sincerity and earnestness on a subject on which I felt strongly.[1] I wrote according to my invari-

[1] The following is a list of the papers I wrote during 1833 and 1834 for 'Blackwood's Magazine,'—viz. :

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	1834.		
1.	Hints to the Aristocracy,	xxxv.	68
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able practice through life, strongly, openly, and fearlessly; and I may say with truth, I was alike indifferent whether it was to lead me to the scaffold or the Bench. Judging from the past and the experience of other countries, I certainly thought the former was the more probable termination to my labours.

In June 1834 I made my first public speech on a political subject. This was at a dinner, given on 12th June by 500 Conservative electors in Edinburgh to Mr Learmonth, the unsuccessful candidate on the Tory side in the last election. I took great pains with this speech, composed it carefully before, and repeated it several times to myself, with the greatest energy of emphasis and action, before delivering it in public. I was entirely unknown, however, as a public speaker; and in consequence, though a toast was given me,[1] yet I had no seat on the platform, but was placed between two windows with my back to the light, and my face to the sides of the company, in a situation so dark and low that scarcely any of the persons in the room could discern my features. Nothing could have been more unfavourable, there-

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15. Ireland,	xxxvi.	747

[1] "Freedom of Election," in allusion to the innumerable and shameful attempts to overawe it by brutal violence, then common on the part of the Reform party.

fore, than the circumstances under which my first essay in public speaking was made. I was sustained, however, as on all other important occasions of my life, by a secret confidence in my own powers, which, without, I trust, producing any external display of it in manner or conversation, relieved me of disquietude. That calm conviction is one of the most valuable gifts of nature; for it removes equally the perturbation which may produce failure, and the vanity which may disfigure success. On this occasion it proved of the utmost service. When I stood up to speak, the greater part of the company, not knowing who it was, or if they did know, taking it for granted from the place given me that I was not worth listening to, were inattentive, or conversing with each other; and my voice, powerful as it was, could scarcely surmount the din with which I was surrounded. Before a few sentences, however, had been uttered, I saw the eyes of numbers fixed on me; the noise rapidly ceased, the heads were turned round, and in less than five minutes every countenance in the room was fixed on me, and no sound but my own voice was to be heard in the hall. The speech, composed in that sustained, condensed style which can alone be relied on to move a public assembly, and delivered in that earnest impassioned manner which springs from strong internal conviction, was fraught with those sentiments which had long floated vaguely in every bosom of the listeners, but had not perhaps previously found utterance

in such energetic and forcible language. It was in advance of the audience, and *but a little* in advance. Nothing, therefore, could be more enthusiastic than the reception it met with; and when, on a subsequent occasion in the evening, Mr Robertson[1] alluded to the speech, and mentioned my name, the company stood up and gave three vehement cheers—a gratifying circumstance to one who for the first time had then made his appearance on the arena of political discussion.[2]

In September 1834 the Scientific Association met in Edinburgh, and I became acquainted with several of the eminent scientific characters who attended it, particularly Mr Whewell of Cambridge, Mr Murchison,[3] the celebrated geologist, and Professor Sedgwick. I have more than once on subsequent occasions attended similar meetings of the Association; but I have great doubt whether it has been of real service. Genius is essentially solitary; its home is the library or the fireside, not the assembly or the lecture-room. All great discoveries have been made by the unaided efforts of lonely thought: the intercourse of the world may extend the circle of their application, but it adds nothing to the force of original invention. The Association should rather be called an Association for the Application of

[1] Afterwards Lord Robertson, one of the judges of the Court of Session.

[2] The speech was very well reported in the Edinburgh newspapers of the day, particularly the 'Courant' and the 'Advertiser.'

[3] Afterwards Sir Roderick Murchison.

Science to Art—an important object without doubt, but immeasurably inferior to the discovery of truth itself. Its real value consists in the introduction of men of talent to each other, and the extension of correspondence and acquaintance into distant countries; and if this is not a very important object for the extension of knowledge, it is at least often of material service to the happiness of life.

After the sittings of the Association were concluded, we joined a very agreeable country party at Dunglass, of which Mr Sedgwick and Mr Murchison formed a part. The conversation of these eminent men struck me much, and formed matter for serious reflection. It related chiefly, if not exclusively, to subjects of physical science, but within these limits it was varied, animated, and entertaining. No persons in Scotland of the same description could bear a comparison with them in this respect. It was easy to see that the habit of talking after dinner in the common halls at the English universities, before a superior, often a learned audience, had given them a decided pre-eminence in the power of communicating ideas over those not habituated to similar social intercourse. But it may be doubted whether that habit is an advantage in the end, either to the business of life or to agreeability of manner. It tends to fix the ambition of men upon a species of eminence independent of real excellence—viz., conversational celebrity; and the desire to shine in that as more easy of acquisition, and as attended with more

immediate reward than the labours of the closet, often withdraws ambition from durable achievement. It makes men of eminence haranguers rather than agreeable talkers, renders them jealous of others who may interfere at all with their supremacy, and prevents that interchange of sentiment and opinion which renders conversation of the highest kind one of the most refined and exquisite enjoyments in life.

I accompanied Mr Sedgwick and Mr Murchison on a boating expedition to St Abb's Head, the geological features of which they were desirous of exploring. The day (September 10) was one of those delicious ones which frequently occur in Scotland in autumn, and give to its inhabitants for a brief season a taste of the delights of a southern climate. The air was calm and serene; the dew of morning yet sparkled at noon-day under the trees and in the shady nooks, but the sultry sun, wherever his rays could penetrate, spread a bright effulgence of glory over the landscape. We rowed in the boat under the cliffs which on that iron-bound coast breast the waves of the German Ocean, and the calmness of the water enabled us to enter every creek and natural harbour in their recesses. The lower part of the rocks were covered with a bright yellow lichen, which glittered with extraordinary brilliancy in the rays of the sun; the cliffs above, alternately grey and of a coarse pink tint, rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a prodigious

height in sullen grandeur. So calm was the day that their reflection appeared as perfect in the briny surface as if it were a pellucid fresh-water lake. The deep ravines and indentations in the precipices reposed in shadow amidst that sea of light; while the transparent surface at their feet, seen to a vast depth from the clearness of the water, seemed to invite the wearied voyager to plunge into its cool recesses. Various islands of rock, starting up to a great height like natural towers and steeples, which we rowed round, flamed in the rays of the declining sun with almost intolerable brightness. Altogether the scene was one of the few where external objects are so delightful, the aspect of nature so delicious, that an indelible charm is imprinted on the recollection, often far greater than can be accounted for by the mere sublimity or beauty of the objects themselves.

The four years from November 1830 to November 1834 were years of calm and happy discharge of duty. Our reduced finances, and my arduous legal and literary labours, kept us much at home; but we were there comfortable and contented. Mrs Alison's admirable management combined elegance with economy; we incurred no debt; and we were happy in ourselves and each other. She has often since said that these four years were the happiest of her life. The consciousness that I was strenuously exerting myself in behalf of what I deemed my country's good, and, unknown to the world, possibly aiding in

averting some of its dangers, was a source of consolation, perhaps sometimes of pride. We were much interested in observing the impression made by my political papers as they monthly appeared, and amused by the various speculations we heard as to who was their author. Mr Croker was frequently named; I was never thought of. But these tranquil days were not destined to be of long duration. King William in October 1834 dismissed the Melbourne Administration; and Sir William Rae immediately sent for me, to consult concerning the reconstruction of the staff of Government appointments in Scotland.

It was at first supposed that Hope would become Solicitor-General again, as he had been in 1830, when the Wellington Administration went out. But he positively declined to accept the office; and it became necessary to choose a Solicitor-General among the numerous aspirants for that situation. Sir William at first cautiously avoided committing himself as to whom he would recommend to Government for that office, and for several weeks it was to all appearance undecided; but intelligence received from Glasgow in the course of December brought matters to a crisis. On the 16th of that month, Mr Rose Robinson, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, died; and one of the official gentlemen connected with that city sent me the earliest intelligence of the event, accompanied by an expression of the wish on the part of the magistrates that I would apply for the appointment. This information reached me at four in the morning;

and after consulting with Mrs Alison for an hour, I determined to apply for it. I now saw within my grasp what had ever been the grand object of my life, as it should be of every sensible man—competence and independence. The office was worth above £1400 a-year. With the fruits of my literary labours and the returns of the property I had realised, this might be expected to be raised to £2000. I had no wish for more extended means, or a higher situation. I was not ignorant that, by accepting an appointment in Glasgow, and leaving the Crown offices in Edinburgh—the highway to official elevation—I put myself out of the way of farther advancement, and might give the dispensers of patronage reason to say that I had made my election, and voluntarily withdrawn from the sphere of promotion. From several hints which Sir W. Rae had given me, I had reason to believe that such promotion was already within my reach. But though the time was that to be Solicitor-General had been the great object of my ambition, that time had passed away. The events of the last four years had inspired me with distrust in the stability of any Administration, especially one founded on a Conservative basis. Above all, new and higher objects of ambition had opened to my mind. Literary had come to supersede legal ambition: I no longer desired to be Lord Advocate; I felt that such an appointment would prove fatal to my independence, and crush any original thought that might be evolving in my mind. A useful independent career,

accompanied by sufficient time to prosecute my historical labours, was now the object of my ambition; and the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire appeared to offer this. I was aware it was a laborious situation; but I trusted, and as the event proved, not without reason, to my habits of industry to find the means of combining the discharge of its duties with my other designs in life. With these views, I walked out to St Catherine's, Sir William Rae's residence, three miles from Edinburgh, on the morning of the 17th.

When I saw Sir William, and mentioned that the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire had become vacant, he said, "Well, who should be Sheriff? Of course you would not be such a fool as to take it yourself?" "I don't know that," I replied, and then detailed to him the reason which induced me to wish for the situation. "What!" said he,—"give up your prospects here; you are perhaps not aware I am going to recommend you to be Solicitor-General? My great object is to put you on the Bench; and that is the highroad to it. Think well what you are about: I strongly advise you to stick to the Crown offices." I thanked him with perfect sincerity for his favourable intentions, and promised to think of it; but after doing so, and again consulting Mrs Alison, I adhered to my determination; and Sir William wrote off in consequence that very night to Sir Robert Peel, recommending me to the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and suggesting M'Neill (now Lord Advocate)

for that of Solicitor-General, as I had declined it. He told me, however, that he would not communicate with M'Neill till I had thought of it further; and he did not do so, accordingly, till Sir R. Peel's answer arrived, who at once and in the handsomest manner, and with most flattering expressions to myself, acceded to both recommendations. It was on the 22d December that this letter arrived. Sir William, upon receiving it, came to me, while Mr H. Drummond waited on M'Neill; but the latter did not accept office till Sir William had sent him word that I had finally declined the Solicitor-General's gown. We all three dined at St Catherine's with Sir William that day, having now definitively taken our issues in life,—M'Neill for legal and political elevation—myself for official duty and literary exertion. Sir William was some time, however, before he resumed his friendly manner towards me, after I had in this manner disappointed his projects; and the first time I met him in church after the arrangements were fixed he would scarcely speak to me.

Duncan M'Neill, now Lord President of the Court of Session,[1]—the highest judicial situation in Scotland, —is too leading a public character in his country not to deserve a place in memoirs which, if they have any value, it must be found in the number of eminent men with whom at different times the author has been brought in contact. He is certainly a very

[1] Afterwards Lord Colonsay.

remarkable man, as well for talents as unwearied industry and inflexible steadiness of purpose. The second son of Mr M'Neill of Colonsay, a remote island on the west coast of Scotland, he came to the Bar in 1815, with no advantage of aristocratic connection, and none in business except the support of an agent's house, in which he had served an apprenticeship to a Writer to the Signet, to which branch of the profession he had been at first destined. His great acuteness and command of legal talent, however, early induced a change of view. He was called to the Bar, when his business habits and forensic abilities ere long introduced him into considerable practice. He was already one of the advocates-depute under Sir W. Rae when I was appointed to that office in 1823. He owed his elevation chiefly to the attention he paid to criminal business as counsel for the accused, and to the great acuteness which he displayed in discovering and stating technical objections to the forms of the proceedings and the indictments against the prisoners. Having felt his weight as an opponent, the Lord Advocate wisely deemed it expedient to secure his assistance as a friend, and he continued Advocate-Depute for several years with me, till he was promoted to the sheriffship of Perthshire on the elevation of Lord Medwyn to the Bench in 1828. We thus ran in harness together during several years, and conducted many important cases together, in which we

had to contend with Jeffrey, Moncreiff, Cockburn, and the first counsel at the Bar. This was particularly the case at the celebrated trial of Burke in 1828, who has given a new name to the crime of murder by suffocation. I had thus the very best opportunity, as well as from frequent opposition to him in civil cases, of estimating his abilities.

If these are not of the highest kind, they are of the most serviceable description. In that respect he is perhaps superior to any of his contemporaries at the Bar. His turn of mind is essentially practical rather than speculative; he is neither a philosopher nor an orator, but an invaluable hard-headed lawyer. His natural acuteness is great; and it has been rendered still greater by long practice, and the exclusive direction of his mind to the niceties of legal distinctions or the weighing of contradictory evidence. In both these particulars he has become a perfect master, and probably no other man could fill, with equal credit to himself and advantage to the country, the important chair of President of the Court of Session in Scotland. To these valuable professional qualities must be added a strong vein of good sense as well as natural humour, often its inseparable ally; a perfect simplicity of manner and character; a total absence of pride or vanity, both in public and private; and a uniform courtesy and good-humour on the Bench, which has endeared him to all the practitioners before the Court. In the

House of Commons, in which he sat for several years as member for Bute when Lord Advocate, M'Neill's remarkable abilities were soon discovered, and he was universally liked; but, with his usual good sense, he seldom spoke except on professional subjects, when he never failed to convey information and command respect.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MY APPOINTMENT TO THE SHERIFFSHIP OF LANARKSHIRE, TO THE TERMINATION OF THE COTTON-SPINNERS' TRIAL.

DECEMBER 1834—JANUARY 1838.

I WAS not long in discovering what laborious and responsible duties I had undertaken in becoming Sheriff of Lanarkshire. Before I had been a fortnight installed in office, I found myself involved in the direction and responsibility of *four* contested elections—viz., one in Glasgow, one in the county of Lanark, one in the Rutherglen, and one in the Falkirk set of burghs. Great excitement prevailed in them all, in consequence of its being felt that the contest would determine the fate of Sir R. Peel's Administration ; and defensive preparations were necessary, both in the burghs and in the county. Happily the public peace was not disturbed—chiefly, I believe, in consequence of the majority for the Liberal party being everywhere so considerable that it was unnecessary to have recourse to violence or intimidation to overawe their opponents. I made the best arrange-

ments I could in such an emergency; but I was very happy when it was over without their efficiency being put to the test, for there was no regular police in any part of Lanarkshire except Glasgow; and I was well aware that the special constables were not to be relied on, especially in a moment of excitement, in a contest with the populace. Nor was the ordinary business of my office less formidable. I found an arrear of above a hundred cases in my own department, that had grown up during the last short illness and since the death of my predecessor, which, with the daily increment of business, and the numerous cares and anxieties connected with the prosecution of crime and maintenance of the peace in so great a county, already numbering 400,000 inhabitants, amply occupied my time.

On the 12th February 1835, Mrs Alison and I with our family left Edinburgh for the west, and took up our abode at Possil House near Glasgow, where we have ever since resided, and where the happiest as well as most useful years of my life have been spent. It was with a heavy heart that, in a lowering and snowy day, we left the home in St Colme Street, where in tranquillity and happiness the last ten years had been spent, and our children had been born. We felt it a painful step to leave in middle life the city of our fathers; where we had both dwelt and grown up almost from childhood, where the greater part of our friends were assembled, where our earliest intimacies had been formed, and with

which our dearest associations were connected. But I set out with the classic line engraven on my heart—

"Omne solum forti patria;"

and we both resolved to make the best of a change undertaken from a sense of duty.

I was fortunate enough to find Possil House unoccupied and to let furnished in the middle of winter: it proved a delightful residence, and well adapted for our purpose. Situated in a park of thirty acres studded with noble trees, some of which are elms of huge dimensions two centuries old, it had the advantage of fine gardens and perfect retirement, and was yet at a distance of only three miles from Glasgow. To walk in and out of town daily, was, to a person of my strength and active habits, no more than agreeable and healthful exercise; and ere long I discovered that the hour and a half spent daily in this occupation was most valuable, because it afforded time for *solitary thought*. The house consisted of an old mansion of a hundred and fifty years' standing, and a modern addition containing public rooms, forming together a commodious house. The principal drawing-room opened into Mrs Alison's boudoir, which soon became the habitual home scene, and it again led to the library—the dining-room of the old part of the mansion—which was ere long overloaded with books, and where the last eight volumes of my History were written. The rapid increase of volumes, in consequence of the extensive purchases

POSSIL HOUSE

rendered necessary by the progress of my work, soon outgrew its ample shelves; the bookcases in the boudoir were soon filled; and before many years had elapsed, we found it necessary to fit up, in addition, the entrance-hall as a library, where the books least in immediate request, or most ornamental in their binding, were placed.

About the time of my move to Lanarkshire, the third and fourth volumes of my History, bringing it down to the assumption of the imperial crown by Napoleon in December 1804, were published. At the same period, the second edition of the first and second volumes—which, from the increasing demand, was made of 1500 copies—issued from the press. The progress of the first edition, which appeared as already mentioned in April 1833, had at first been very slow; insomuch that, when I proposed to Blackwood in the spring of 1834 that the printing of the two next volumes in the series should be commenced, he recommended that it should be delayed, which was accordingly done. In the early part of the summer of 1834, however, the sale increased rapidly; and not only was a new edition called for in the succeeding autumn, but it was soon found advisable to augment the number printed from 1000 to 1500 copies. To accommodate the purchasers of the preceding volumes, the first edition of the third and fourth volumes was at once made of 2000 copies. This addition to my work was very favourably received by the daily press, more so consider-

ably than the first had been, and this gradual but steady increase of popularity gave me great encouragement. I thought I could discern something more than the mere indulgence usually shown to a young and unknown author: symptoms of interest began to be evinced in the work. Captain Marryat in particular, in his *critique* upon the volumes in the 'Metropolitan Magazine,' amidst many just and valuable criticisms, mingled some too flattering encomiums; which, as Lord Byron said of a review of "Childe Harold" by Sir W. Scott, it would as ill become me to repeat, as it is impossible for me to forget.

I had not been long in Lanarkshire before I discovered that society in its commercial community was split into more divisions and coteries, which were actuated by a stronger feeling of jealousy towards each other, than the most aristocratic circles in London. The West India merchants then took the lead, and considered themselves with reason as the best society in the city: five or six families of that class lived almost exclusively with each other, and rigidly confined themselves to visiting within their own circle. They had in consequence acquired the *sobriquet* of the "Sugar Aristocracy." Next to these came the cotton magnates; some of them had acquired or were acquiring great wealth, and were possessed of superior intelligence and abilities, among whom old Kirkman Finlay, the friend of Canning and Huskisson, a man highly respected

for his extensive mercantile information in Parliament, was the most remarkable. The oldest and most eminent among these were occasionally seen at the tables of the Sugar Aristocracy; but a few only enjoyed that privilege, and it was evident that the ladies of their respective families entertained a considerable jealousy of each other. The calico-printers stood third on the list of fashion, and but a few of them, and generally only the men of the families, were to be seen at the tables of either the sugar or cotton lords. Last of all came the iron and coal masters, who, though often possessed of greater or at least more rapidly increasing wealth than any of the others, were scarcely ever to be seen in their circles, and obviously when they were, belonged to an inferior grade in society. All these different sets embraced men of the highest respectability, often of great talent and valuable information, and I, a stranger, was most kindly and hospitably received by them all. I never went into the company of any of them without learning something I did not know before. But there was no getting them to draw with each other, as the ladies of their families stood aloof from all intercourse out of their little respective circles; and, of course, it is women who have the making at least of mixed society in every community. The result was that it had long been found impossible to keep up assemblies or any places of common intercourse in Glasgow; and in a city containing 250,000 inhabitants,

you could with difficulty bring together five-and-twenty couple of young persons to dance, who would be introduced to each other.

At first Mrs Alison and I were much surprised at this state of matters, which struck us the more from presenting such a contrast to the society in Edinburgh, where not only did all the persons of respectability know each other, but were for the most part so intimate that, at the close of a season, they formed to appearance one great family. We frequently laughed in consequence at our new friends, for their rigid and universal adoption of the exclusive system; and thought it was comparable to nothing but what Miss Martineau has recounted of some boarding-girls in America, who said that they had a delightful society at their establishment, for "they associated only with the milliners' daughters, and had nothing to do with those of haberdashers; and that their happiness would be complete if they could only exclude the daughters of the *greengrocers*, but this they found to be impossible."[1] By degrees, however, we came to see that this state of society, apparently so incongruous and unreasonable in a mercantile community, was in truth unavoidable, and was founded on more substantial reasons there than the exclusive system so well known and long established in the aristocratic circles of England.

What makes people associate together with ease and familiarity is equality in birth, education, man-

[1] Martineau's 'America,' vol. iii. p. 33.

ners, and accomplishments: discrepancies of other kinds can be got over more easily than those of manners. Everybody can judge of them; few only can appreciate, or indeed care for, mental superiority. In aristocratic circles, or those formed chiefly by landed proprietors, everybody's birth and education are known. Manners are much the same; the position in society of every one is fixed. But in mercantile communities the acquisition of wealth is often so rapid that persons of the largest fortunes were, twenty or thirty years ago, labouring with their own hands at the shuttle, the forge, or in the printfield. Hence riches are often found vested in the largest quantities in vulgar hands; and persons who often stand highest in point of respectability with the banks or on the Exchange, do not possess the manners or education which are essential to good society. The only resource that remains to those who do enjoy these advantages, or who have inherited them from their parents, is to confine themselves strictly to their own circle, and admit none of the *parvenus*, how opulent soever, into it. Strangers easily find admission; neighbours rarely. Other things being equal, respectability of descent is the best guarantee of good manners. Nowhere is the proverb more thoroughly understood than in a mercantile community that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; because nowhere is the general impossibility of forming one in any other way so frequently demonstrated. It is because so few of them remain in trade to the third

generation that good society is so limited, and access to it guarded with so much jealousy. In vain does man seek to emancipate himself from the influence and the feelings of aristocracy; the more it is abolished by law, the more is it sought to be re-established by custom.

Another peculiarity in the commercial society of the west of Scotland struck me as remarkable, and as forming the great distinction between it and the state of things in the Italian and Flemish republics. This was the absence of any *old* mercantile families in the city; and the habit, which had become fixed, of wealth when it grew to be considerable taking wings to itself, and flying off to a distant part of the country in search of landed investment. This was immediately followed by a migration of the family to the purchased estate. Glasgow was not only left, but discarded—all allusion to it was shunned, even in conversation. The new landed proprietor and his family sought to imitate the ideas and habits of the old families by whom they were surrounded in their new abode; they avoided everything which could recall their mercantile origin: the young men affected the manners and habits of the squires in their neighbourhood—the young women made the greatest exertions to obtain an entrance to the drawing-rooms of the old nobility. The "shop," as it was called, was carefully eschewed. This, though natural in a community such as Great Britain, where commercial opulence is rapidly en-

croaching on a territorial aristocracy still founded on feudal ideas, was attended with important effects, both on the frame of society, the aspect of towns, and the state of the arts. It denuded the parent city of its mercantile offspring as soon as it had attained a certain amount of opulence; hence the want of any old families or dignified manners in its society. It precluded the construction of those stately urban palaces, at once the fruit and place of deposit of commercial wealth, which add so much to the grandeur of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Ghent. It extinguished the nursery for the fine arts, which was formed by the rivalry of the old mercantile families for the adornment of their galleries or the embellishment of their walls. How powerfully the opposite set of causes has operated in producing the magnificence and interest of the Flemish and Italian cities is well known to every scholar and traveller. The reason is, that in them the parent commercial city was the head of a separate republic, in which all its opulence and influence centred: in Great Britain commercial cities are merely workshops of wealth scattered throughout a great territory, which the citizens strive to quit as soon as possible. Had Glasgow been in Italy, it would have been the capital of a Clydesdale republic, in which all its opulence and magnificence would have centred, and which would perhaps have rivalled Antwerp or Florence in the splendour of its structures and the magnificence of its galleries. Our

state of society in Britain is more favourable to the social union and political strength of the State; but it will never produce such a development of genius in the fine arts as has arisen from the separate mercantile capitals of Greece and Italy.

I had not been long in Lanarkshire before I discovered that nearly all the elements of national strength and weakness of which I had read or written in other states were in active operation around me; and that in no other situation in the empire was I likely to be more thoroughly made acquainted by actual experience with the conflicting passions and interests which at all times distract, and sometimes convulse society. In the vast combinations of the trades-unions, arrayed under their secret and despotic committees, with whom I was ere long involved in serious conflicts, I found an example of democratic ambition on a large scale, and with a formidable organisation. In the terrors of moneyed men, of which on the occurrence of every crisis I received the most convincing proof, I perceived the truth of Mirabeau's observation, that a "capitalist is the most timid animal in existence;" and learned to appreciate the vast source of weakness which is opened in every community with the spread of commercial opulence. In the obstinate resistance which the country gentlemen of Lanarkshire, from the duke down to the bonnet-laird, made to my every effort to get a rural police established, I saw clearly how little qualified men in any rank are for the

practical discharge of the duties of self-government; and beheld exemplified on a small scale the selfish disinclination of the French *noblesse* to taxation, which was the difficulty that Louis XVI. never could overcome, and was an immediate cause of the Revolution. The prodigious accumulation of wealth and capital on the one side, and of numbers and indigence on the other, which arose from the rapid congregation and almost unparalleled increase of population in the great emporium of manufacturing industry with which I was connected, brought before my eyes the principal difficulties and dangers of modern society. The supineness with which all representation made as to the necessity of measures of precaution to avert or guard against the dangers attendant on such a state of things, was received by the Government, soon demonstrated how many sources of weakness existed under the reformed constitution, and how little even the most urgent necessities of the community are often attended to by a mixed Government, unless backed by influence or enforced by clamour. I meditated much on these things, and thenceforward, being actively engaged in a responsible and important situation in public life, formed my opinions for myself on the actual experience of men in the different combinations of society. Immense was the benefit which I experienced from this circumstance, both in the composition of my History and in the political speculations which occupied my thoughts during the remainder of my life.

It was not merely in such speculations that my time was occupied. The official labours in which I was involved were immense, and severely aggravated for the first five years after I received my appointment by the situation of my under-sheriffs, or sheriffs-substitute, as they are called in Scotland. They were two in number at Glasgow, and two in the rural part of the country; but the two former, owing to the advanced years of the one and the feeble health of the other, were so far from being able to assist me in my labours, that I was under the necessity of doing the heaviest part of their work. The first thing I heard when I arrived in Glasgow was that the elder substitute was three hundred cases in arrear, and that many of them had lain twelve, some eighteen months before him. As this was a state of matters insupportable in a mercantile community, where rapidity of decision is the life of jurisprudence, I received almost daily communications on the subject from agents engaged in the cases; and I knew that it had preyed on the mind of my predecessor to such a degree as, in the opinion of many of his friends, to have shortened his life. I set about remedying the evil by desiring two hundred of his cases to be sent to myself, which I got through by great exertion in three months, besides nearly one hundred of my own, which had accumulated during the protracted last illness of my predecessor.

But the feeble health of my official coadjutors entailed a lasting burden, as neither of them could

face either the small-debt or criminal jury courts; and the whole of that duty in consequence fell on me. It was of the heaviest description, and absorbed a distressing quantity of time. The former, which decided weekly about two hundred and fifty cases (in value below £8, 6s. 8d. each), consumed in hearing the parties themselves or their agents and witnesses two days a-week, often till nine or ten, and sometimes twelve at night. The latter increased so rapidly with the growth of crime in that manufacturing community, that it soon came to absorb an entire day every fortnight or three weeks. The regularity and despatch which I was enabled to introduce into all departments of the ordinary civil business (or civil cases decided on written pleadings) so increased the resort to them that the business of that department soon doubled, and in ten years was quadrupled in amount.[1] This, with the general superintendence of the peace of the county, and the surveillance of the preparation of the more important criminal cases for the circuit judges; the attendance on a great number of official committees, as prison boards, tax commissioners' meetings, and the like; and last, though not least,

[1] The cases appealed to the sheriff-depute from the decision of the substitutes were, when I came there in 1835, about 250 a-year. In the next year they rose to 480; and have since steadily increased, until they are now (1862) between 1000 and 1100 a-year. They are precisely the cases which are tried in London by the judges at Guildhall, and in the provinces at *Nisi prius;* embracing questions on movable right, leases, or contract to any amount, and generally all classes of lawsuits, except those involving land rights or questions of marriage or divorce, proper to the consistorial courts.

an enormous and growing accumulation of official correspondence, often amounting to five or six letters requiring to be answered every day,—presented such a formidable mass of business, that it was only by the closest attention, and a rigid economy of time, that I was able to prevent it from falling into arrear. I not only succeeded in doing so, however, but found time to continue with regularity the composition of my History, to write occasional papers for 'Blackwood,' and to entirely conduct the education of my eldest son, for whom the classical schools at that period in Glasgow did not afford a suitable place of instruction. Nor was society neglected; we were very much out, especially during summer, and saw a good deal of company at home, which was unavoidable, both from my official situation and the frequent letters of introduction I received with strangers.

I succeeded in combining all these objects by a steady application of De Witt's maxim, "That the secret of getting through business is to take up everything in its order, and do only one thing at a time." Although a vigorous effort is occasionally necessary, yet it is not by irregular exertion but by constant and uniform application that in the long-run laborious achievements are effected: "Non vi, sed saepe cadendo," I well knew was the true secret of industry. My day was divided into many different compartments, each of which had its allotted duty, none being in general allowed to interfere with the other. On Thursday and Saturday every week,

indeed, I was wholly occupied with the small-debt court; and such was the fatigue with which it was attended, that I was seldom able to do anything when I returned home at night: and the same was the case with the days set apart for jury trials. But on every other day my distribution of time was as follows:—

I rose at eight, and heard my son his lessons till half-past nine. Breakfast was over at ten, and from that hour till half-past eleven I wrote at my History. I then walked in to Glasgow, which I reached at twelve, and worked at my law till half-past four or five, when I walked home and dined at six. Between dinner and tea I walked in the flower-garden, in winter read the newspaper or some light work, and at eight o'clock I began again to my History, and wrote till ten, or sometimes eleven. From either of these hours till the hour of retiring to rest arrived, at half-past eleven or twelve, I was reading either books and authorities connected with my work, or classical authors, such as Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, and Thucydides, on which I was anxious to form if possible its style. So far from feeling this allotment of time fatiguing, I found it the greatest alleviation of fatigue: recreation to an active mind is to be sought not so much in rest as in change of occupation. I never found that I could do more, either at law or literature, by working at it alone the whole day, than by devoting half my time to the other. The fatigue of the two was quite different, and

neither disqualified for undergoing the opposite one. Often on returning home, after sitting twelve hours in the small-debt court, and finding no alleviation of the sense of fatigue by lying on the sofa, I rose up and said, "I am too tired to rest; I must go and write my History."

What I felt at first as most annoying in this constant absorption of time was that it proved so incessant. I had been accustomed to the law courts at Edinburgh, which had at that period five months of real vacation, during which it was possible to travel, or turn the mind to an entirely different set of occupations. But in the county business of Lanarkshire there was scarcely a moment of relaxation. Though nominally the courts had a vacation, yet practically the heaviest branches of the business went on through the whole of it without intermission. The official correspondence never ceased; the criminals never intermitted their gainful trade; the summary business, connected with vast and growing mercantile transactions, never stopped; the small-debt court and jury trials went on without intermission throughout the whole year. In autumn, the period of the year usually allotted to recreation and recruiting of strength, two whole months, from the 12th August to the 15th October, came to be entirely absorbed in the registration and appeal registration courts. As the fatigue of these courts, where from six to ten thousand cases were annually decided, was excessive—far exceeding anything I have ever felt in any

other department, whether of law or literature,—the autumnal months were the most laborious of the year. The arrears of ordinary business which they produced were rarely surmounted before the end of the year. Nominally I was at liberty to leave my sheriffdom for three months in a year; but really I could scarcely be absent from my post for above a day or two at a time. The heaviest part of my work—the decision of appeals from the judgments of the substitutes—could be done by no one but myself. It all accumulated against me when I was absent. Every day six or eight new cases were laid on the table for decision; if I was absent, or otherwise occupied for a fortnight, an arrear of sixty or eighty cases awaited me on my return. On one occasion in 1844, when for twelve days I was wholly occupied in attendance on the circuit judges and appeal court, an arrear of one hundred and twenty cases mounted up during that short period. The experience of this soon convinced me of the necessity of keeping constantly at my post; and with the exception of two occasions, in 1838 and 1842, when I was called to London to give evidence before parliamentary committees, I never during the next ten years left home for more than a few days at a time, rarely exceeding in all a fortnight or three weeks in the whole year.

We were compensated, however, for this confinement by the excellent society to which we were soon introduced in Lanarkshire. The mercantile circles

in Glasgow, of which I saw a good deal in winter, though not intellectual or literary, possessed often very great interest from the variety of topics they discussed to which I had previously been a stranger, and from the remarkable intelligence and ability by which some of their leading members were distinguished. The county society in autumn was among the best in Scotland, and often exhibited a combination of pleasing manners with intellectual ability rarely witnessed in any part of the empire. At the houses of the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Douglas, Lord Cathcart, Mr Campbell of Blythswood, Mr Colquhoun of Killermont, and Sir A. Campbell of Garscube, and, above all, at Lord Belhaven's, we met during the autumnal months a large part of the nobility, and many persons remarkable for their talents and accomplishments. These were seen, too, under the most favourable circumstances—not in the casual *rencontre* of a crowded drawing-room, or the chance medley of a dinner-party, but for several days together in elegant country-houses, where society which was agreeable might be selected, and the alternation of walks and rides, with the usual routine of the dining and drawing room, afforded the best opportunities for becoming acquainted. Our friends in Edinburgh had expressed much commiseration for us on coming to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, on account of the inferior mercantile society into which they supposed we should fall; but we soon found that the pity all

lay on the other side, and that we had entered into a circle which was far superior to that in the Scottish metropolis. Those people who came down in autumn generally passed though Edinburgh, and saw its objects of interest as they would do those of Parma or Genoa, without either seeking or receiving the hospitality of its inhabitants. Their usual course was to enter Scotland by Hamilton Palace or Wishaw House (Lord Belhaven's), and thence proceed by Inverary and the West Highlands to Dunrobin Castle, where the Duchess of Sutherland opened her hospitable doors, or to Taymouth, where Lord Breadalbane did the same, and return to England by Lord Ruthven's near Perth, and the Duke of Buccleuch's at Bowhill or Drumlanrig. Mrs Alison and I often met the same party at Wishaw, on their entrance into Scotland, and at Freeland (Lord Ruthven's) or at Bowhill on their leaving it. No contrast could be greater than this society presented to the mercantile circles in Glasgow; but there was something to be gained in point of information in both.

In July 1835 I was for the first time called upon to act for the suppression of popular disturbance in Lanarkshire. A day or two before the 12th July, when the Orangemen are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, I received private information that a riot on the part of the Roman Catholics was in contemplation in Airdrie —where they were assembled in vast numbers, in consequence of the coal and iron works in its vicinity

—in order that I might prevent any Protestant demonstration. I immediately issued and placarded extensively a proclamation against either the procession or any interruption of it except by the proper authorities; ordered a squadron of dragoons to be in readiness; and sent directions to Mr Veitch, the sheriff-substitute at Hamilton, to repair to the spot, and be prepared to act according to circumstances. At noon I received information that a vast mob had assembled, and were proceeding to decided acts of violence, and that the constables on the spot were entirely overpowered. I instantly set off from the barracks with a troop of horse, and arrived in Airdrie, where Mr Veitch had meantime conducted himself in very trying circumstances with equal coolness and judgment, while the population, armed with clubs and staves on both sides, were in disorderly conflict and in a vehement state of excitement. The presence of the military, however, quelled the resistance to the law; the rioters were surrounded and the leaders seized, and before eight at night I had the satisfaction of returning to Glasgow with eight-and-twenty prisoners who had been concerned in the riot, the principal of whom were afterwards brought to trial and transported. But, though the blow then struck was successful, yet it afforded a demonstration how dangerous it is to suppress even the most outrageous violence in one part of the population by the aid of another part. Some hundreds of special constables had been called out to support the law and arrest

the guilty, as there was no regular police in the county; and these became so excited in consequence, that a fortnight after, another riot as serious as the former was got up in the same place, in which the Protestants were the aggressors, and in the course of which a Roman Catholic chapel was sacked and burnt. I was obliged to go to Airdrie as before with the cavalry to suppress this tumult, and the principal instigators were on this occasion also seized, and afterwards tried and transported.

During the winter and spring of 1835-36 I worked assiduously and daily, when not in court, at my History; and the result was that in May 1836 the fifth volume was published, which brought it down to the conquest of Prussia in October and November 1806. The progress of my work had now become quite regular; a volume took invariably eighteen months to write, and as each at an average consisted of 900 pages, this was at the rate of fifty pages a-month, or somewhat less than two pages a-day, excluding Sunday, on which I never wrote. This for an average was a great deal, and implied about four pages a-day, written when I could get at it, as between the small-debt court and the registration court, which absorbed 150 days annually, there was not more than half the working days in the year which could be reckoned on as available for my literary pursuits. About the same time the third edition of the two first, and second of the third and fourth volumes, were published. In consequence,

the first impression of the fifth volume consisted of 3000 copies. It was favourably received by the daily and weekly press; although, as well they might, the editors of the journals began to groan at its size, and to speculate on the interminable length to which the work would extend, when the fifth massy volume had scarcely got over half the ground. The 'Edinburgh,' 'Quarterly,' and other leading Reviews still preserved a studious silence regarding it, except an occasional cut in a note from Croker, on some trifling matter of detail.

The heavy and incessant duties connected with the sheriffship, and the large portion of my leisure which was absorbed in my History, prevented my writing nearly so much for Blackwood during the years 1835 and 1836 as I had done in the preceding ones; and I began to feel the propriety, now that I was placed in a permanent and responsible judicial situation, in a peculiar manner bringing me in contact with the opposing parties of the county, of withdrawing from that active share in political discussion which I had previously taken. Although, therefore, I did not relinquish my contributions to his Magazine, yet I selected for composition more frequently subjects connected with literature and the fine arts; and in the treating of such as had a direct bearing on the political events of the day, I endeavoured rather to bring my speculations to a close, and deduce the appropriate conclusions from them, than to launch out into any new

field of inquiry. Ere long the increasing pressure of my business and History made me for several years give up my contributions altogether; and when I resumed them in 1844, after the work was finished, I restricted myself to subjects of social interest or literary discussion.[1]

In July 1836, in consequence of my having been appointed arbiter to determine a disputed question of Highland marches, between General Campbell of Lochnell and Mr Malcolm of Poltalloch, in Argyleshire, Mrs Alison and I, with our eldest son, who now for the first time accompanied us, set out on an expedition to the Highlands. Though the weather was at first unpropitious, yet the tour proved in the end very pleasant. We went by Tarbet on Loch

[1] List of papers in 'Blackwood' written by me in 1835 and 1836 :—

	Vol.	Page
1835.		
1. Fall of the Melbourne Ministry,	xxxvii.	30
2. Changes of Ministry,	xxxvii.	796
3. Municipal and Corporate Revolution,	xxxvii.	964
4. Conservative Associations,	xxxviii.	1
5. Foreign Policy,	xxxviii.	205
6. Whither are we tending?	xxxviii.	388
7. The Late Crisis and Session of Parliament,	xxxviii.	503
8. Shall we Overturn the Peers?	xxxviii.	573
9. The O'Connell Domination,	xxxviii.	715
1836.		
1. The Future,	xxxix.	99
2. Foreign Results of Democratic Ascendancy,	xxxix.	655
3. What is our External Policy?	xxxix.	780
4. The British School of Painting,	xl.	74
5. The British School of Architecture,	xl.	227
6. Experience of Democracy,	xl.	293
7. The House of Peers,	xl.	595
8. The Voluntary Principle,	xl.	787

Lomond to Inverary, where Mrs Alison was left, and I proceeded to survey the disputed ground on the western side of Loch Awe. It consisted of a vast ridge, about 2000 feet high and two miles long, which I traversed in company with the parties over its whole extent, enjoying more than I can express the magnificent views which the opening clouds afforded over the distant Hebrides and "isles that encircle the sea." Returning to the hospitable mansion of a chieftain on the banks of Loch Awe, where I passed the night, the deep solitude of the scene, and the absence of civilisation, struck me as singularly delightful, after the busy scene of commerce and industry I had so recently left. I walked back to Inverary next day, and we made a delightful tour by the upper end of Loch Lomond, Killin, Taymouth, Dunkeld, Perth, and Castle Campbell, back to Possil.

In November 1836, Sir Robert Peel was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow College after a keen contest, in opposition to Sir John Campbell, the Whig Attorney-General. He came down in consequence, in January 1837, to be installed, and delivered his elaborate inaugural address on January 11th, and still more celebrated speech at the public dinner in Glasgow on January 12th. The academic oration, which had been prepared with the utmost care, and was both a learned and elaborate composition, contained many just remarks, and some striking expressions; but it wanted the fervour and animation of the

highest species of eloquence. It was evident that the speaker was a master of the art of oratory, but that he had neither the fervour of poetic, nor the force of original genius. I shall never forget the contrast which was afforded by two quotations which the speech contained,—one being Gibbon's celebrated description of his feelings on traversing the Roman Forum, the other Sir Isaac Newton's not less celebrated comparison of himself to a child playing with pebbles on the sea-shore,—to the comparative insipidity of the matter in which those splendid gems were imbedded. The speech at the public meeting on the day following was a much more remarkable production. It exhibited in a conspicuous manner the peculiar talent of the parliamentary orator, at first winning the favour of his auditors by appeals to their nationality, and allusions to their local associations, and gradually leading them on to the higher objects of national policy, and the principles of the great political party of whose opinions at that period he was the faithful organ. The impression it produced was very great; unbounded enthusiasm prevailed, and never did an audience separate more highly gratified than they were with the day's proceedings.

Sir Robert Peel had in the first instance agreed to come to Possil for a day at the time of the installation, and I had invited a large party to meet him from various parts of Scotland; but when the period drew near, Mr Campbell of Blythswood, in whose hospitable mansion he was to spend the greater

part of his time when in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, expressed so much reluctance at losing him even for a single day, that I agreed to forego the honour intended for me, and meet him at Blythswood. Sir Robert Peel's manner towards myself was kind and friendly in the highest degree; but it was easy to see that he did not possess, or rather did not display conversational powers, and was not master of that grace and sauvity of manner which is so important a quality in the leader of a party. His presence operated as a refrigerator in the company; no one spoke above his breath, and every ear was strained to hear what fell from a person of such eminence. This is more or less the case with all persons of great distinction, when for the first time placed in a society not familiar with them; but it was in an especial manner remarkable in this instance, from Sir Robert Peel not possessing that habitual vivacity of manner or constitutional *bonhomie* of disposition which breaks down these formal barriers, and for a brief season flatters the humble by making them feel on a level with the great. He told, however, some amusing anecdotes, and was evidently anxious to make himself agreeable. I have been informed that in the society of his intimate friends, and in a small circle at Drayton Manor, he sometimes entirely unbends, and that on these occasions few persons possess a more varied and agreeable flow of conversation.[1]

[1] Sir Robert was extremely amused with an anecdote related at

Hitherto my residence in Lanarkshire had been during a period of extraordinary and unbroken prosperity, and none of the vicissitudes incidental under our monetary system to commercial enterprise had been experienced. Joint-stock companies, railroads, and new undertakings were arising on all sides, under the effects of the accumulated capital produced by four years of uncommonly fine harvests, and unbounded prosperity. But these halcyon days were now coming to an end. The heavy and long-continued rains of the autumn of 1836 first broke in upon the long train of favourable seasons, and, especially in Scotland, seriously injured the harvest, so as to produce a considerable rise in the price of grain, and spread the apprehension of a still greater advance. At the same time, the violent and injudicious measures adopted in America for forcing a metallic circulation upon the United States, and for destroying the "Paper Aristocracy," who had become such an eyesore to its aspiring democrats, produced an unusual demand for gold in this country, and induced a serious drain upon the coffers of the

table at Blythswood of a Presbyterian minister in one of the *Cumræs*, or *Cumbraes*, islands in the estuary of the Clyde, who every Sunday prayed for "the greater and lesser Cumræ, *and the adjoining islands of Great Britain and Ireland.*" He laughed heartily at this characteristic trait, and was hardly less interested by an observation which I made, that the name of *Cumræs* was the same as Cambria and Cumberland, and all those were derived from the "Κυμρι," who, before the siege of Troy made their appearance in the Straits of the Hellespont, and raised over their fallen chiefs the pyramidal mounds which were afterwards adopted as the sepulchres of Achilles and Ajax on those classic shores.

Bank of England. The consequence, of course, was, that it suddenly and rigorously contracted its issues; and the usual results of a monetary spasm and commercial crisis took place. I had foreseen the approach of this storm, from observing during the autumn of 1836 and winter of 1837 the rate of the exchanges, which were daily becoming more unfavourable to this country; and I had frequently expressed my opinion to that effect in company with the principal merchants of Glasgow during that period. They all, however, made light of it, alleging that trade was on the most solid basis; that it proceeded from real demand, not speculation; and that no interruption to the existing prosperity was to be apprehended. Contrasting these opinions, so generally and confidently expressed by the most intelligent mercantile men in one of the first trading cities of the empire, with the dreadful and long-continued monetary and commercial distress which so soon followed, I could not avoid arriving at the conclusion that no men are less to be trusted in prognostications of the future, even in their own line of business, than sagacious practical men. They are invariably guided in their anticipations of coming by present events. If prices are rising, they think they will never fall; if falling, they conclude they will never rise. Perfectly acquainted with the existing state of matters, they act as if this would never change; never thinking of the future, and for the most part unacquainted with the causes not visible on the surface of things which

determine it, they are often involved in terrible calamities, which those not practically engaged in commerce foresaw and could have avoided.

On, however, the tempest came; and fearful was its violence. With the steady contraction of the currency by the Bank of England, which began in July 1836, prices fell during the whole of the ensuing winter, and in the spring of 1837 the panic was universal. Many bankruptcies took place, though fewer in Glasgow than might have been expected from the severity of the pressure, owing to the amount of solid wealth which had been made in the preceding five years. But as prices of all sorts of manufactured produce had sunk nearly a half, the manufacturers were under the necessity of lowering wages; and this soon induced strikes in nearly all the branches of skilled industry. The cotton-spinners, the sawyers, the carpenters, the masons, the iron-moulders, the dyers, were soon out on strike; and as the whole of these trades possessed thoroughly organised trades-unions, under the directions of small committees, which communicated with each other, they were enabled to act simultaneously, and in the way most calculated to embarrass their employers and prove most distressing to society. The avowed object of these strikes was to retain wages forcibly, during adversity and low prices, at the elevated level which they had attained during previous prosperity and high prices. Extravagant, and apparently hopeless, as such an attempt must appear to be, and as it

really is in the long-run, it was universally embraced by the united trades over the whole island; and in a great many instances, and for a considerable period, was attended with success. The reasons were, that during the previous period of prosperity, when prices were rising, the workmen had found that, in almost every instance, a strike had been attended by concession on the masters' part; and that, even when the tide had turned, and prices were stationary or declining, they had frequently, by similar means, succeeded in keeping up their wages, from the reluctance of the masters to lose a body of skilled workmen. They trusted, too, in the good fortune which led the masters to go on manufacturing for months, or even years, at a loss, in the hope of being indemnified by a rise of prices in more prosperous times.

All these strikes began with the profession of pacific intentions on the part of the workmen, and of a desire to avoid any breach of the law. But before many weeks had elapsed these professions were forgotten, and the usual system of intimidating and assaulting the new hands commenced. I was besieged with applications for protection by the masters and new workmen who were suffering under this system, which were the more distressing as their complaints were evidently well founded; and yet I had no means at my disposal out of Glasgow, where the most serious disorders were threatened, to afford them the aid of which they stood so much

in need. In the whole county of Lanark beyond the bounds of Glasgow there was not a single policeman; and neither the Exchequer nor the county would sanction the expenditure of a shilling in any defensive or protective measures. In Glasgow itself, there was a considerable police force, very well organised; but in the suburbs, which contained 100,000 souls, and where the principal manufactories were situated, there was either no police at all, or a very inefficient one, so broken down into minute subdivisions and separate jurisdictions that no respectable force for any common object could be collected. Thus, in those localities where the danger was greatest, there was, practically speaking, no protective force whatever, or any means of creating one, except by the precarious resource of voluntary contribution. Matters were in this state when, on 14th April 1837, the whole cotton-spinners in and around Glasgow struck for an advance of wages; and this was shortly after followed by a similar strike on the part of the whole colliers and iron-miners in Lanarkshire. There were at that period 32,000 persons in and around Glasgow engaged, directly or indirectly, in the cotton trade; and the colliers in Lanarkshire were 16,000, making, with their families, upwards of 50,000 persons. The effect of these two strikes was to let loose upon a community already labouring under severe distress, and harassed with similar obstructions in almost every other branch of industry, above 80,000 persons, almost all in a state

of utter destitution, the whole adult males of whom were organised in trades-unions, to the leaders of which they yielded implicit obedience. The entire civil force which was at my disposal to meet this formidable and well-organised body was 280 policemen in the city and suburbs of Glasgow; and although a regiment of foot and four troops of horse lay in the barracks, yet I was well aware that both the maxims of Government and the temper of the public mind precluded the possibility of calling them out, except in very serious danger.

The effect of this vast accession of force to the numbers of the idle and discontented was soon apparent. The disorders were no longer confined to scuffles at the corners of streets and the mouths of closes, between the united trades and the new hands. The unions began to act openly, and evidently with a view to set the law at defiance. Bands of 600 or 800 or 1000 men traversed the streets, with banners flying and drums beating; the walls were covered with placards calling upon the citizens to aid the unions in their efforts to regain their just rights, and denouncing their masters as the most oppressive of tyrants. The mills in the evening were beset by crowds, often amounting to some thousand persons, threatening, reviling, or assaulting the new hands who had been employed at some of these establishments to supply the place of those who had struck. The accounts from the rural districts were still more alarming. The colliers there assembled in

such multitudes as to render all attempt to disperse them, except by military force, out of the question; traversed the country in huge bands, exciting the utmost alarm wherever they went, and levying with impunity compulsory contributions of money and provisions from the terrified and defenceless inhabitants, who were too happy in this way to purchase the retreat of such formidable visitors. Anarchy was rapidly approaching; and yet, such was the terror, selfishness, and supineness of the higher classes, that I found it impossible, even by the most strenuous efforts, to get them to combine in any defensive measures to meet the dangers with which all were threatened. All clamoured loudly to me for protection; but none could be prevailed on to take any steps inferring responsibility towards protecting themselves.

I felt for some time great doubt as to how I was to meet these very serious dangers; not that I had the slightest difficulty as to the law, for nearly the whole proceedings of the trades-unions were illegal; as, although it was lawful for workmen to combine, it was not lawful for them to assault or intimidate others. I was well aware that all assemblages of persons, though at first for a legal object, became illegal when they assumed a riotous and threatening character; and that the magistrate was entitled to disperse them, if necessary, by military force, as soon as that character was distinctly pronounced. But the difficulty was to discover how far

an energetic assertion of the law in these particulars would be supported by Government, or carry public opinion along with it. The Whigs were in power, who had carried the Reform Bill by means of popular intimidation and threatening meetings. Language so violent had been used, proceedings so outrageous adopted, at these meetings, that it might with truth be said that the Ministry had been preserved in power by sedition, not unfrequently aided by treason. It was in vain to consult Crown counsel as to how far vigorous measures would be supported by Government. The constant answer was that the local authorities must act in their own localities according to their own judgment, and on their own responsibility. It was doubtful how far a Government established and sustained by such means would sanction coercive measures towards persons implicated in proceedings similar to those to which their own elevation had been owing, even although now directed to objects in which they had no interest. People had become so accustomed to public meetings, processions, banners, and violent speeches, that these had come to be regarded by a large portion of the community as their birthright, if not by law at least by custom; and any attempt to restrain them would lead to a violent collision, in which the magistrate who engaged in it would probably be unsuccessful, and certainly be given up by the superior authorities. Practically speaking, the law of sedition had been expunged from the statute-book; that of high

treason seemed to be reduced to actual levying of war against the king, or attacking the royal person. An unsuccessful blow, or one not supported by Government, would be worse than nothing; it would, in the inflammable state of the public mind, produce a vehement excitement, possibly lead to a general insurrection, which there was no military force in the country sufficient to coerce. In these circumstances, I resolved after mature consideration to lie by, and, without attempting to check or threaten the meetings of the trades-unions or their processions, how violent soever the language used, to wait till some serious invasion on life or property was committed, which would rouse the indignation of all classes, and then act if possible with the utmost vigour.

It was some time, however, before an opportunity occurred for carrying these latter views into effect. During the whole of May and June the strikes continued, threatening meetings and processions were frequent, and assaults on the new hands were of almost daily occurrence. I was besieged by applications from them, and from the masters who were striving to employ them, for protection, which the total absence of any police force in the county of Lanark, or any legal means of raising one, rendered it in general impossible for me to afford. An example ere long occurred which showed how little reliance was to be placed in critical circumstances on special constables or any voluntary force. A threatening procession had in the end of June surrounded the

cotton-mill of Johnson & Galbraith at Oakbank, near Glasgow, to intimidate and assault the new hands, some of whom had already been violently attacked and seriously wounded. I swore in, in consequence, one hundred special constables in the neighbourhood, and armed them with batons; and when the mob assembled next day at the same hour, summoned the constables to meet me at the appointed rendezvous. Only *one* appeared! Upon this I went to the barracks and got a troop of horse, and the sight of the vanguard of red-coats at once dispersed the assemblage. This assertion of the power of law by military display, however, excited a violent clamour; the Radical newspapers were furious at the unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, and even the holders of property, ignorant of the total failure of the civil force, doubted whether the calling out the military had been legal, or at least expedient. Meanwhile, assaults on the new hands in all quarters and in all trades continued without intermission; and although several of the assailants in Glasgow were apprehended, and convicted by me or my substitutes and summarily punished, yet these examples had very little effect in restraining the violence which was going forward. Convictions were almost impossible, in consequence of the extreme difficulty of getting witnesses to come forward, from the dread of experiencing similar treatment at the hands of the trades-unions; the convicted persons were not unfrequently rewarded for their imprisonment of three

months by a box of sovereigns from the members of the strike. Trial by jury, in order to inflict a heavier sentence, was very hazardous, from the terrors and intimidation of the jurymen; and even when the prosecution proved successful, the number convicted —not one in a thousand of the guilty parties—was so small as to produce little or no effect upon the general body.

At length, in the beginning of July, matters came to a crisis. The masters still held out, for the extreme depression of trade and fall of prices in all departments of business rendered it impossible for them to give the wages which the workmen demanded; and some were in secret nowise displeased, as the strikes relieved them of the necessity of paying wages to men whose produce they could not dispose of to advantage. Having lasted now in all trades two months and a half, in some three months, the funds of the unions, though liberally supported by contributions from all parts of the empire, were nearly exhausted. The credit of the individual men had in like manner come to an end. Finding that their processions, clamour, mobs, intimidation, and assaults had not reduced the resistance of the masters, the unions became impatient, and loudly demanded more effectual measures from their ruling committees. The result soon appeared. In the first fortnight of July many atrocious assaults were committed on the new hands, of the perpetrators of which no trace could be discovered; several fireballs and masses of

combustibles were thrown at night into mills and houses of masters; and at length, on the 22d July, a new hand (John Smith) was shot through the back in the streets of Glasgow, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, and murdered by two assassins employed by the united cotton-spinners, without one of the numerous persons by whom it was witnessed venturing to seize the guilty parties.

The masters upon this had a meeting, and offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the persons implicated in this murderous assault; and on the 25th I received secret notice that two persons would give me important information if I would meet them alone in some sequestered place. I met them accordingly in a vault under one of the public buildings in the College of Glasgow, to which the witnessess were admitted by a back-door through the College green. The information they gave proved in the highest degree important. They concurred in deponing that the secret committee of the cotton-spinners "had determined to assassinate the new hands and master-manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with; that Smith, assassinated on the preceding Saturday, had been selected as the first victim, and a master-manufacturer, whom they named,[1] was to be murdered the next; and that lists, which they exhibited, had been made out of the successive victims, including the most respect-

[1] Mr Arthur.

able manufacturers in Glasgow. They detailed the speeches made at the meeting of the committee where these infernal resolutions had been adopted, and gave the particulars of the appointment of a *secret select committee*, by whom they were to be carried into effect. These particulars were detailed by me in evidence subsequently in the House of Commons, and they were partially disclosed in the trial of the committee which followed; but they are so very curious and characteristic of the ultimate tendency of such associations, that they will well bear a repetition in this place.

In general, the affairs of the strike were managed by the "select committee," which was composed of a delegate chosen by each of the thirty-eight cotton-manufactories in and around Glasgow whose workmen were combined in the association. To the resolutions and orders of this committee the whole union yielded the most implicit obedience, and by the oath which they took when they became members of the union they were bound to obey them, even to murdering refractory masters or workmen, under the pain of being murdered themselves. But the actual conduct of assassination or fire-raising was not intrusted to this numerous committee. Another and smaller sub-committee, charged with the execution of the instructions of the general committee, was appointed in the following manner: A circular was sent round to each of the manufactories to send a delegate to a place mentioned, on a particular day

and hour, on "business of importance." This was understood to be the appointment of a "secret select committee." On the day appointed the delegates all met, consisting for the most part of the members of the general committee with a few additions; and the instructions of the general committee, and expediency of appointing a "secret select one," were explained. The appointment, which was conducted with every imaginable precaution to insure secrecy, took place in the following manner: The delegates were introduced into a dark room, where they delivered to one of their number, whom they knew not, the names, written on a slip of paper, of three persons voted for to form the sub-committee. When all the votes were received, the whole returned into the light apartment, one of their number, whom no one knew, possessing the suffrage. Without looking at them the meeting separated, and the delegates heard nothing more of the matter, having committed absolute power over the lives of others to three persons, they knew not whom.

Having the suffrages in his pocket, the person who received them returned home, and privately notified to the three persons who had the majority of votes that they were elected. They kept their appointment a profound secret, and with the suffrage-collector had a meeting, generally in the private room of some public-house, where no suspicion was likely to be excited, from its being usually frequented by cotton-spinners. There they determined upon one

or more assassins who were to be employed, the persons they were to assault or murder, the mills they were to fire, the eyes which were to be put out with vitriol or the like, and the sum of money they were to be paid for these services. Having fixed on the person to be employed, one of their number sent, in a disguised hand through the post-office, to one of No. 69 to come to a particular house at a particular hour. No. 69 were "the loose hands," as they were called, composed not of the members of any one of the associated factories, but of the persons out of employment from all, and who were ready to do the work of iniquity for its wages. They were generally the most idle, profligate, and daring of the union. The person selected, on receiving the note, repaired to the place appointed, where he was introduced into a dark room, and received from one of the secret select, who spoke in a whisper to prevent the voice being known, instructions as to the work to be done, and reward to be paid. When required, he also received from them arms and ammunition, or money to buy them. When the deed agreed on was done, he received another note, written in a disguised hand, through the post-office, desiring him to come to a particular public-house at a particular day and hour. On arriving there he was again introduced into a dark room, and desired by one of the secret select, who spoke in a whisper, to feel for a table, and take the money he found lying there. Having done so, and lifted his reward—gen-

erally £20 or £30, according to the magnitude of the crime committed—he took his departure. But the superintendence of the secret select did not terminate here; for in the event of suspicion falling on the assassin employed, it was their duty to take a place for him to America, or furnish him with the means of escape; or if he were apprehended and brought to trial, to provide witnesses to prove an *alibi*, and secure the first counsel at the Bar, at the expense of the association, to conduct his defence. In this way a committee for assassination was appointed by universal suffrage, without any of the voters save one knowing who were the persons chosen; and an assassin was selected, instructed, and paid without his having the slightest idea of who the persons were by whom he had been employed.

The depositions of the witnesses who gave this extraordinary and highly interesting information occupied nearly two days. One of them, Murdoch, had himself been a member of former secret select committees, and actively engaged in bringing about the murderous assault on Graham in 1825 by Kean, for which the latter had been tried, convicted, and transported for life in April 1828. Having been the counsel who conducted that prosecution, I was well acquainted with its particulars, and the details given by this witness tallied precisely with what had been divulged by the assassin Kean after his conviction. Confirmed by this circumstance, and also by the manner and intelligence of the witnesses, and the

way in which they bore separate long and anxious cross-examinations, as well as their general coincidence and special variations from each other, that they were telling the truth and not detailing a concerted story, I resolved to act on the information; and as it involved a serious responsibility, to do so without consulting any one. The witnesses had told me that on the Saturday following, being the 29th July, the general committee would meet at ten at night in the Black Boy Tavern, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, and described how I would obtain access to the apartment, which was a concealed one, that they occupied. They added that though they did not know the secret select committee, it was twenty to one they were some of that committee, and would be taken among them. I sent instructions, therefore, to Captain Miller, the able and intelligent head of the police, to have twenty policemen ready with himself at nine o'clock on Saturday, without giving any intimation of the service on which they were to be employed, but mentioned that I would join him at that hour.

On Saturday morning I set out at six, by previous appointment with Mr Fisher, W.S., from Edinburgh, to inspect the "Dumbarton Moor," for the determination of a disputed question concerning its property, in which I had been chosen umpire. On our return at nine at night I dismissed the carriage at the sheriff's office in Glasgow, and walked, accompanied by Mr Salmond the procurator-fiscal,

and Mr Nish the principal sheriff-officer, to the police-office. The latter took his pistols, but I thought it better to take no weapon but a large walking-stick which I usually carried. Having joined the police, I directed them to go by a circuitous back way to the Gallowgate, while I myself, with Mr Salmond and Mr Nish, walked along the Trongate to the mouth of the close where the seizure was to be made. We met the police exactly as they arrived at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, and we all went in, having first stationed four men at its entrance, with instructions to let no one out or in. Having reached the tavern, the remaining sixteen men were stationed round it, twelve at its front and four at the back, with orders to seize any one attempting to escape; and Mr Salmond, Captain Miller, Mr Nish, and I entered the house. We found the description of it to tally precisely with the account we had received, so that we at once knew where to go. There was a trap-door in the roof of the chief room below, up which we ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, and reached the floor above, where we expected to find the committee. Captain Miller entered first, followed by myself, after whom came Mr Salmond and Mr Nish. We found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a large quantity of money spread out before them, and only one light, which, from a gas-burner descending from the roof, illuminated the apartment.

Having found the persons we wished, I instantly returned down the trap-stair, and brought up eight of the police, whom I stationed on the outside of the door, and re-entering, went into the centre of the room, and stood under the gaslight to prevent any one from advancing to put it out. I then looked round, and saw that the committee were so astonished and panic-struck that no resistance would be attempted, though they were in the room four to one. In effect, Captain Miller, while I stood in the centre of the room, called out the name of each member of the committee, and beckoned him to go out. They all obeyed, were linked on the outside to the police, and marched away, with all the papers found in the apartment, to the police-office, whither I accompanied them and made out warrants for their committal, which was carried into execution immediately.

The result showed that this vigorous measure had been well-timed, and if adopted earlier might possibly have led to less satisfactory results. The majority of the workmen, and still more of their wives and children, had become heartily tired of the strike, which had reduced them to grievous distress. For some weeks past they had continued it only in deference to the mandates of the committee, and from terror of being maltreated or murdered by its orders if they took work before the strike was publicly abandoned. No sooner, therefore, was the ruling despotic authority extinguished by the arrest

of the committee, than these opinions received vent. Terror being removed, reason resumed its ascendancy. The committee were arrested late on Saturday night, and the fact was universally known by the persons connected with the cotton manufacture on the Sunday. On Monday a public meeting of the cotton-spinners was held in the Green, at which it was determined by a great majority that they should resume their work at the terms offered by the masters; and on the Tuesday following, when I went to the Court on the edge of the Green for a jury trial, I had the delight of seeing the whole of the tall chimneys in Calton and Bridgeton—the chief seats of the manufactories, which had not had a fire in them for three months—smoking in renewed activity. Above 30,000 persons in and around Glasgow were at once raised from a state of idleness, destitution, and despair, to industry and comfort.

But although the beneficial effects of this measure were thus apparent, it was by no means equally clear, in the first instance at least, what would be the issue of the prosecution. The Crown counsel at Edinburgh, who have officially the superintendence of all criminal proceedings in Scotland, without openly condemning the step were uneasy about it, and in an especial manner avoided committing themselves by any approbatory expression. Left thus charged with the entire responsibility of the step, I was indefatigable in my efforts to collect additional evidence, so as to make out a case for prosecution;

and ere long so much was accumulated that it became impossible for any Government, how reluctant soever, to decline engaging in it. The assassin Macleod, who committed the fatal act, was discovered and arrested, and another witness brought forward, who was present at the murder, and gave the particulars regarding it. The subsequent receipt of money by Macleod from the committee, and their taking a passage for him to America, were established. A prosecution therefore was resolved on by the Lord Advocate; but still, such was the timidity of the Crown counsel, that none of them would have anything to do with the preparation of the indictment, which was left to the youngest advocate-depute, and he put it off to the very last minute which the running of the prisoners' letters would admit.[1] The indictment, evidently drawn at the eleventh hour in a great hurry, was sent to me in October to revise in *four hours*, although a week would have been little enough time to consider how such numerous and complicated charges as it embraced were to be correctly drawn. As it was, I discovered and corrected several fatal errors; and this indictment, after a long and anxious debate on 4th November, was sustained as relevant. But still

[1] When persons committed in Scotland wish to force on their trial, they take out what is called "Letters of intimation" against the Lord Advocate, the effect of which is that he must serve them with an indictment within sixty days of such intimation, and bring the trial to an issue within forty days thereafter. If he fail in doing either, the prisoner is entitled to liberation.

the Lord Advocate (Murray) was so nervous about the trial, that after the argument was over, he put it off in the hope of getting additional evidence, and the panels were served with a new indictment, in the form of criminal letters, to stand trial on the 8th January. This was the prosecutor's last chance: if these criminal letters failed, the prisoners were not only entitled to instant liberation, but were for ever free of the offences charged.

Meanwhile the trades unions were not idle. At first they were impressed with the belief that Government would repudiate the arrest, and that the prisoners would speedily be liberated. But no sooner did they discover, from the continued detention of the leaders in prison, that this was not the case, and that, from the persons selected for detention being the "secret committee," we had obtained a clue to their most occult proceedings, than they resorted to the usual resource of popular bodies—intimidation. Scarcely a day passed that I did not receive an anonymous letter, generally by post from Manchester, Birmingham, London, Cork, or Dublin, threatening me with instant death, and my house with being burnt, if the prisoners were not instantly liberated. In one day I was denounced by name as a public enemy, by placards posted simultaneously during the night in every city of Great Britain and Ireland. The walls of Glasgow and all the manufacturing towns and villages in the west of Scotland were covered with them. No trace could be dis-

covered of the authors or printers of this placard. Its simultaneous appearance in so many different quarters at once, conveyed a striking idea of the extent and combination of these affiliated unions over the empire. The anonymous threatening letters at length became so numerous that I collected sixty or seventy of them before the trial came on. I knew that it was impossible for a person so much engaged in business as I to guard against private assassination, therefore I made no attempt to do so, but walked about as usual, both in the day and at night, with nothing but my large walking-stick in my hand. And in justice to the cotton-spinners I must say, and I bear the testimony with pleasure, that during this critical period, though they all knew me and often looked at me with undisguised jealousy as I walked through their groups, and sometimes saluted me with groans, they never in a single instance proceeded to any act of personal violence towards myself or any of the officers in my employment. A regular watch, however, was kept up at the sheriff's office to see who attended as witnesses; and at their own earnest desire, the most important of them, and all who had turned king's evidence, were lodged in jail till the trial came on in January.

The stroke against the cotton-spinners' committee told with decisive effect upon all the trades who were out on strike at the time. Violence and intimidation rapidly declined in Glasgow, from the moment it was seen that the persons rendered re-

sponsible were not the miserable hands whom they put forward to execute their violence, but the leaders who directed and rewarded it. The colliers in the county, however, encouraged by their immense numbers and comparative security from detection owing to the want of rural police, still held out, and continued their assaults, in consequence of which it became necessary to bring two companies of the 42d to Airdrie, who remained there for three months. Their presence, though they were never called on to act, operated like a charm in stilling the violence which was going forward. I was again obliged to go out with a troop of horse to a village in the neighbourhood of Pollock, after the civil power of the constables had been beaten off, in the beginning of November, to protect a poor collier who was desirous of leaving a village there to obtain work on the other side of Glasgow, from having his furniture destroyed, and himself and his children assaulted, by his combined neighbours. At length the nocturnal assaults and meetings of the colliers became so frequent, owing to the total want of any defensive force in the county, that I was obliged to issue a proclamation warning the colliers committee, that if they continued *they* would be arrested as the cotton-spinners' committee had been, and also tried. This warning, joined to the presence of the military at Airdrie, where the committee held its meetings, had the desired effect, and the disturbances ceased over the whole county.

During the course of the autumn of 1837 we formed an acquaintance at Wishaw with Sir Stratford[1] and Lady Canning on their way to the West Highlands—they afterwards paid us a visit for some days at Possil—and we found their society most agreeable. The mild and polished manners of Sir Stratford, coupled with his wide extent of information and fund of interesting anecdote, as well as his power of ably delineating character, rendered him a most agreeable companion. To me his conversation was peculiarly attractive, from the curious and valuable information which he had at his command regarding leading characters—military, civil, and diplomatic—both at home and abroad. He is an example of what I have frequently had occasion to observe—that the proper art of conversation is to be found in greater perfection in courts or diplomatic circles than either in the retreats of philosophers or the intercourse of active men. In philosophic seclusion thought is strengthened and information acquired, but forbearance and self-restraint are seldom practised, because they are rarely felt to be necessary. Among active men there is less knowledge to be met with, and less reflection has taken place; but there is much of that practical acquaintance with man, that an intercourse with the world in real business can alone confer. But in neither do we meet with true conversational talent, which consists in taking as much as giving, and is never acquired but by persons of

[1] Afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

intelligent and able minds who have not merely mingled much with the world, but with persons of rank in it, so as to have rendered that deference to the feelings of others, which is the essence of good breeding, in a manner habitual.

Though conducting the precognition, and tracing out the conspiracy, of the cotton-spinners, occupied a large portion of my time, and engrossed a still larger share of my thoughts during the autumn of 1837, yet I was able at intervals to recur to my History; and it made such progress that the sixth volume—which brought the general narrative down to the battle of Corunna, and close of the campaign of 1808 in Spain—was published in the middle of November. Like its predecessors, it was received with indulgent approbation by the daily and monthly press, and nothing but an occasional growl or sneer in a note from the 'Quarterly Review.' The hostility of that journal to the work was now manifested, with scarcely any attempt at disguise. This had become merely a matter of amusement to me, as the increasing sale of the work demonstrated that the enmity of the 'Quarterly' was unable to check its progress. In truth, I was rather gratified than otherwise with these little attacks, as I knew they never fired off such shot in these days any more than in those of Racine,[1] against authors whose works were falling

[1] "Lorsqu'il avoit donné au public un nouvel ouvrage, et qu'on venoit de lui dire que les critiques en parloient fort mal. 'Tant mieux!' repondoit il; '*les mauvais ouvrages sont ceux dont on ne parle pas.*'"—'Mémoires sur la Vie de Racine.' Œuvres, vol. i. p. 118—Préface.

into oblivion. The former editions being exhausted, a third edition of the first two, and second of the next three volumes, each of 1500 copies, were published at the same time; and the first impression of the sixth volume extended to 3500 copies.

As the continued prosecution of this extensive publication stamped me with the world in general as a literary man, and I was for many reasons desirous to avoid that character, or at least to shun its weaknesses, I about this time laid down certain rules for my conduct in society. The first of these was, never on any occasion to speak in society of myself, my habits, or writings. The second, to direct the conversation, in every case where it was possible, into channels interesting to the person I addressed rather than myself. The third, to keep, as Sir Walter Scott said, abreast of my profession; to speak of myself always as a man of business, and avoid, unless the contrary was evidently wished by the company, any topics of a learned or exclusively literary character. By steadily adhering to these rules I found that I both derived more benefit from society, and made myself more agreeable to others, than I could have done had I begun descanting on my own peculiar subjects of thought. I had the image of a bore constantly before my eyes,—and of all bores the vain literary bore appeared to me the worst, because the most despicable and least excusable. Sir Walter Scott always recurred to my mind as the model of a literary man in these respects;

for though at the very summit of literary fame, and surrounded with general admiration, he still preserved the simplicity of a child in his manner, and the good sense of a practical man of business in his conversation. What astonished me in the manner of many eminent literary men whom I met, was not so much their vanity—for that is a universal weakness—but their want of sense in not concealing it. Chesterfield understood the human heart when he counselled his son, if he wished to make a favourable impression, never to speak of himself or his own concerns; and Racine practised the same course. After having been closeted two hours with the Duke of Orleans, who expressed himself altogether charmed with his conversation, Racine, in answer to an inquiry what he had talked of to give so much pleasure, replied, —"Talked of? I assure you I did not speak five words the whole time."[1]

The trial of the cotton-spinners came on at Edinburgh on the 8th January 1838. I had considerable difficulty in arranging the mode of their transmission from Glasgow to Edinburgh, as I had received information that a rescue was intended. I knew that it was desirable to avoid the display of military force, or any unusual precautions. The great thing was to get them sent in such a manner as not to attract notice. For this purpose it was given out that they would be despatched by the canal, in charge of a company of soldiers; and some orders, apparently

[1] 'Vie de Racine.' Œuvres, vol. i. p. 117.

with a view to such an object, were given. Meanwhile two coaches, each drawn by four powerful horses, were ordered to be in readiness at ten minutes before eight in the morning in Glasgow; and the like number were sent from Edinburgh during the night to Westcraigs, midway between the two towns. Everything was conducted with secrecy, punctuality, and success. Precisely at ten minutes before eight I entered the jail-door on foot, so as to avoid attracting notice; at five minutes before eight the coaches arrived, and drove into the courtyard. The prisoners, who had previously been prepared, were instantly put in, under charge of ten sheriff-officers, who were well armed; and exactly at eight they drove out at a rapid pace, and were in half a minute out of sight. The cotton-spinners had a watch at the door of the jail, who gave the alarm the moment the carriages drove into the courtyard, by despatching a messenger at full speed to the nearest cotton-mill, about two hundred yards distant; but so expeditiously were the operations conducted, that before the hands could turn out the vehicles were out of sight, and proceeding at such a pace that pursuit was hopeless. They drove without stopping to Westcraigs, and thence in like manner to Edinburgh, which they reached in safety, having accomplished the journey of forty-four miles in four hours and a half.

Immense was the interest which the case excited when it at length came on. Reports of the interesting and unparalleled evidence likely to be adduced

had circulated through all classes, and the public anxiety to obtain admission was extreme. The Court and all the avenues to it were thronged at an early hour; and during the six days that the trial lasted, a vast crowd, which at night increased to 8000 or 10,000 persons, surrounded the Court-house. From an undue regard to impartiality, or terror of the unseen power by which they were opposed, the Crown counsel declined their privilege to challenge a single juryman; while the prisoners at the bar, who were five in number, challenged on cause shown, and in right of their peremptory challenge, no less than eight-and-twenty! Nay, so far did the abstinence of the Crown counsel go, that they allowed a publican to remain unchallenged on the jury, who was not only connected with the trades-unions, but in whose tavern the committees of those bodies met every evening while the proceedings were going forward, to deliberate on the means of securing the acquittal of the accused. The jury, of course, were intrusted every night to an officer of the Court, who conducted them to a neighbouring hotel; but in going and returning they could not but perceive the temper of the crowd which beset the approaches to the Court-house; and I have been informed that means were found to let them know that, if a capital conviction took place, some of their lives would not be worth a week's purchase. In these circumstances, a verdict according to the evidence was not to be expected, the more especially

as the prisoners were defended with great ability by M'Neill and Robertson, for whom Lord Advocate Murray, who conducted the prosecution on the part of the Crown, was no match. Nevertheless, such was the weight of the evidence adduced, that the jury found nearly all the charges proven except the murder; and although the Court, on a critical technical objection, cast the conviction on two of the minor charges, yet enough remained to warrant sentence of transportation, which was accordingly pronounced, for seven years on all the prisoners.[1]

This sentence, evidently inadequate to the magnitude of the crimes brought home to the accused, at first excited great dissatisfaction. No one could read the evidence and entertain any serious doubt not only that Macleod, charged as the actual assassin of Smith, was guilty, but that it was shown he had acted at the instigation of the other prisoners, the members of the "secret select committee." The Cotton-Spinners' Association was proved to have been for above twenty years implicated in a conspiracy which, whenever a serious strike took place, generally every three or four years, never scrupled to employ the most nefarious means of accomplishing its purpose. Assault, intimidation, fire-raising, murder, were resorted to, with the knowledge and approbation of the whole body.[2] Sometimes death or muti-

[1] The trial of the cotton-spinners was published in an octavo volume by A. C. Swinton, Esq., Advocate, with correctness and ability.

[2] Every morning the cotton-spinners asked each other, "Why was nothing done last night?" "What did you mean by nothing being

lation was inflicted, as by throwing vitriol in the eyes, which in the case of a poor girl rendered her blind for life. Complaints were universal that the prosecution had been purposely mismanaged by the Crown counsel, that the jury had from terror returned a verdict contrary to the evidence, and that the Court had from want of courage sustained frivolous objections to part of their findings. I received a gratifying reward for my anxieties, not merely in being publicly thanked, on the conclusion of my evidence, by the Court and Crown authorities for the course I had adopted, but from the country generally, pointing me out as the only person connected with the prosecution who was not the subject of blame.[1]

done!" "Why was no one murdered!" It was soon after this Smith was shot.—Moat's evidence, p. 38; Swinton's Report of Cotton-spinners' Trial.

[1] On this occasion I received the following gratifying letters from the late Lord Advocate Rae and present Solicitor-General Rutherfurd:—

"St Catherine's, *Jan.* 22, 1838.

"My dear Alison,—I was much pleased with reading your speech in a newspaper which somebody sent me from Glasgow—as I am with everything you do—all which demonstrates how much you are fitted for a higher situation than that you now fill. If we could only get these knaves of Ministers out, I don't think a fortnight would pass before I should see you on that higher Bench, which I have always thought you so qualified to adorn.—Faithfully thine, Wm. Rae."

"Edinburgh, *Nov.* 21, 1837.

"My dear Alison,—I have to acknowledge the great obligations the Crown and country owe to you for the zeal, activity, and talent you have shown in the detection of the cotton-spinners' conspiracy. I shall always be ready to bear strong and willing testimony to that. The decision, courage, and energy of your conduct could alone have proved equal to such an emergency."

I soon, however, perceived that in reality the result of the inadequate sentence on the prisoners was a matter of congratulation. It prevented the convicts becoming martyrs. The impression produced by the evidence was undiminished by sympathy with any heroism or sufferings of the guilty parties. I had soon proof of the effect in Glasgow. One of the cotton-spinners named Ridley, but not a member of the committee, was convicted at the Winter Circuit of a combination assault, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. On this occasion Lord Cockburn, the presiding judge, made a powerful speech on the ruinous effects of such associations. Lord Medwyn, the other judge, in his parting address to the assize, also made an emphatic allusion to the same subject, in the course of which he spoke in flattering terms of myself, which led to some remarks from me on the deplorable effects I had witnessed from the strike.[1] So strongly was the public mind excited, that the next day, when I accidentally entered the Exchange at four o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when it was most thronged by the merchants, the whole persons in the room with one accord took off their hats.

As soon as Parliament met, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the subject of combination; and the Duke of Wellington, in commending the step, stated in the House of Peers that he had never

[1] These three speeches are to be found given with great accuracy in the close of Mr Swinton's Report of the Cotton-spinners' Trial.

received so many communications on any subject as he had done on this. I was urged by leading men of both parties to write some articles for periodicals, which might put in a more permanent form the information which had been obtained on the subject; and in consequence I wrote two articles on "Trades-Unions and Strikes"—one for 'Blackwood's Magazine' and one for the 'Edinburgh Review,'[1] which put the public in possession of all the information I had on the subject, and made them aware of the perilous nature of the associations which were thus springing up in the manufacturing districts. But much was not to be expected from Government, who, though fully aware of the formidable nature of the conspiracy, had not nerve to meet it directly, and risk its popularity, and possibly the immediate peace of the country, by adopting such measures as the safety of the State and the interests of the working classes themselves called for.

The Combination Committee, however, commenced their labours; and on 23d March 1838, I, being cited as a witness, set out with Mrs Alison for London. We went by sea from Glasgow to Liverpool, and thence by the railway—at that period deemed a rarity—to Birmingham. The chairman of the Committee was Lord Granville Somerset. The Lord Advocate of Scotland (Murray) and Lord Ashley[2]

[1] 'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1838, vol. xliii. p. 281; and 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1838.

[2] Afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury.

were also members. The leading persons who took the direction of the examination were Mr O'Connell and Mr Wakley. The former, instigated I believe mainly by animosity at the skilled workmen of Dublin, who were nearly all Englishmen and Protestants, and who had engaged in the most nefarious conspiracies, conducted the examination almost entirely with a view to discredit the trade combinations; the latter, influenced by an instinctive partiality for democratic societies, cross-examined, in order to lighten the weight of the evidence adduced against them. Most of the witnesses cited on the side for which I was called, being merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow, spoke out but feebly: it was evident that they were influenced by the dangers of their situation, and not inclined to incur the hostility of a numerous and powerful body, with whom they were constantly in contact, and on whom they were so dependent. This, however, only rendered me more resolute to bring out the whole truth, by divulging in an authentic form all that I knew on the subject under investigation.

My examination was protracted for five days, and occupied more than twenty hours. It was conducted in the first instance by O'Connell, who exhibited all the skill in that department of forensic duty for which he was celebrated, and the impression made by the facts elicited was very great. Mr Wakley exerted all his ingenuity in cross-examination to shake or discredit my testimony; but those who read the

evidence will probably be of opinion that he succeeded in neither the one nor the other. He was, in the first instance, disposed to be at times impertinent; but he soon desisted, upon finding that I was not likely to lose my temper, and that he often exposed himself to a retort. On one occasion, when I had described the habits of the combined operatives, he said, "Pray, how do you know their habits? do you associate with them?" "No," I replied, "Mr Wakley, I do not; but I am sorry to say they are often obliged to associate with me; for there is hardly a day in which some of them are not brought in civil or criminal business before me, in the course of which their habits and proceedings are immediately brought to light." On another, when I had said that I felt it my duty to proceed against the combinations in order to protect the industrious men exposed to their violence, he interrupted me by the question, "And pray, sir, who constituted you their protector?" "King William IV.," I replied, "when he made me chief magistrate of Lanarkshire; and whoever may abandon their duty to the poor, I hope it never will be the officers of the Crown." After this he desisted from further attempts of that kind, and eventually we afterwards became very good friends. When the examination was over, he came up and made a very handsome apology, adding, "The fact is, sir, you would be a devilish good fellow if you were not such a confounded Tory."

CHAPTER X.

FROM EXCURSION TO BELGIUM TO CONCLUSION OF 'HISTORY OF EUROPE.'

APRIL 1838—JUNE 1842.

As my examination was not concluded when the Easter recess began, it became necessary for me to be within reach when Parliament met again after the holidays; and as they lasted for a fortnight, and we had no particular inducement to remain in town, we resolved to make a run over to the Netherlands in the interim.

We went to Brussels, and made a most interesting excursion, on the 18th April, to the field of Waterloo. Great changes had taken place since I had visited it, four-and-twenty years before. The thick stems of the wood of Soignies were in many places thinned, and large openings had been cut. The first thing which attracted the eye on approaching the field was the immense pyramid of earth erected on the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound, surmounted by the colossal lion,

which, in imitation of the Grecian custom, was placed on its summit; and various monuments of large dimensions near La Haye Sainte give a solemn and funereal aspect to the scene. Having taken a general view of the field from the top of the pyramid, I walked over every part both of the French and English position. The rugged hedge of La Haye Sainte, through which Ponsonby's brigade burst at the commencement of their memorable charge; the still ruined towers and mouldering walls of Hougoumont; the ditch behind which the Guards were lying when Wellington at the decisive moment ordered them to advance; the plateau on which the desperate struggle with the Imperial Guard took place; the slope down which they recoiled in confusion towards the Charleroi road; the eminence on which the Old Guard was posted, when with mournful resolution they received the desperate charges of Vivian's horse,—all were visited with attention, and indelibly imprinted on the memory. I experienced much benefit from this minute inspection of the field, when I came to describe the battle afterwards.

After leaving Brussels we went to Antwerp, where we remained two days. War had there too left its traces; the citadel bore the mark of Gerard's balls. The bastion of Toledo was in part ruined by the recent breaching; and in its rear a vast hospital, nearly bomb-proof, formed by beams of wood surmounted by a mass of earth six feet in thickness, still showed where the wounded of the

garrison had found a temporary shelter from the iron hail. This scene of devastation, the nearest approach to the appearance of an actual siege which I had seen, awakened in me the greatest interest — an interest not diminished by the recollection of the gallant stand which Holland had made against the democratic usurpation of the two most powerful nations in Europe.

An impressive spectacle awaited us the following day, being Easter-day, the 21st, when High Mass was performed with extraordinary splendour in Antwerp Cathedral. A large band of the first artists had been brought from Paris for the occasion; above 500 performers composed the orchestra; 10,000 spectators filled the interior of the edifice, whose walls are adorned by the glorious Scripture-pieces of Rubens, and nothing was omitted which could render the Roman Catholic worship imposing. On comparing this magnificent ceremony in this sublime Gothic cathedral with a similar service I had seen twenty years before in St Peter's, I felt that, to a northern mind at least, there is something in the Gothic structure more suitable to the character of a spiritual worship than the brilliant magnificence of the Grecian. Nothing could be more dazzling in its details than the service in St Peter's. The walls, inlaid with the marbles and ornamented with the pillars of the ancient city; the glorious specimens of modern art with which it was adorned; the colossal proportions of the balusters which supported the nave; the sublime

elevation of the dome, beneath the arch of which 20,000 human beings looked like insects; the vast space enclosed within its splendid walls; the ravishing music which thrilled through its expanses; the gorgeous habiliments and prodigious array of cardinals, bishops, and priests who surrounded the Pope, —produced an impression which at the time was overpowering. But it was the splendour of ancient pomp rather than the solemnity of modern service; it was like the most glorious of heathen sacrifices performed in the most sublime of heathen temples, not the worship of one God in the fitting abode of an unseen Spirit—it ravished the senses, but did not penetrate the heart. At Antwerp everything wore a different aspect. The religion was the same, the forms were the same, the music was not materially different; but the spirit was changed — devotion, sincere and heartfelt, was here. The common people, chiefly from the country, who in vast numbers thronged the pavement, were evidently animated with fervent piety; tears trickled down the cheeks of the old equally with the young, at the thrilling bursts of the music. It was not a splendid theatrical display presented to an admiring but unsympathising audience, but a solemn religious service in which the spectators themselves took a part, and in which the most moving circumstance was the genuine emotion with which they were evidently inspired.

The paintings of Rubens and Vandyck at Antwerp occupied a large portion of our attention. I called

to mind the observation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the former of these masters never could be appreciated but by those who had seen his paintings at Antwerp; and that, judging by the standard which they afforded, he was one of the greatest of modern artists. The mind of Rubens seems to have been elevated and in a manner purified by the sacred subjects to which his pencil was here devoted, and his genius shone forth in its full lustre, undimmed by the unworthy adjuncts which often in other instances marred its effect. His colouring is everywhere brilliant, his conception vigorous, his execution free and spirited; but there is frequently a coarseness in his forms, especially of women, and a confusion of allegorical figures and incidents, which prove fatal to any general or pleasing impression. In his great Scripture-pieces at Antwerp, on the other hand—especially the "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral, and the lesser paintings in the Museum—these defects do not appear, partly from the solemn unity of the subject, and partly from drapery concealing the female figures. His transcendent genius, accordingly, appears in the most favourable point of view; and no just opinion can be formed of its proportions by those who have not studied these masterpieces, and the terrible "Massacre of the Innocents" in the Museum of Munich.

From Antwerp we crossed the Scheldt by boat, and traversed the low and marshy ground enclosed by the fortifications of the Tête de Flandre, or subject

to its inundation—where Napoleon intended to have formed his outwork against England—and took the road by Ghent and Bruges to Ostend, where we embarked. In the morning we awakened at the mouth of the Thames, where a bright sun was shining on innumerable barks, fishing-boats, and sailing vessels, which thronged the approach to London. The scene reminded me of the beautiful marine landscapes by which Copley Fielding has illustrated the principal towns on the southern coast of England. The voyage up the Thames had lost nothing of its interest and marvels: it is one of those scenes which is more highly appreciated as years advance, from experience having proved that it stands alone in the world.

My examination before the Parliamentary Committee was resumed on our return, and continued for two forenoons. The principal facts connected with the cotton-spinners' conspiracy, however, had now been elicited; and the questions put by the different members of the Committee were of a more desultory kind, and embraced almost every point relating to the social condition of the working classes in Lanarkshire which it was possible to imagine. My answers, according to my invariable practice, were decided and undisguised, though I well knew many of them were adverse to the opinions of a majority of the Committee. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the members of the trades-unions present, when they heard me strongly advocating, on the interrogation of Lord Ashley, a ten hours' limitation of the

daily period of labour: they had previously supposed I was entirely in the interest of the masters, and could form no idea of a public functionary having acted from a sense of public duty, without regard to one party more than another. My examination on this subject laid the foundation of a subsequent and greatly valued friendship with the high-minded and benevolent nobleman who conducted it. Mr O'Connell put many questions as to the probable effect of education in ameliorating the habits and diminishing the vices of the working classes; and as I expressed great doubt whether it would do more than turn human depravity into a different channel, he said—"Then, Mr Alison, you don't agree to the sentiment of the poet—

'Didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.'"

"Yes," I replied, "I do agree to it. You will observe the poet says, 'nec sinit esse *feros;*' he does not say, 'nec sinit esse *pravos.*'" I do not know how much longer we might have gone on with this desultory conversation, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," had not Mr Wakley asked me some question about the French Revolution, to which I replied, "We have been now engaged, Mr Wakley, for about thirty hours in discussing combinations among workmen; if we get upon the French Revolution, I don't know when we are likely to be done." Upon this they fell a-laughing, and the truth of the observation being evident, the examination was concluded.

Daniel O'Connell, with whom during the prolonged sittings of this Committee I was thus brought in contact, was a man who took much too leading a part in public affairs at this period, and had done so for ten years previously, not to deserve a portrait in a gallery of his contemporaries. He was a man perhaps of the greatest native intellectual powers of any one in the age in which he lived. This appeared in the vigorous and caustic character of his expressions, his indefatigable powers of application, and the unequalled facility with which he could adapt himself to any audience whom he might be called on to address. His sway over the rude and impassioned peasantry of his own country, whom he was in the habit of addressing by 20,000 or 30,000 at a time, was unbounded. And he could speak with equal facility and effect to an audience composed of the highest in rank and the first in talent. I have been assured by Mr Jeffrey and other competent judges that he was the best and most effective speaker they ever heard in the House of Commons.

With these great abilities and indefatigable powers, he would have been an effective supporter of any Administration to which he chose to attach himself, and might have risen to a very high place in it, if it had not been for other peculiarities, which, while they enhanced his sway with his Irish followers, essentially weakened it with the gentlemen of England. He was to the last degree violent and abusive

out of the House, of all his political opponents; and never failed, in addressing an Irish mob, to use terms of vulgar slang and ribaldry against his adversaries. This often led him into personal quarrels, of which the one with Sir R. Peel was the most remarkable; and it did not lessen the damaging effect of these unseemly broils that he got out of them without a hostile collision on the plea of a "vow registered in heaven" against duelling; for the world remarked, that though it might be quite right to make a vow and keep it, yet it would be well if it were accompanied by another vow to abstain from such expressions as among gentlemen lead to such an encounter. His character would be inexplicable, if we did not recollect the unbounded sway of the Roman Catholic Church over its sincere votaries, and the way in which, when the one great object of restoring the ancient faith is fixed in the mind, every lesser object is abandoned, and the whole mental powers are concentrated on that important one. Heart and soul he was an Ultramontane Catholic; and having been the principal agent by whom Catholic emancipation had been brought about, he had come to consider himself invincible, and the instrument of Providence for the restoration of the true faith and the extirpation of heresy in the British dominions. To this his efforts through life were directed, and to the vexation arising from his failure in it he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

His personal appearance was very striking, without being handsome. Strong and muscular and

square-built, he resembled one of the ancient athletæ. A single glance would enable any one to recognise him among a thousand. A massy wig, and sinister expression of the eyes, bordering on, though not actually a squint, increased the striking expression of his countenance. He never looked you straight in the face,—a peculiarity common to him with nearly all Jesuits, and eminently characteristic of their character. Many of his acts, which brought him discredit in this country, were in his eyes, and those of his Catholic superiors, the most meritorious part of his cause. The begging-box itself, sent round to all the beggars of Ireland, was an act of the highest merit, for it tended to restore the ancient faith. Immense sums passed through his hands, but he retained none of them, and died poor. They were all devoted to the purposes of the Church. But his zeal for the Papacy made him deaf to the claims of humanity; and in no part of Ireland were her peasantry more oppressed or in a more deplorable state than on his own estate. This he regarded as a virtue. The extravagant rents extorted from them went to augment the resources and promote the views of the Church. I met him afterwards, and sat next him at a dinner given him by the magistrates of Glasgow. He was urbane and courteous, and at times very entertaining.

During my short stay in London at this period, I dined at two parties, which, from the eminence of the gentlemen present, deserve to be recorded.

The first was at Mr Milnes's, M.P.,[1] whose recently published poems were then attracting a good deal of attention. The party consisted of Mr Hallam the historian, Mr Carlyle, Professor Whewell of Cambridge, Mr W. E. Gladstone, afterwards President of the Board of Trade and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a few others of less note. Hallam and Whewell were the great interlocutors, and they had a hard struggle for the precedency. Their talk was always able, and often instructive; but the constant straining after effect soon became tiresome, and led to the too frequent sacrifice of truth or sense to antithesis or point. Carlyle said less, but what he did remark was striking. Speaking of Queen Victoria, who had shortly before ascended the throne, he observed: "Poor Queen! she is much to be pitied. She is at an age when she would hardly be trusted with the choosing of a bonnet, and she is called to a task from which an archangel might have shrunk." Again, the conversation having turned on Goethe, and some one having expressed surprise that he did not, like Körner, take an active part in the war of deliverance which was shaking the world around him, Carlyle remarked: "It is not surprising he did not do so; you might as well expect the moon to descend from the heavens and take her place among the common street-lamps."

The next party, at which Mrs Alison was also

[1] Afterwards Lord Houghton.

present, was at Sir Stratford Canning's, in Grosvenor Square. It consisted of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Mr Hallam, Mr Frankland Lewis, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and several others. As they were nearly all conversational people, and Sir Stratford had remarkable talents in that line, the party was singularly agreeable, and to me instructive, as it afforded the first instance I had seen of that mixture of aristocratic breeding with diplomatic ability which has rendered the highest circles of London society so celebrated. Its superiority to any conversation I had heard in Scotland was apparent, chiefly from the lightness and rapidity with which every subject was touched on, the variety of topics introduced, and the entire absence of those tedious prelections with which the lawyers in Edinburgh and the heads of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge crush the agreeable flow of natural thought. But though entirely free from these provincial defects, the metropolitan society runs into others, less tiresome, but not less at variance with the true principles of that most difficult art, the agreeable interchange of ideas. It was too forced and strained. Mrs Alison said, when we returned home at night, it was like a "horse-race of talent;" and such in truth was its character. Every one was striving to say something more terse, more epigrammatic, more sparkling than another; and as all could not be original or profound, the forced sayings or failures greatly preponderated, and left on the whole a con-

fused and unpleasant impression on the recollection. Lord Stanley,[1] who by this time was out of office, gave some curious details about the discussions which used to go on in the Grey Cabinet, and the communications they had with King William. I afterwards had, by appointment, an interview of half an hour with him, upon various matters connected with the social and political condition of the Lanarkshire population and the working of the Reform Bill, in the course of which I was more struck with his quickness and clearness of apprehension, than with the solidity of his judgment.

We left London on the 3d of May, in one of the most delightful days of that delightful time of the year—when the trees were all bursting into leaf, the lambs sporting in the fields, and all Nature rejoicing in the new-born breath of spring. The journey, though the common one by the great North Road to York, and thence over Stanmore by Carlisle to Glasgow, deserves to be recorded for one peculiar circumstance. It was the *last* of those delightful journeys in England which I made, and which to the rising generation must be numbered among the things that have been. We travelled in our own carriage with post-horses, and as the weather was so delightful, went only eighty miles a-day, and took five days to the journey. The posting, the roads, the inns, had reached a perfection which had never been seen before. On the road you never went less

[1] Afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby.

than nine miles an hour. When the horses drove up to the inn-door, the next pair walked out of the stable-yard with the post-boy already seated; in half a minute the old pair were unharnessed by the ostlers, in another half-minute the new ones were in their place, and you were off at the gallop. The inns were on a level with these luxuries of locomotion. Nothing could exceed their cleanness, elegance, and comfort, except the smiling faces and ceaseless attentions of the attendants. A cheerful fire, reflected from nicely papered walls, luxurious sofas, easy-chairs, and shining mahogany furniture, awaited you at the moment of your arrival. If you stayed for a meal, it was served up in the best style in half an hour; if you remained all night, the comforts of the bedrooms were such as might be expected in a ducal palace. The cost of posting down in this style for a gentleman and lady, with their servant and maid, from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow, was about forty-five pounds; and it may be doubted whether the same sum, if the weather were fine, would in any other way produce an equal amount of enjoyment.

In the course of this journey we again visited the stately pile of Burghley; the magnificent cathedral of York; the noble ruins of Fountains Abbey, "bosomed high in tufted trees," and reposing amidst the solitude of pastoral beauty; and the classic stream and rocks of Greta—a little paradise amidst surrounding monotony. Yet attractive as these

occasional objects of interest were, it may be doubted whether the most delightful part of the journey was not the appearance of the country as we rolled along, clothed in the first beauty of spring, and exhibiting for above three hundred miles one unbroken scene of prosperity and happiness. On arriving at Carlisle, which we did at six in the evening, with the horses in a lather, I called out, without alighting, "Horses immediately for Gretna!" where we meant to rest for the night. The horses were instantly harnessed with extraordinary expedition, and a crowd quickly got round the carriage, anxiously looking for the lady within. Mrs Alison was sitting back, and she immediately said, "Oh, my dear, they take us for a runaway couple; put out your head and dispel that illusion!" Before I could do so, however, the carriage was off at the gallop, amidst the cheers of the crowd; and at the age of five-and-forty, having been twelve years married, I passed at Carlisle for an eloping lover.

After crossing the Border, the style of the posting painfully reminded us of the comparatively backward state of our own country. No postilion ready mounted with his horses issued from the stable-yard as we drove up to the gate; delay and procrastination generally occurred in bringing them out; and at Crawford and Douglas, in the Lanarkshire hills, they had to be brought in from the plough.

When I returned to Glasgow I began in good earnest to prosecute an undertaking which I had much

at heart, and the necessity for which I felt strongly —viz., the establishment of a central police for that city and its vicinity, similar to that which had been found to be attended with such salutary effects in and around the metropolis. Nothing could be on a worse footing than the arrangements connected with the prevention of crime in Lanarkshire at this time. Police in the county there was none; although nearly two hundred thousand persons were there assembled from all parts of the empire, attracted by the high wages offered for manufacturing and mining operations. This *colluvies omnium gentium* was not held together or kept in subordination by any discipline; on the contrary, it was left to itself without any inducements to do right, and great temptations to do wrong. Spirit-shops innumerable had sprung up in all the densely peopled districts, while the churches and schoolhouses were few and far between; and though philanthropic efforts were not wanting to extend the means of moral and religious improvement, yet they were evidently and painfully inadequate to the prodigious development of the causes of evil. In the three parishes of Old and New Monkland and Blantyre, population advanced from 1831 to 1841 at the rate of 100 to 105 per cent—an increase almost equal to what obtained at the same period on the Ohio or the Mississippi. In the two first parishes the inhabitants increased from 20,000 to 41,000 during these ten years. Nothing could exceed the dissolute habits of the greater part of this population,

thus suddenly drawn together from every part of the empire. Not one in ten, probably not one in twenty, ever thought of going to church on Sunday, but spent that day drinking in spirit-shops, amusing themselves with dog-matches or cock-fights, or lounging about the fields and coppice-woods with idle young women of their acquaintance. From a central point between Airdrie and Coatbridge, if a circle were described with a radius of two miles, it would embrace 80,000 souls—among whom there were then only six places of worship, Established or Dissenting; while the wages paid amounted at the close of the period to £30,000 a-week, and the sum annually expended on ardent spirits exceeded £200,000. Mr Baird, the great ironmaster at Gartsherrie, in that neighbourhood—a most intelligent and patriotic gentleman—assured me of this fact; and also, that of the wages paid to his workmen, which were seldom under £4000 a-fortnight, *seventy per cent* was spent in drink.[1]

Nor were matters on a much better footing in Glasgow, although the longer establishment of commercial and manufacturing industry in that city had led to some institutions calculated to abate the more pressing evils. In the city or royalty of Glasgow properly so called, which embraced about 140,000 inhabitants within the police bounds, the police force

[1] The miners in general got from 20s. to 30s. a-week, of which not more than 12s. was given to their house expenses or families, the remainder being wasted in dissipation and drinking.

was admirable. It amounted to 224 men; and was not only efficient, but adequate to the wants of the district. The remainder of the city, however, embracing at this time above 100,000 inhabitants, was divided between different subordinate jurisdictions. Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston had each a little police establishment of its own; while a considerable part called Bridgeton, with 15,000 inhabitants, for the most part in the very lowest grade of society, had no police whatever. It may be conceived what opportunities for the escape of criminals such a disjointed and ineffective system must have afforded. The suburban police officers, being under no common head, were jealous of each other, and united only in a common jealousy of the larger establishment in Glasgow itself. Cordial co-operation between such parties was not to be expected; and so ill did they draw together, that little communication of information went on from one to the other, and it was a common practice for thieves, when they became known in one locality, to betake themselves to another, where they were enabled with comparative impunity to commence anew the gainful trade of crime. Frequent instances occurred of a man having received transportation or eighteen months' imprisonment for one offence, and for the next getting off, in another jurisdiction where he was unknown, with twenty or thirty days' imprisonment. The suburban police commissioners, being chosen by what amounted almost to household

suffrage, had such a terror of their constituents, that they could not be induced to take powers for an adequate assessment; and the police force which they provided—sixteen or eighteen men among 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants—inadequate even in ordinary times, was wholly unfit to meet the exigencies of disturbed periods when general distress prevailed, or formidable strikes had reduced half the working classes to compulsory destitution.

What rendered this state of matters in a peculiar manner distressing to the Sheriff was, that not only theoretically but practically he was responsible for the peace of the county, and intrusted with the direction of all the prosecution of serious offences except such as fell under the jurisdiction of the burgh magistrates, with whom he had a co-ordinate jurisdiction within his bounds. On the occurrence of any emergency, or the threatening of tumult or public disturbance, I soon found that the whole responsibility was thrown on me; the magistrates either disappearing altogether, or declining to take any step for which the Sheriff did not render himself personally responsible. The public were perfectly ready to confide the duty of keeping the peace within his bounds to the Sheriff, and never failed to apply to him on the first appearance of difficulty. But they were by no means equally inclined to undertake the burden of providing a defensive force which might enable him to establish either a proper system for the prevention of crime, or for averting vio-

lence if the public tranquillity were threatened. On the contrary, they uniformly opposed any measures calculated to produce this effect, on the ground that it tended to augment the public burdens. The eagerness with which, on the appearance of danger, they applied to me for protection, was equalled only by the steadiness with which, the moment it was passed, they resisted any attempt to establish any defensive force at their own expense. They invariably looked upon the Sheriff as a sort of machine which, without being supplied with men or money, or costing them one shilling of expense, was to conduct the whole detection and prosecution of crimes within his jurisdiction; and on the least appearance of the public tranquillity being threatened, was to rear up as if by magic a vast civil force capable of effecting anything, and possessing the admirable quality of costing nothing.

I deemed it advisable to take advantage of the impression produced by the publication of the evidence on the cotton-spinners' trial to bring about a measure to place the police of the manufacturing counties in the West of Scotland on a proper foundation. My plan, imitated from that of the metropolitan police in Middlesex, was this: I proposed to have a large central police force, under one head and management, established in Glasgow, and perambulating the roads in the vicinity to the distance of fifteen or twenty miles in every direction, so as to include in its protection the whole manufacturing districts of the

west of Scotland. Outposts were to be placed at the extremities, where prisoners from the vicinity might be brought in, and aid be at hand if sent for; but the persons charged with offences were to be brought, as heretofore, before the magistrates of their respective counties. The cost of the whole to be levied by a general tax, varying in amount in proportion to the strength of the common force required in each locality for the protection of life and property. Such a police on horseback and foot patrolling the roads around Glasgow would, there could be no doubt, meet with and detect the greater part of the housebreakers or highway robbers returning early in the morning with their booty to the great market where it could be disposed of; while the power of directing a formidable police force of a hundred or a hundred and fifty men to any part within the district where a strike had occurred, or violence to new hands was threatened, would effectually coerce the designs of the trades-unions, and, by depriving them of their grand engine—intimidation—materially abridge their duration and prevent their atrocities.

I sent printed circulars detailing this plan to all the magistrates, justices of peace, and other authorities in Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, Ayrshire, and Stirlingshire, as well as the whole noblemen, gentlemen, merchants, bankers, and many other citizens in the district. I received answers from persons of every rank—from the duke and the merchant prince down to the peasant and

the shopkeeper—in all the towns and counties embraced in the proposed measure, almost all expressing their cordial acquiescence in it, and their sense of its necessity. Numerous addresses were forwarded to me, signed by householders and shopkeepers in the populous villages round Glasgow, which at present had no protection, earnestly calling the attention of Government to the measure, and praying for its adoption. The approbatory signatures of persons of respectability forwarded to me filled several huge rolls of the largest paper. Never, I believe, had a measure more generally approved been forwarded to Government; certainly none more loudly called for had ever been submitted to its consideration. And what was the result? Lord John Russell—at that time Home Secretary—said that he approved of Mr Alison's plan; that Government was aware of the necessity that existed of something being done; but that as the measure proposed was one of local, not general application, it lay with the parties interested in it to bring it into Parliament as a private Act, and it should then receive the favourable consideration of the Administration. This was equivalent to an extinguisher on the plan; for where could men be found who would, at their own private cost and responsibility, introduce a bill into Parliament, without any prospect of gain to themselves, which proposed such a measure as the assessing of five counties for the establishing of a centralised defensive force?

I was so strongly impressed with the absolute necessity of some such measure to check the progress of the evils with which I was surrounded, and which were daily brought officially under my notice, that I had at first some thoughts of taking the necessary steps to get a bill introduced into Parliament at my own cost, and that of one or two other public-spirited individuals, who might be induced, from a sense of the necessity of the measure, to concur with me in the attempt. I was soon, however—fortunately for myself—deterred from the undertaking, and brought to a proper estimate of the amount of support which a public man might expect in aid of gratuitous efforts for the public good, by two events which have left an indelible impression on my recollection.

The first of these was on a trifling scale, but it was a straw which showed how the tide set. In the course of my exertions for the establishment of a central police, I had not only expended a great deal of time, but had incurred considerable expense in printing and sending round the memorial and circulars intended to produce an impression in favour of the measure. They had all been prepared in concurrence with a committee of the cotton-masters' association and country gentlemen, who had been nominated to aid me in the prosecution of the attempt. I of course expected that, as I had had the whole trouble of preparing and despatching the memorials and circulars, they would be at the

expense of the printing, especially as the cotton-masters' association had considerable funds, raised by subscriptions for common purposes, at their disposal. But they replied that they had not ordered the printing, and had nothing to do with it; and I was obliged to pay for it myself.

The next occurrence was a much more serious matter, and one which at first seemed likely to involve me in very grave pecuniary responsibility. When I came to Glasgow in January 1835, I found the court-house and public office, in which the justiciary and sheriff-court business were carried on, in the most miserable condition. The former—though erected in the year 1810—had already, from the vast increase of population and crime, become altogether disproportioned to the necessities of the district. It had no jury-rooms, and the accommodation for witnesses was so wretched that eight hundred or a thousand persons of both sexes, compelled to attend the court to give evidence, were often shut up during the day for a week together in a couple of rooms, more resembling the Black Hole of Calcutta than anything known in civilised society. The latter was merely an old and incommodious tenement in the Stockwell, one of the meanest and most unhealthy streets of Glasgow, rented by the sheriff-clerk, and in which the accommodation for all the public officers was so miserably defective that the only surprising thing was how the immense amount of business annually got through by the sheriff court

could by any possibility be conducted. Various efforts had been made by my predecessor to get these evils—which were loudly complained of especially by jurymen and witnesses—removed, by the construction of suitable public buildings at the joint expense of the city and county; but they had all hitherto proved abortive, from the jealousy which subsisted between them, and their separate agricultural and commercial interests, which led them to unite in nothing except a common horror of assessment.

The evils, however, consequent on the existing state of the public edifices for the courts of law were so excessive, that I set in good earnest about effecting a remedy for them; and unexpected success in the first instance attended my exertions. I published in the newspapers, and circulated extensively among all the gentlemen of the city and county, a memorial explanatory of the necessity of the case and the means by which it could be removed; and in addition I waited personally upon the leading men in both, in order to obviate objections, and, if possible, to secure their concurrence in the measure. A general impression in consequence was produced in its favour, insomuch that, with the concurrence of all parties, a bill was introduced into Parliament in the autumn of 1835, for raising £50,000 by assessment on the city and county for the erection of courts of law and public offices in Glasgow. Of this sum £30,000 was to be levied on the former, and £20,000 on the latter; but as the assessment

was to spread over four years, it amounted only to a penny in the pound on the rental yearly for that short period. Not a whisper of complaint was heard against this bill in any part of the county, though it had recently been assessed for new and handsome court-houses at Lanark and Hamilton.

In Glasgow, however, the case was different. The Conservative party were there commencing an effort to secure at least one Tory member for Parliament, and they deemed this a favourable opportunity for bringing the Liberal town-council into obloquy. Raising, therefore, the cry of assessment—so easy to awaken, so difficult to allay—they held public meetings in different quarters of the city, and raised such a ferment that, after the bill had passed the Commons, it was threatened with a formidable opposition on the part of the owners of houses in Glasgow, who complained that half of the burden of the assessment was laid on them and half on their tenants. To obviate this objection, it was agreed to alter the principle of assessment, and lay it entirely on the tenants, in the first instance at least. It was evident that this change was more nominal than real; as the tax, like all other burdens on land, would force a deduction from rent, and in the end fall on the landlord. The change, however, disarmed the opposition; the bill as amended passed both Houses, and in April 1836 received the royal assent. Nothing remained but for the Commissioners appointed under the Act to commence their statutory

duties, and carry this great public improvement into effect. Here, however, an unforeseen and formidable obstacle presented itself, which for long delayed, and wellnigh proved fatal to, the measure.

Of the Commissioners, some, as is usual in such cases, were nominated in the Act of Parliament, of whom I of course was one; and the remainder were directed to be chosen by the Commissioners of Supply for the county, and the Town-Council of Glasgow. The former immediately elected their Commissioners, and everything was ready to proceed to the immediate execution of the Act; but the latter, elected by 7000 citizens of the city, had the fear of losing their popularity so clearly before their eyes, that they determined by a considerable majority *not to elect Commissioners.* As the consensus of all the Commissioners directed to be chosen by the Act was essential to give legal validity to their proceedings, this resolution rendered the Act inoperative, and for six years delayed the commencement of the public buildings. But this was not all. The Act had been passed, and an expense of £1200 incurred in obtaining it, and as the Act was not worked out so as to levy the expenses on the ratepayers, the difficulty occurred, how was this to be provided for? The Glasgow Town-Council soon found a way of getting out of this dilemma. They sent a letter to me, saying that I had taken upon myself the responsibility of the business, and therefore they looked to me for payment of their parliamentary agents' account,

and would thank me for a draft for £1247 to defray it! Thus the only thanks which I got from them for having obtained by my personal exertions £20,000 from the county of Lanark for a building to be erected in the heart of the city of Glasgow, was a refusal to work the Act; and the only return from the magistrates, whom I had endeavoured to screen by taking upon myself the odium of the change on the bill, which they themselves had proposed, and which related to their own city, was a demand for £1200 to pay for the Act which they illegally, and contrary to their official duty, refused to carry into execution! I returned them such an answer as showed them I was not so very facile as to be thus imposed upon; and as I had never employed the parliamentary attorneys or corresponded with them, they had not a shadow of a claim against me. I heard nothing more, accordingly, of the demand; but the fact of its having been made, gave me a warning as to the average character of human nature, and the support which mere public undertakings not conducive to any *private* fortune were likely to meet with. It went far, in my estimation at least, to justify the caustic saying of Thurlow: "An incorporation, sir! did you ever expect an incorporation to do justice, when it had neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked?"

Events, however, soon occurred which demonstrated that all men are not equally selfish, and that conduct directed by a desire to promote the

public good, will be appreciated in the end. During the summer of 1838 I received great numbers of letters from *working men*, thanking me for the stand I had made against the tyranny of the trades-unions, and anticipating the best effect from the publication of the evidence at the trial. And I had soon the satisfaction of discovering that, though exposed to great obloquy at first, I stood better ere long with the trades-unions than I had formerly done. On occasion of a great procession of those bodies in July 1838, I was vehemently hissed when I appeared at the window of the town-hall, before which it defiled; but in the autumn of the same year, several legal questions depending between the workmen and their masters were brought by the former before me in the small-debt court, in preference to any other judicature in the county or city. In August a public dinner was given to me by the incorporation of skinners, the oldest in Glasgow, on account of my exertions in developing the designs of the trades-unions, on which occasion I was presented with the freedom of their incorporation—the first public honour I had ever received. In November following I received a still more gratifying mark of confidence from the cotton-spinner operatives themselves. To meet the expenses of their strike and defend the accused at the trial, a debt of a very large amount had been contracted; and the committee had issued circulars, ordering payment of 2s. 6d. a-week from all the members of the association, a contribution which it

was intimated would continue for *eighteen years*. This announcement, as well it might, diffused general consternation; and after several meetings to consider what was to be done, a deputation from their body waited upon me, to say that they had no confidence in their committee, or in any members of their association, but that they had agreed, if I would take charge of the weekly payments, they would hand them over to me till the whole debt was discharged. This was an offer which I could not accept; but the fact of its having been made by such parties I have always considered as one of the most flattering marks of confidence I have ever received.

Government, however, was sensible that something must be done to provide a remedy for the disorders which had arisen from the altered position of society; but they had not nerve, and perhaps wanted power, to do what was requisite. Following out the principles of self-government, they introduced a bill into Parliament empowering the Commissioners of Supply (the higher class of the country gentlemen) in counties to assess the landed proprietors within their bounds for certain sums for the establishment of a rural police. I was not consulted about the preparation of this Act, or I would have pointed out a defect which, the moment I read it, I perceived would render it inoperative in the county of Lanark. It consisted in this, that it only gave the Commissioners of Supply power to assess the *whole county equally*, and did not empower, as the corresponding Act in

England does, the imposition of a *different* rate on different townships or districts, according to their respective wants or necessities. The effect of this was, that a large majority of the Commissioners of Supply in Lanarkshire, headed by the Duke of Hamilton (who came to Lanark on June 9, 1840, to oppose the measure in person), constantly refused, as will appear in the sequel, under the most pressing and urgent circumstances, to carry the Act into execution; and though protection was more loudly called for there than in any other county of Scotland, it was left absolutely without any.

The ostensible motive assigned for this—and it was a very plausible one—was, that the great mass of crime in the county arose in the lower ward, where the city of Glasgow was situated, and that it was unreasonable to expect the agricultural proprietors of the middle, or the pastoral landowners of the upper ward, to assess themselves to correct an evil which originated with the growth of wealth and manufactures in a different part of the county. It was in vain to represent to them that their incomes had been doubled or trebled, in some cases augmented tenfold, by these very manufactures; and that, having gained many hundreds per cent by the change, it was unjust in them to refuse to contribute one per cent to guard against the evils which it brought in its train. To all these considerations they remained deaf: they were willing to take the *commodum* arising from the change from rural to manufactur-

ing industry, but resolutely refused to bear any part of the *onus* with which it was attended. I made repeated motions on this subject in the county meetings as soon as the Act came into operation, particularly on 30th April 1840, 9th June 1840, 30th January 1843, and 13th March 1843. I supported my propositions, which aimed at imposing an assessment of only a penny in the pound on men whose fortunes had risen on an average 300 per cent, in consequence of the spread of the manufacturing industry which brought in the disorders. Statistical details and parliamentary returns proved that serious crime, so far as detected, was increasing three times, and so far as perpetrated, *ten times* as fast as the population —though the population was advancing at the rate of 34 per cent in ten years. It was all in vain: the resolute determination to resist assessment proved fatal to every successive proposition; and what put the selfishness of their resistance in the clearest light was that, while they always rested their opposition on the unequal growth of crime in the different districts of the county, and professed their willingness to consent to a police if the power of varied assessment on different districts was conferred upon them, they took care to avoid any step which might put such power of varied assessment in their hands. A committee, of which I was a member, composed of a majority and chairman opposed to assessment, was appointed, on 13th March 1843, to confer with the Lord Advocate as to a legislative measure which

might be suitable to the circumstances of the county of Lanark; but it never met.[1]

Those details of local and provincial concerns would be of little general interest, and unworthy of a place in any biography, were it not that they led me to conclusions of general and lasting importance. In fact they bore directly and immediately, and to me at least with overwhelming force, on the *vexata quæstio* of the day. I was here brought into contact with mankind in real business; I came to understand from experience the difficulties with which the Government, whose deeds I had to record, had been compelled to struggle. I was able to judge from my own observation how far men were qualified for the duties of self-government; I could estimate by a just measure the amount of happiness which a nation had to expect that intrusted its destinies to the supposed disinterested and patriotic spirit of its inhabitants. I saw how it had happened that the ascendancy of democracy had uniformly terminated in public misery, and how the long-established selfishness of aristocracy had frequently in past times driven the people to resistance and induced public convulsions. Mankind are governed at bottom in all ranks and conditions by the same principles: he who closely watches the parties and divisions of a

[1] The greater part of the facts regarding the growth of crime in Lanarkshire are to be found in the articles on "Imprisonment and Transportation," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' May and July 1844, reprinted in the essay on Crime in my Miscellaneous Essays.

city will have no difficulty in understanding them in an empire. When I reflected on the general selfishness, timidity, and want of public spirit which I saw in all classes around me, I was no longer surprised at the frequent failure of Liberal institutions. Were a project of local interest calculated to benefit private stockholders set on foot, it was sure to meet with vigorous and impassioned support from those hoping to profit by it, and not unfrequently from their efforts it in the end succeeded, despite often general disadvantage to be expected from its effects. On the other hand, every measure calculated to produce general good, but without the quality of making individual fortunes, met with the most lukewarm and languid support from the public generally, and was sure to be encountered by determined hostility from those whose interests it seemed likely, however remotely, to affect. If it had the misfortune to be based on a public assessment, or in any way, how trifling soever, to trench on private fortunes, even for an evident and necessary public purpose, this general hostility was roused into a fury which rendered, in almost every instance, success hopeless. No amount of social suffering, no crying necessities of the poor, no demonstration of general advantage, no danger even to themselves if remote, could gain support or disarm hostility, if unaided by the one needful quality of promoting private interest, or tainted by the prospect of the most trifling private burden. I now

ceased to wonder at the insurmountable difficulty, one great cause of the Revolution, which Louis XVI. experienced in all his efforts to get the privileged classes to submit to direct taxation, so as to bear their just proportions of the public burdens. I now learned to estimate the vast importance of the aid derived by the Reformation from the prospect of spoliating the estates of the Church, and to the French Revolutionists by that of paying the debts of the State out of the ecclesiastical properties, and enriching the peasants by the confiscation of the estates of the *émigrés*. So universal seemed this propensity, and so vehement the resistance to every change not recommended by private gain to some, that I fixed it in my mind as a kind of maxim, which most people acquainted with the direction of men would admit to be just, that you might estimate the utility, justice, and importance of a measure by the languor of the support which it received, and the vehemence of the resistance by which it was met.[1]

[1] Observe "by the vehemence of the resistance," *and* "the languor of the support." Many of the most destructive measures ever adopted by the country, such as the Reform Bill and Free Trade, were strenuously resisted, but then they were still more strenuously supported, and it was the superior weight of the latter which rendered them triumphant. They were the efforts of one class to spoliate or cast down another, and consequently roused private ambition and cupidity to the highest degree. It is the combination of lukewarm support with impassioned resistance, which is the general mark of a just and wise measure; for the first indicates that it is calculated to make no private fortune—the second, that it trenches on some selfish interest for the general good.

In a despotic Government the actual collision of the oppressors and the oppressed is the only check on misgovernment, but in popular or constitutional monarchies the process for the correction of evil is in general pacific, but not less efficacious. The selfish desires of man are the moving power for the attainment of general good, but those chiefly called into activity are the hope of gain rather than the dread of evil. At first the representatives of proprietors or classes of men are deaf to all arguments in favour of an assessment; no considerations of public necessity, utility, or expedience can induce them to put their hands into their own pockets. Hence the universal penury and weakness of Government in the monarchies of Europe during the middle ages. In the end representative Governments often come to vote more liberal supplies than despotism can ever extract from its subjects by the force of power. The reason is, that the secret is discovered of enlisting the selfish propensities of men on the side of authority; patronage, offices, sometimes bribes, are liberally bestowed on the supporters of public assessments in the Legislature. 130,000 offices are now at the disposal of the American executive, the holders of which are changed with every change of Government. Individual selfishness, the great bane of public institutions, often comes in this way to be a powerful agent in achieving great and important public ends, because it enlists private cupidity on the side of general contributions. Corruption, or the more dis-

guised influence of patronage, is an unavoidable element in every State where the people are really intrusted with a control over public administrations. It is the only means which can be permanently relied on for overcoming the stubborn resistance to assessment which is the first instinct of emancipated man; and enables Government to carry into execution those measures, or maintain those establishments, which are essential for the safety or even existence of society in its later stages.

It will be admitted that I generalised sufficiently from my experience of the difficulty of carrying through measures of public utility in Lanarkshire. It will appear, however, in the sequel that the result proved, even on that minute theatre, that the correctives to the inherent principles of evil in human nature may be relied on, not in vain, to aid the efforts of the few who have measures of general utility at heart. All the projects for the public good which I was instrumental in setting on foot, and which were so strenuously resisted in the outset, were carried into execution in the end.

Lord and Lady Ashley[1] and Lord Burghersh[2] paid us visits, of several days' duration each, at Possil, during the autumn of 1838. They both proved very agreeable. In the former nobleman I admired a rare combination of elevated feelings and the polished manners of the best class of English aristocracy, with

[1] Afterwards Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury.
[2] Afterwards Earl of Westmoreland.

the unwearied philanthropy and deep religious principles which usually are the growth of experienced difficulty in life and acquaintance with suffering in the middle classes of society. His conversation was animated, varied, and frequently instructive in the highest degree. Lady Ashley, who to much personal beauty united most attractive manners, added much to our enjoyment and conversations, which were generally prolonged till long after midnight. I observed at the time, however, what subsequent events have confirmed, that Lord Ashley's mind was pure rather than powerful—his ideas clear more than profound. He wanted what I have always found to be by far the greatest deficiency in men of his rank — a practical acquaintance with mankind in all grades in real life. He was disposed, like all persons strongly impressed with one set of opinions, to attach unbounded hopes of social ameliorations to the spread of moral and religious instruction among the poor, and hoped to effect this by earnest appeals to the generous and philanthropic feelings of our nature: forgetting that, though such disinterested impulses are sometimes all-powerful for a season, they cannot permanently be relied on; that benevolent projects founded on them alone seldom prove successful; and that the object of wise legislation is, if possible, to enlist the selfish feelings on the side of beneficence. There are few periods, however, of intellectual companionship to which I look back with more pleasure than to the four days he

spent at Possil. He told me a remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, which he had from the lips of his Grace himself. During the voyage out to India in 1797, he studied incessantly the recent History of British India, to qualify himself for taking a part in its wars; but when he took the field he had only two books with him—the Bible and Cæsar's Commentaries.

Lord Burghersh was a man of an entirely different character. A soldier—joyous, open-hearted, and animated—he was an agreeable companion rather than an interesting friend. His intimate acquaintance, however, with many of the most distinguished political and military men in Europe, and the confidential situation he had held at the allied headquarters in the campaign of 1813 in Germany, and 1814 in France, rendered his conversation peculiarly valuable to me. I obtained from him a great many new anecdotes, and a confirmation of others previously known, of which I made use in my History. This was particularly the case with the account of the first introduction of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the Princess Charlotte, through Lady Burghersh, and in consequence of an attachment he had formed to a young lady of rank then residing with her.[1] This anecdote has always struck me as most curious and extraordinary, considering the subsequent rise of the Saxe-Coburg family by marriage. It was much doubted at the time, chiefly

[1] See 'History of Europe,' chap. lxxxix., sections 56, 57.

from its marvellous character, but has never been denied; and I have since heard it confirmed from other quarters on which I could rely, especially by Mademoiselle d'Esté, daughter of the Duke of Sussex, who afterwards became Lady Wilde.

One remarkable circumstance was related to me at this time by Lord Burghersh. He came to us from Buchanan House, the beautiful seat of the Duke of Montrose near Loch Lomond, where he had met, and been several days in the house with, Prince Louis Napoleon. I asked him what he thought of him. "Only think," he replied, "what a fool he is! There is no persuading him he is not to be Emperor of the French. He believes it just as firmly as if he was already on the throne; his whole conversation with me, when we were alone, was as to what he would do when he obtained the crown." This was in September 1838, between the Strasburg failure and the Boulogne abortion. One of the most curious things in the retrospect of life is to reflect how widely different many things turn out from what had previously been anticipated; and yet, when the unexpected events do occur, how naturally they seem to have come about.

In November 1838, Sir Robert Peel's two years' tenure of the Lord Rectorship at Glasgow University expired, and he was succeeded by Sir James Graham, who, after a keen contest, obtained the majority over Lord John Russell, to whom he was opposed. He came down with Lady Graham, his beautiful and

charming partner, to make his inaugural speech in the end of December 1838, and spent four days with us at Possil. We were fortunate enough to get a very agreeable party to meet them there, consisting of the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Douglas, Sir William Rae, Dr Chalmers, Mr Kirkman Finlay, the Ladies Cathcart, besides the principal Professors in the College and merchants in the city, who dined with us without staying in the house. Sir James came again to us in the autumn of 1839, and remained some days at Possil; so that on the two occasions I was able to form a clear conception of his character. He was a remarkable man, and I already anticipated for him the important stations which he occupied during the subsequent administration of Sir R. Peel. But he was gifted with neither genius nor original thought. He was a man of talent. He worked out with admirable power the ideas of others, but he created none of his own. More even than Sir R. Peel's, his mind, as has been well said, was a "vast appropriation clause."[1] Hence the inconsistencies so often and justly made a subject of reproach against him. Hence it was that he first declaimed against the contraction of the currency, and wrote an admirable pamphlet explaining its pernicious effects, and afterwards formed part of the Government which, in 1844, drew still closer that very contraction; that he was first a Whig and afterwards a Tory Cabinet Minister;

[1] Disraeli.

that he was first a strenuous, and, I believe, sincere Churchman, and afterwards went along with the latitudinarian measure of Sir R. Peel; that he came into power in 1841 on the principle of protection, and was the great support of the free-trade measure of 1846.

On all these occasions he argued equally well on opposite sides, like a skilful advocate who takes his line of pleading with the same facility from his brief, on whichever side he is retained. He was fluent, cogent, and often forcible in his reasoning. His inaugural speech at the University was good, but not remarkable; not nearly so striking or learned as that of Sir R. Peel. He was not a scholar, and had been too much in office to acquire extensive erudition, though he made the best use, both in public and conversation, of the information which he possessed. But he was energetic, laborious, and persevering; had an admirable memory, readily made himself master of details, and was scrupulously accurate in the use which he subsequently made of them. No man was ever better qualified by nature to make an efficient and valuable Home Secretary. His unwearied industry and habit of strenuous effort as much qualified him to grapple with the enormous mass of details which that office requires, as his tenacious memory and readiness in debate fitted him to defend his measures in the House of Commons. He was at once ambitious and persevering, and would have made a perfect Home Secretary, had it not been for a secret vein of pride,

and frequent *hauteur* of demeanour, which, notwithstanding his well-bred manners, appeared occasionally in his intercourse with others, and were so much experienced at the Home Office as to have rendered the world in a great degree insensible to the real merits of his administration. To Mrs Alison and myself he was uniformly kind and affable in the highest degree.

No contrast between eminent men could be more striking than that presented between Sir James Graham and Dr Chalmers. The vigour of expression, and almost infantile simplicity of manner, of this eminent divine, bespoke the conscious ascendancy of real genius. More completely than any other man I ever met with, he realised the idea of the prophets who in former times roused whole nations from their lethargy, and, for good or for evil, forcibly turned aside the current of human thought. When you heard him preach, you could suppose you were listening to Peter the Hermit raising the nations of Europe for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. His speech in favour of Catholic emancipation, in the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh in March 1829, was of this description: its finest passages at once electrified the audience, and made them all at once start on their feet with the enthusiasm which had of old prompted the cry, "Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!" He preached a sermon in his old church in Glasgow, in presence of Sir James Graham and the party from Possil, while

with us, which, though less vehemently exciting at the moment, was perhaps still more impressive and delightful in the retrospect. It contained, as I was afterwards informed by some of his friends, a collection of the most brilliant passages from a great many different discourses; but it was well put together, and delivered with so much energy that, though entirely committed to memory, it had the appearance of being extempore. Certainly nothing could be more striking. The extempore prayer which he delivered on Sunday night at Possil for all the family, and especially that its children might prove a blessing to their parents, will never, I am sure, be forgotten by any who heard it. That beautiful effusion, evidently unpremeditated, proved that he did possess the power of extempore elocution; but in general his speeches and sermons were carefully prepared and committed to memory. This, however, by no means weakens his claim to great oratorical distinction. Cicero and Demosthenes did the same, as we see from their perfect orations which have come down to our times. In truth, the highest flights of eloquence—those in which it rivals the condensation and pathos of poetry —never can be reached in any other way.

Dr Chalmers had no great variety in his ideas. Though his mind was in the highest degree fervent, yet it was slow. His speeches and sermons were invariably the amplification of one idea. It was in the different lights in which that idea was placed, and the brilliant colours which it was made to re-

flect, that the charm of his eloquence consisted. If to this fervent mind and power of felicitous illustration he had united a varied imagination and power of correct judgment, he would have been one of the greatest men that Scotland ever produced. But the predominance of one idea at one time, not only in his composition but in his thoughts, essentially impaired his usefulness, and in the end proved hurtful to his reputation. Deeply impressed with the necessity of popular eloquence to rouse the great body of mankind—aware, from his own experience, of the prodigious influence of oratory in stimulating their feelings—he forgot the average character which must ever belong to the ministers of religion as to any other numerous body of men; and expected, by popularising the Church, to bring it under the guidance of genius, when in truth he was only placing it under the direction of popular ambition. In his old age he forgot the admirable arguments in favour of ecclesiastical establishments which he had brought forward in his prime; lent himself to a faction which rent in twain the Church, of which he had long been an ornament; and did all in his power to secure the ascendancy of those republican principles which he had formerly demonstrated would terminate in the ruin of the classes for whose benefit they were intended. His ideas about the management of the poor were those of a benevolent and visionary rather than of a practical and sagacious man: they presupposed a greater amount of talent in the minister,

and zeal in his associates, than is to be expected from the average of men; and accordingly, while his system in St John's parish, Glasgow, succeeded during his incumbency, by the aid of the fervent eloquence and inspiring energy which distinguished his character, it totally failed, and was immediately abandoned, in that of his more prosaic and ordinary successor.

The autumn of this year (1839) was rendered memorable in the west of Scotland by an event which had not been witnessed for centuries, and probably never will be witnessed again. The Earl of Eglinton, young, high-spirited, and romantic, formed the resolution of getting up a tournament, to be held in a favourable spot in the Park of Eglinton, consisting of a small oval-shaped plain, surrounded on all sides by gentle slopes, which formed a natural amphitheatre, from the sides of which almost any number of spectators could see the jousting. The novelty of the spectacle, the popularity of the noble host, and the many eminent persons who were to take a part in it, attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The Marquis of Londonderry was Lord High Marshal, and his lady ornamented the ladies' gallery by her presence; but the distinguished position of "Queen of Beauty" was bestowed by Lord Eglinton on Lady Seymour, granddaughter of Brinsley Sheridan, and one of the most lovely women of her time. Unfortunately, during the first two days, the 27th and 28th August, the

rain descended in torrents; and the Queen of Beauty, splendidly dressed and mounted, was obliged to ride, attended by her knights, from the castle to the field of the tournament, *with an umbrella held over her head*, which was certainly a novelty in the incidents of chivalry. The knights who took a part in the tournament were splendidly mounted, and their armour, for the most part, of the most costly description—that of Lord Eglinton and the Marquis of Waterford, got express from Milan for the occasion, cost each a thousand pounds. The appearance of the jousting, however, was in general disappointing,—whether from the want of a sense of reality and earnestness in the combatants, or from their riding at each other on opposite sides of a wooden barrier, and the lances shivering at the first shock,—and was far from realising the idea formed from the poetry of Ariosto or Spenser. The weather cleared up on the third day; and the general interest was strongly excited by the appearance of a knight in black armour, mounted on a black charger, who challenged the whole knights in succession to single combat. The challenge was accepted by one of the strongest of them (the Marquis of Waterford). After their lances were broken they drew their swords, and began fighting in good earnest. Blood soon flowed on both sides, and appearances were so threatening that the grand marshal was obliged to interpose and separate the combatants. Lord

Eglinton won all hearts, and laid the foundation of his subsequent unbounded popularity, by the unvarying courtesy and kindness with which he dispensed his splendid hospitality. It cost him about £10,000—an expense so considerable as to have prevented anything of the kind being since attempted.

Shortly after the tournament we met the principal performers in it at a party at Wishaw. It consisted of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Lord and Lady Seymour, Lord Burghersh, Lord Eglinton, Lord Glasgow, and a few others. I then for the first time formed the acquaintance of the two first; and the numerous military anecdotes which he and Lord Burghersh recounted relative to the late war, with the interesting descriptions by the Marchioness of the eminent people and striking scenes she had been brought in contact with in the course of her extensive travels, rendered the visit extremely agreeable. At this time she was in the prime of her beauty; and a certain amount of consequent affectation might be forgiven in one who had been so much admired, and had long held a leading place in the world of fashion. Lady Seymour, of younger years, and with more regular features, was felt to deserve her position as the Queen of Beauty. She was very lively in her manners, and full of *badinage* and repartee, but without the genius or brilliant talents which have rendered her sister, Mrs Norton, so remarkable. We

were not a little amused by observing the first meeting of the rival Queens of Beauty in the library of Wishaw. They advanced quickly and kissed each other, with every demonstration of affection; but some one observed at the time, "I wonder they did not *bite* each other's cheeks."

During the whole of 1838 and the first half of 1839, I continued regularly when not from home, which very seldom occurred, to work at my History, and in consequence the eighth volume—which brought it down to the close of the Moscow retreat—printed in the spring of 1839, was published in the beginning of summer of that year. A severe frost which occurred in the preceding spring, and lasted from the beginning of January till the 6th of March, came very opportunely to enable me, from actual observations, to paint the severities and beauties of an arctic winter. The thermometer, which long ranged from 2° to 10° of Fahr., fell on two nights to 4° and 6° below zero. I walked out in the park at Possil, and sat under the trees while it was at that low temperature, enjoying the serenity of nature and brilliancy of light with which it was accompanied.[1]

[1] The description of the wood-scene, which there presented itself during the stillness of moonlight, will be found in the note, chapter lxxiii. § 46. "The night was bright and clear: not a speck or film obscured the firmanent, where the moon shone forth in surpassing splendour; the trees, loaded with glowing crystals, glittered on all sides as in a palace of diamonds; the snow, dry and powdery, fell from the feet like the sand of the desert; not a breath waved even the feathery covering of the branches; and the mind, overpowered

The description of the cold, and appearance of animate and inanimate objects during its continuance, which are to be found in my account of the Moscow retreat, were in some degree taken from what then fell under my observation. I was too well aware of the value of sketches from nature to lose such an opportunity of mingling its faithful touches with the description taken at second-hand from the accounts of others. The volume was very favourably received by the public, and reviewed in a more flattering manner by the newspapers and journals than any of its predecessors had been, though complaints, as well they might, were frequently made of the apparently interminable length of the work. I received many gratifying letters from individuals on the subject, one of which from the Marchioness of Londonderry, in allusion to my notice of her description of Moscow in a note to the volume, I cannot resist quoting, from the singular felicity of the too flattering expressions which it contained.[1]

My father's life, which for years had been in a very precarious state, was brought to a close in the

with the unwonted splendour of the scene, fell into a state of serene enjoyment. The sensation of the frost, even when sitting still, was hardly that of pain. The moment the body entered the external air, it felt as if plunged into a cold bath, against which it was at once evident that even the warmest clothing afforded little protection; and, after resting a short time, a drowsy feeling, the harbinger of death, began to steal over the senses."

[1] "I cannot resist the impulse which I feel to thank you for having given me immortality by mentioning my name in your work."

early part of the next summer. He had retired from his clerical duties, ever since a dreadful attack of inflammation in the lungs which brought him to the verge of the grave, in November 1830. That attack destroyed above half of the single lung remaining after a prolonged illness, in 1805 and 1806. The remaining nine years of his life, spent in retirement, had been singularly felicitous. Although deprived of the consort who had so long contributed to his happiness, he found a compensation in the unwearied assiduity and more than filial tenderness of his youngest daughter; who, withdrawing herself altogether from the world she was so well qualified to adorn, devoted herself exclusively to the care of the aged parent, who had now come to lean on her for his chief enjoyment and almost entire support in life. During the winter he remained strictly confined to his house in Edinburgh, living with books, and thoughts, and long-lost images, and deriving ceaseless enjoyment from the kindness of his daughter and granddaughter, Miss Gerard, who alternately read to him more than half the day. But no sooner did spring return, and the trees regain their summer garb, than he repaired to Woodville, where the whole time from May to November was invariably spent.

There, amidst flowers and trees, and all the beauties of nature in one of its loveliest scenes—surrounded by his children and grandchildren, respected

by all who approached, beloved by all who knew him, with every wish anticipated by the tender care of his daughter and granddaughter—he spent the last, and, as he often said, the happiest year of his life. The expression of Cicero in "De Senectute," as to the superior felicity of old age to rightly balanced minds over every other period of life, was often repeated by him. He said that that stage of existence was evidently the approach to heaven; for the voice of passion was silent, and that of love only was heard. His vision was much impaired, indeed the sight of one eye was nearly lost, from the effects of the dangerous but seductive habit of reading in bed, in which he had so long indulged; and his strength so reduced that latterly he never walked far from the house. But the activity and energy of his mind remained to the last unimpaired. His enjoyment of nature and books, with which nearly his whole time was spent, appeared to increase rather than diminish as he approached the term of his earthly existence; and on the few occasions on which I was able to visit him in his charming retreat during the year which followed my appointment in Lanarkshire, I found his intellectual powers in as great activity, his genius as bright, his love of humanity as warm, as in his best days.

But these happy days, like all earthly things, had their limit. During the winter of 1838-39 his

strength rapidly declined, and early in May of the latter year I received the long-dreaded announcement from my brother that our presence at the deathbed of a beloved parent should no longer be delayed. Mrs Alison and I set out directly, and I know not an event in my life which has left a deeper impression on my recollection. We found him in bed, nearly blind, and very weak; but with his imagination as ardent, his feelings as warm as they had been in the brightest period of his life. Though perfectly aware of his approaching end, and in fact expecting it hourly, he was in the most cheerful spirits, repeatedly asked if there was anything he should sign, and desiring me to prepare it if there was, and expressing his satisfaction that all his family who remained in this world were assembled with him. But the dead were not forgotten; on the contrary, he seemed to dwell more with them than with the living. Repeatedly he spoke to them, as if they were in the room, addressing our mother and deceased sisters by name, saying that he heard them speaking to him, and knew what they said, and that they were making ready for his arrival. He often said that many things which had formerly appeared a mystery were now entirely cleared up to him, and that if he had life to make it known, he could explain much of the ways of God to man.

Great part of his time was spent in extempore ejaculation and prayer; at other moments he re-

peated long passages of poetry in youth familiar to memory, particularly Gray's "Bard" and "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and Pope's "Universal Prayer." Not a line was forgotten, not a word misplaced in these quotations; his memory was entire, his fervour unabated; it seemed as if death respected the sanctuary of so much genius. Having partaken with us all of the sacrament, which he had still strength left to consecrate, he gradually sank; prolonged slumbers indicated the approach of death, and he quietly breathed his last at four o'clock in the morning of the 17th May 1839, in the eighty-second year of his age. His countenance shortly after, as is often the case, relaxed from all the effects of prolonged illness,—even the wrinkles of age in part had vanished,—the habitual expression of the character reappeared; and when I last saw the body on the day before his interment, the marble-cold brow which I kissed was as smooth, the smile on the lips as benignant, as in the most placid and happiest period of his life. He was laid—amidst a vast concourse of his congregation, many of whom were in tears—in the grave beside my mother in St John's Churchyard, Edinburgh: the pious care of my sister decked both graves with flowers, which were from those he had loved so well at Woodville. A beautiful monument, from a design by Steell, was erected by the congregation to his memory in St Paul's Chapel, to which an inscription was added from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, describing with

singular felicity the most striking and amiable features of his character.[1]

But though my father was no more, he had bequeathed his spirit to my brother, who had long practised in a great degree in secret those virtues and graces which he had inherited from his father, and who now assumed that place which he was so well entitled to, from his talents and character. During the course of above twenty years' extensive practice in Edinburgh, he had enjoyed ample opportunities of observing the miserable con-

[1] Sacred
To the Memory of
The Reverend ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B.,
For thirty-nine years Minister of this Congregation.
A Preacher
Whose pious meditations
On the Divine Word and Works
Dwelt ever with peculiar earnestness
On the assurance that
"GOD is Love;"
And whose persuasive Eloquence,
Inspired by the exalted hopes of a Christian,
And guided by the judgment and taste
Of a Philosopher and Scholar,
Was always exerted to promote in his hearers
Those virtues and graces of
"Faith, Hope, and Charity,"
And that willing devotion to every public and private duty
Of which his whole life was an example.

This Congregation,
To whom he so long ministered,
Have erected this Memorial
Of their respect, admiration, and gratitude.

Born 13*th November* 1757. *Died* 17*th May* 1839.

dition of the poor under the starvation system, emphatically called *Poor*-laws. Deeply impressed with the unutterable and little known misery which it produced, he had done all in his power individually to assuage the suffering, of which he saw so much in his professional duties. More than half the income which he derived from visiting the rich was devoted to the relief of the poor, and he had already expended above £20,000 in extensive charities to the poor of Edinburgh and its vicinity. But he had long and painfully experienced, what so many have done in similar circumstances, the utter inadequacy of private benevolence, in relieving the widespread distress of an old and densely peopled community; and he felt a natural and well-founded indignation at the much-praised system, which, relieving almost entirely the rich and selfish of the burden of maintaining the destitute, whom their expenditure had created, laid it on the comparatively poor and benevolent. Full of these ideas, he began to write on the state of the poor in Scotland, and ere long published the celebrated pamphlet on the subject,[1] which created a great sensation at the time, and contributed in a forcible manner to open the eyes of the country to the manifold evils of the old system.

This work, like every other which attacks an

[1] Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland, and its effects on the Health of Great Towns. By William Pulteney Alison, M.D., F.R.S.E. 1840.

established system, in maintaining which the selfish interests of a powerful body of men are involved, was immediately and vigorously assailed. A respectable retired Lord of Session issued from his retreat to take the field against it;[1] an able young barrister, who had recently married a rich heiress, followed his example.[2] Dr Chalmers, whose theoretical visions for the relief of the poor by voluntary subscription it at once demolished, was loud in its condemnation; and in most of the counties of Scotland resolutions were passed by the Commissioners of Supply at the county meetings, expressive of their strong sense of the admirable way in which the existing order of things, which relieved them from assessment for the poor, worked in practice. My brother's pamphlet produced a prodigious sensation, from its bringing to light a host of facts previously unknown to the greater part of society; but of the truth of which the well-known accuracy and experience of the author did not permit a doubt to be entertained. The poor of Scotland had long needed an advocate, and they had at last found one. In England the influence of this important revelation was immense. Its inhabitants had long suffered under the weight of their own poor-rates, and heard with astonishment, perhaps envy, of a flourishing

[1] Lord Pitmilly, who published an ingenious pamphlet in defence of the old system.

[2] David Milne, Esq. of Milne-graden, son of Sir D. Milne, who had recently married Miss Home, a beautiful young lady, heiress to a large fortune in Berwickshire.

realm to the north of the Tweed where such burdens were almost unknown, and a frugal educated peasantry maintained their own poor by voluntary contribution, without either desiring or requiring the support of their superiors. It was no small satisfaction to them, therefore, to find that these representations were a mere delusion; that the much-vaunted system was nothing but the old plan of starving the poor, veiled under the pretence of a trifling legal and extensive voluntary contribution; and that nature, in the selfish community which supported it, was avenging its neglected rights, by the spread of typhus fever and other contagious disorders, originating in suffering, but spreading beyond the woe-stricken to the duty-neglecting class.

My brother had thus gained an immense advantage in the controversy. The benevolent and humane in both parts of the island were with him from the first; but now he had ranged on the same side the immense body of the lukewarm and indifferent to the south of the Tweed. England unanimously supported the demand for inquiry into the condition of the Scottish poor. Important aid, now that some one had been found courageous enough to throw the first stone, soon came in. In Scotland itself the medical practitioners, better acquainted than any other class in society with the condition of its poor, universally advocated the same side, and added the weight of their testimony to the facts on which it was founded. The change in public opinion, especially

to the south of the Tweed, soon became so general, that Government deemed it expedient to yield to the demand for inquiry, which had become loud, in all but the class exempted by the existing system. A commission, with Lord Melville at its head, was accordingly issued to inquire into the subject. They prosecuted their inquiries with great assiduity, and collected evidence in different parts of the country which completely proved my brother's statements. The result was the new Poor-law, introduced by Lord Advocate M'Neill,[1] which, though it applied but an inadequate remedy to the existing evils, was yet a step in the right direction. For the first time the important principle was established by the Legislature, that the ordinary courts of law are entitled in certain cases to judge of the parish authorities' rejection of an application for the benefit of the poor-roll.

This was going to work in the right spirit: it showed that Government had become aware of where the root of the evil lay, though, from the dread of exciting too violent an opposition, they did not yet venture to apply a remedy to the whole of it. That root was the oblivion in the Scotch poor-law of the simple principle that no man can be an impartial judge in his own cause.[2] The Scotch lairds

[1] 8 & 9 Victoria, chap. 83.

[2] The old Scottish Legislature had, in various royal proclamations and some Acts of Parliament, called on the *sheriffs* to enforce the poor-laws; and if these enactments had been permitted by the Supreme Court to be carried into effect, they would have established the system

did not form an exception to this rule. They had administered the poor-law for their own behoof, not for the good of the unfortunate; and prided themselves on the admirable institutions of Scotland on the subject, where the largest allowance made, even to paupers with large families, was ninepence or a shilling a-week—and even that miserable pittance was refused in numberless cases where it was legally due.

The publication of my brother's pamphlet on the Poor, which soon went through three editions, was followed by two replies to his various assailants. I was deeply impressed by its success. It revived all my ideas of a refutation of Malthus, and of making the vindication of the ways of God to man on the subject of population one great object of my life. So strongly did the subject again seize hold of my mind, that for several nights I never closed my eyes thinking of it. At length my perplexity ended in the determination to publish my essay on Population, which had so long lain unattended to in my repositories. The success of my brother's pamphlet proved that the public were prepared to take up the subject; and the numerous though unsuccessful attempts to

in Scotland on a most unexceptionable foundation. But unfortunately the Supreme Court, composed at that period almost entirely of landed proprietors, and having the dread of the English poor-assessment before their eyes, rendered nugatory all those enactments, by introducing the principle that the heritors and kirk-sessions of parishes—that is, the parochial authorities — constituted a court having primary jurisdiction, and that its decisions on the subject of the poor could not be reviewed, or the law against them enforced, by the sheriffs, but only in the Supreme Court.

refute the Malthusian theory which had issued from the press, seemed to indicate that the general mind revolted at a system which ascribed the greater part of the misery of mankind to the fixed and unchangeable laws of nature.

I was encouraged, also, to hazard the publication by another circumstance. In my brother's pamphlet on the Poor, the doctrine was constantly and ably maintained that the real and proper limitation of the principle of increase is the artificial wants and prudential considerations which spring out of general felicity; that everything which tends to augment that felicity augments the power of that limitation; and that a systematic legal relief of pauperism, therefore, which may prevent the spread of the contagion of pauper habits, is an essential part of a proper system of social economy, and indispensable to the working out of the intentions of nature for the government of mankind. We had repeatedly, twenty years before, talked over these principles; and he was at that time inclined to think that I was too sanguine in my expectation of the general benefit to be expected from any possible exertions that could be made in this way for the relief of human misery, and mournfully inclined to Mr Malthus's doctrine, that it arose from permanent causes over which positive institutions had little or no control. Now, however, I found that he had come, from actual experience, and an extensive observation of the condition of the destitute in their most degraded form, to the

same conclusions which I had so long before embraced from general principles, and which had all at once sprung up in my mind, I knew not how, in the first years of life. He still thought that mankind had a tendency to increase faster than food could be provided for them; but in every other respect, particularly in all the practical conclusions as to how the sum of human misery was to be diminished, he entirely concurred with me. Fortified by this support, I no longer hesitated in the course to be adopted, but resolved to publish my work, and take the field against the doctrines which then obtained the concurrence of nearly all philosophers and persons who wrote or thought on the subject.

There was still another circumstance which led to the determination I adopted to publish my Population at this time. In the end of October 1839, a public dinner was given in Glasgow to a considerable number of emigrants, who were about to set sail in the first vessel that had ever left the Clyde for New Zealand on such an errand, and the toast was intrusted to me, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce." I had no time for preparation, as the dinner took place in the middle of a heavy set of railway jury trials, but the occasion and the toast strongly seized on my imagination; and I delivered, accordingly, a speech which made a considerable noise in the London papers, and was soon after reprinted, without my knowledge or concurrence, in the form of a small pamphlet by a London bookseller, and

had a large circulation. The success which attended this hasty and extempore effusion appeared to me an indication that the public mind was prepared to take up the important subjects of emigration and colonisation, with which that of population is so intimately connected; and accordingly I printed the speech, with a few additions, in the chapter on Colonisation, in the second volume of my work on the subject.

The winter of 1839-40 and spring of the latter year were in a great measure occupied in preparing my manuscript for the press, and in making as many additions to it—especially in the statistical department—as the limited time at my disposal would admit of. I added the chapters on General Education, on the Necessity of an Established Church, and on Colonisation and the Reciprocity System, and on the Corn-Laws, from papers previously published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' but which I had always intended to form part of this work. It was painfully evident to me, as I advanced in my labours, how much required to be done to render such a work complete in all its parts, which I had not leisure then to overtake. But the general principles were all there, and, such as it was, the work was published in June 1840.

Its success at first was greater than I had anticipated. It was received by the daily press with favour, and many of the ablest journals of a literary character, particularly the 'Spectator,' 'Atlas,' and 'Examiner,' did not hesitate to affirm that Mr

Malthus's doctrines had at last met with a decisive refutation. I received also various highly complimentary letters from different persons peculiarly well qualified to judge on the subject—among whom I reckon with pride the Archbishop of Canterbury—which re-echoed the same opinion. The subsequent progress of the work, however, so far as its sale goes, has by no means corresponded to this commencement. Seven years after it was published it had not yet reached a second edition, while during the same period the 'History of Europe' had gone through six editions. None of the great Reviews took notice of it—neither the 'Edinburgh' nor 'Quarterly' mentioned it—and I could not see in systematic works subsequently appearing on the subject many traces of its having made any great impression on persons interested in the subject.

In the circumstances, however, this was but natural. The 'History of Europe' was a dramatic subject, in great part capable of being addressed to the imagination; the essay on Population a didactic composition almost entirely addressed to the reason, which ran directly counter to the generally received doctrines on the subject, and tended to unhinge the settled opinions of almost all interested in the subject.

In the autumn of 1840 the Scientific Association of Great Britain met at Glasgow, under the presidency of Lord Breadalbane. It was necessary for us to throw open our house for the reception of

some of the eminent visitors who were expected from every part of the world, and we contrived by a little exertion to assemble a brilliant party. It included the Duke and Duchess of St Albans, the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Lord Loudon, Lord Teignmouth, Sir John M'Neill, the ambassador at the Court of Persia, and Lady M'Neill; Sir John and Lady Hall of Dunglass; General Tcheffkine, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia; Mr Lockhart, the editor of the 'Quarterly'; my brother, and Professor Jacobi of Königsberg. It need hardly be observed, that with such society the conversation was interesting and intellectual in a very high degree. We were particularly struck with the talent and acuteness as well as polished manners of General Tcheffkine, an officer who had served with distinction on the staff of General Diebitch both in the Turkish and Polish campaigns, and then held the situation of Chief Director of the Mines in the Ural Mountains. On this occasion, however, I became convinced of what I had previously been inclined to suspect from my observation of the same Association at Edinburgh in 1834, that such assemblages—though of some importance in making scientific men acquainted with each other and bringing them in contact with other classes of society—do not exercise a very great influence in the advancement of science, or even the improvement of art. All important discoveries in the one or steps in the other have been made in the

solitude of private meditation, not in the midst of society. The only object of real interest at the meeting was a public discussion, somewhat similar to the university disputations of former days, between Dr Chalmers and my brother, on their opposite systems in regard to the poor; in which, without undue partiality, I may say that the advantage was decidedly on the side of the latter. A splendid *fête* given to the assembled *savants* by the Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton Palace, exhibited in perfection the treasures of art in that magnificent edifice.

At one of the parties at Hamilton Palace in the course of this autumn Mrs Alison and I met the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Lord and Lady Lothian, whom we also were with for some days immediately afterwards at Wishaw. The former were kind enough to ask us to visit them at Bowhill in Selkirkshire; which we accordingly did, and remained with them a week, in the course of the next December. This visit was interesting from the picture which it exhibited of a great British nobleman under his own roof, and when surrounded with all the luxuries which wealth could purchase, directed by all the taste which refinement could command. It exhibited the fairest side of the picture: comfort and elegance pervaded the whole establishment, which was in all its parts on a scale of princely magnificence. When the Duke read prayers according to the English form in the dining-room on Sunday, we counted seventy-five domestics in the room, though

the guests who met at table at dinner were only fourteen. At least fifty of the servants belonged to the Duke's own establishment. He seemed a thorough man of business, engrossed with the management and cares of his great estates, and most anxious for the promotion of the welfare of the people whom Providence had committed to his care. From Bowhill we visited the field of Philiphaugh, where Montrose was surprised and routed by the Covenanters; and we spent an interesting forenoon in exploring the ruins of the old castle of Bowhill, in the grounds of the present place, the scene of the recital of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' by the fabled bard.

During our absence from Glasgow on this occasion a tragic occurrence took place, which led to one of the most melancholy duties I ever had to discharge. This was the murder of one of the overseers on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway by a gang of Irish Ribbonmen employed on the line. The man was an Englishman, and his appointment was contrary to the wishes of the United Hibernian Labourers, who insisted on one of their own countrymen holding the situation. A considerable number of the persons implicated were apprehended, by the aid of a party of military, before I returned; but though they gave important evidence against others, yet the principal offenders had early made their escape. On my return, however, I set vigorously to work to prosecute the inquiry. A clue to the principal parties was ere long obtained; and the three actual mur-

derers were at length arrested—one at Greenock, one at Liverpool, and a third in a quarry in Yorkshire. They were brought to trial in the April following, convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be executed on the spot where the murder was committed—on the railway, about four miles to the north of Glasgow, at Bishopbriggs. One received a transportation pardon; but two—Dennis Doolan and Patrick Redding, both Irish Ribbonmen and Roman Catholics—were left for execution.

The sentence to be hung on the spot where the crime had been committed, was pronounced by the judges rather in conformity with the feelings of indignation excited by the details of a cold-blooded combination murder, as unfolded at the trial, than from a calm consideration of how such a sentence was to be carried into execution. The difficulties and risk attending it soon proved to be great. The united labourers on the railway line, ten thousand in number, made no secret of their intention to strike work the day before, and rescue the prisoners before they reached the place of execution; and the Irish Roman Catholics of Glasgow and its vicinity, above sixty thousand in number, strongly sympathised with these sentiments. On the other hand, the Scotchmen and Englishmen in the same neighbourhood were much excited against the murderers, and loudly called for an example which might check the lawless spirit spreading into Scotland from the sister isle. Under these circumstances there was

little difficulty in finding a majority inclined to support the sentence: the great danger was that that majority would come to blows with the minority, who were not less resolute to prevent it. The national animosity of Great Britain and Ireland, of Catholic and Protestant, was here mixed up with the passions, already sufficiently fierce, of trades-unions against all who resisted their mandates. The great object was to carry the law into execution, and at the same time preserve the peace; and these ends could only be secured by an imposing display of military force. Government, now seriously alarmed, liberally placed the requisite means at my disposal. In addition to the regiments of infantry and cavalry stationed in Lanarkshire, with the artillery at Glasgow, the depot of another regiment was ordered up from Paisley, and six troops of horse were brought from Edinburgh. Altogether 1800 men were assembled in the neighbourhood—of whom 600 were horse—with two guns, in the evening preceding the execution, which was to take place at eight in the morning of the 14th May. The scaffold, an awful pile, was sent out overnight, under a strong guard, from Glasgow, amidst an immense crowd of spectators, and protected during the night by a company of infantry.

At seven on the following morning I went on horseback, with a troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry, to the jail of Glasgow to accompany the prisoners to the place of execution. The

whole neighbourhood of the prison was filled by a sea of heads, awaiting in breathless expectation the appearance of the unhappy prisoners. So dense was the throng, that it was with difficulty even the cavalry could make its way through to reach the prison-gates. At half-past seven they were brought out, calm but deadly pale, and seated in the open carriage in which they were to be conveyed. By an involuntary impulse the whole multitude uncovered when they appeared, and the procession set out through the centre of the city for the place of execution. So deep was the feeling of all present, that, though at least 200,000 persons thronged the streets, windows, and roofs through which the procession passed, not a whisper was heard along their whole extent; and the only sound which met the ear amidst such a prodigious concourse of human beings, was the clang of the horses' feet on the pavement. It reminded me of the descriptions of the French army entering Moscow. When we emerged from the city beyond the High Church, and began to defile through the fields, the scene was not less striking. The immense throng could not be contained on the road, which was in great part occupied by the carriages in the procession and the troops who accompanied it; and in consequence they spread over the fields to the distance of a quarter of a mile on either side, and advanced abreast of the carriages —an immense black close column, sweeping the ground like a huge rolling stone as it advanced.

At length we reached the fatal spot, where the ground was kept by the cavalry which had come up from Edinburgh and the infantry previously sent out. At least 150,000 persons were present, all in the highest state of excitement; but so strong was the military force that no attempt at a rescue was made. Doolan mounted with a firm step, though deadly pale; Redding with a little run, as if under the influence of nervous excitement. When the bolts were withdrawn, which they were with a loud noise, a universal shudder ran through the crowd: my horse, which was directly in front of the scaffold, started, as if conscious of the dreadful drama which was in the act of execution. Then, and not till then, I averted my eye from the terrible spectacle. My duty was done; all felt there was a Government in the country. Redding never moved—he had fainted, I think, before being thrown off; but Doolan struggled painfully for a minute or two. We returned with the dead bodies in the same imposing order in which we had gone out, and amidst the same prodigious concourse of people. But the din was now as loud as the silence had before been awful: emotion long pent up found vent, and so stunning was the roar, that in going down the High Street I could not by any exertion of my voice make the officer in command hear, who rode close at my right hand.

If the appearance and emotion of the people on this occasion demonstrated the vast effect of a public

execution, when conducted with solemnity, and for a crime which had aroused the feelings of the community, in producing profound moral impressions on the people, the behaviour of the persons engaged with me in superintending it was not less characteristic of the weakness of human nature, amid the difficulties by which in critical times those intrusted with the administration of affairs are surrounded. The warrant for the execution was addressed to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire and Magistrates of Glasgow, the latter of whom, as magistrates of the city and *ex officio* justices of peace for the county, had jurisdiction both where the prisoners were detained and where they were to be executed. No sooner did the rumour spread as to the probability of a riot and attempt at rescue on the occasion, than they began on various pretences to excuse themselves from attending; and when I requested a meeting of them to concert measures for carrying the sentence into execution, I found that they had had a previous meeting by themselves, and they came prepared with a minute setting forth that, as magistrates of Glasgow, their duty was to preserve the peace of the burgh, and that they would best discharge this by taking post in the *court-yard of the jail* when the execution was going forward. There accordingly they were during the whole time, with the Lord Provost at their head: none of them could be prevailed on to accompany the procession even to the limits of the burgh, with the exception of one whom shame prevented from

remaining back with his brethren. No sooner was the execution over, than the usual disputes began as to who was to bear its expense. The total cost was £250; of this the Crown would only pay *one-half*—alleging that the other half was a charge against, not the Government, but the county. This the latter resisted, maintaining that the Executive having ordered the execution, the whole expense should be borne by the Exchequer. In the meantime the persons employed on the occasion sent in their accounts to me, as the person who had given the orders. These I was obliged to pay; and I only got back the half from the county, after a considerable time and no small trouble, through the personal regard for myself of the committee to whom it was referred, at which the Commissioners of Supply expressed themselves most indignant at their next annual meeting. I made a narrow escape from losing £130 by being charged with the execution of a most disagreeable and responsible duty.

This painful event opened my eyes to the real cause which impels such multitudes to similar scenes, and the impossibility of hoping that in the most atrocious cases capital punishment can be completely dispensed with. It is terror of death which sends such multitudes in every age to see men die. As every one knows that he must depart this world himself, and every one has a secret awe, more or less strong, at its contemplation, all are desirous of seeing how in the last extremity the trial can be borne. Hence it is

that two-thirds of the spectators at all executions are women; and that of men the most timid are most desirous to witness them. It is the same feeling which in former days led the Roman ladies in such crowds to the fights of gladiators, in the feudal ages to the tournaments of knights, and now impels the Spanish dames in anxious throngs to the excitement of bull-fights at Seville, or the English to Blondin's perilous exhibition at the Crystal Palace. This passion does not diminish with the progress of civilisation and the humanising of manners; on the contrary it rather increases, because such changes render these exhibitions more rare, and excite the mind more powerfully, from its having become more open to vivid emotions, and from the thirst for passionate excitement being increased. If the laws would permit it, the same crowds in London or Paris would rush to see gladiators slaughter each other, as they ever did in imperial Rome; and the same disappointment would be evinced by the ladies, if the knights rung with the wooden end of the spear instead of the sharp, as was shown in the days of the Plantagenets or the Tudors.

As the mournful exhibition of death in its awful form approaching a human being is thus the most powerful of all spectacles to move the human mind, so it is one which can never to all appearance be dispensed with to check the great crimes which originate in as powerful desires. As revenge, jealousy, lust, the thirst for gain, are the strongest im-

pulses which tend to the commission of great crimes, so it will always be found impossible to coerce them but by equally powerful restraining motives on the other side. Of these the terror of death is by much the most efficacious; secondary punishments are of service only by getting quit for a time, or in extreme cases permanently, of the criminal: as examples to deter others they have no effect whatever. No one either inquires or cares what comes of a robber or housebreaker after he has received sentence of penal servitude; and in most cases, from the impossibility of finding room for him in the crowded receptacles for criminals, he is soon found back in his old haunts and at his old practices, improved in skill and increased in audacity. Sentence of death should be confined to cases of the most serious crimes, and never carried into execution unless under circumstances in which the general opinion of mankind goes along with its infliction. When it is carried out, it should be with the utmost solemnity, and in the most public manner. Private execution in prison is pure judicial murder; for it is unattended with the only circumstance which can justify the taking away of life—the exhibition of an example which may deter others. I had already had experience of these truths: the cotton-spinners' *trial* produced a prodigious sensation and stopped the dangerous conspiracy which it revealed; but the *punishment* inflicted, speedily remitted by Lord Normanby, had a directly opposite effect. But no words can

describe the sensation and lasting effect which the execution of Dennis Doolan and his associate produced.

Although the additions made to my work on Population in preparing it for the press, encroached much on my time during the spring of this year, yet I was still able to keep up a daily addition to my History, and laboured so assiduously during the summer after my Population was published, that I was able in the end of November to bring out the ninth volume, nearly at the usual time of eighteen months after the preceding one. It met with more immediate and marked success than any of the former ones; chiefly owing to the superior interest of the subject, and the approach of the period when the triumphs of Great Britain at the close of the war came to occupy a prominent place in its pages. The character and anecdotes of Napoleon in particular, in the 71st chapter, excited general attention, and had a visible effect in widening the sphere of interest over which it extended. This is not surprising. Biography is always more generally popular than history, for the obvious reason that a much wider circle takes an interest in individual adventure than in general events.

During the winter of 1840-41 which followed, and the succeeding summer and winter, I worked extremely hard at this work; so hard, indeed, as in some degree to affect my health and impair my strength. I generally wrote for an hour after break-

fast, but scarcely ever more, and from the expiry of that time till dinner-time I was constantly occupied with my official duties. The consequence was that nearly the whole weight of composition fell upon the evening, and as it required to be almost entirely done by candle-light, it ere long came to be very injurious to my eyesight. I began to write at seven o'clock, and wrote on without intermission till twelve or one, aided by the light of a bright Palmer lamp, which, like many other things in life, was more agreeable at the time than safe in its ultimate effects. The subject, which had now come to embrace the campaign of France in 1814 and the fall of Napoleon, interested me so much that I felt little fatigue at the time; but my mind was so excited that I could not sleep when I went to bed, and in general I lay till two or three in the morning, revolving in my mind the events I had described, and trying to improve the expressions used in narrating them. I was aware that this mode of life could not go on long without injuring my constitution; but I was so much excited by the near prospect of completing my undertaking, and so anxious, at whatever hazard, to drive it to a termination, that I could not stop nor even pause in my labours. If I had died in the act, I felt I must go on. Mrs Alison and my family could not enter into this feeling, and were seriously alarmed at its effects: they told me afterwards that they often thought I was going mad. I was in no danger,

however, of that catastrophe; but I could not have lived long under such a strain, combined with my ceaseless and daily increasing official labours, and the effects of the double effort were soon apparent. When I got my portrait painted by Lauder in London, in July 1842, after the termination of my last volume, the countenance was so haggard and the hue so ghastly, that some years after, when my health was restored by the requisite intermissions of rest, it could scarcely be known for my own.[1]

At length the termination of this labour drew near. In May 1842 I was so near the end of my undertaking that I was enabled to intimate to Mr Blackwood that he might advertise the publication of the last volume for the end of June; and he immediately suggested that it should be on the 18th of that month, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. This I at once agreed to; although, as there was a considerable part still to write, it exposed me to a very severe strain. It was necessary, to get the printing and binding of this volume ready by the 18th, that the whole manuscript should be out of my hands by the 7th; and to accomplish this, the effort as I approached that time became excessive. I scarcely slept for ten days previously; but, notwithstanding my utmost exertions, much remained to be done at the very last. On the morn-

[1] This portrait was painted for, and is now in the possession of, Mr Blackwood.

ing of June 6th, the whole battle of Waterloo and second taking of Paris remained to be written, and I had only twenty-four hours to complete it! The subsequent chapter of "Concluding Reflections" had been already finished and printed; having been written previously, as it required no authorities, in my chambers in Glasgow as business was going on. The parallel of Napoleon and Wellington, with which the Waterloo chapter concludes, was also done. It was written one forenoon in Glasgow, in the room where a proof was going on; and in the course of it I had been interrupted six times, to decide points of evidence, some of them very nice ones, on the competency of questions.

Being determined if possible to come up to time, I began on the last day of my labours in a very business-like manner. I got my secretary (Mr P. T. Young, a most valuable and faithful friend) out to Possil at ten in the morning of the 6th June, and began to dictate the Waterloo campaign. With the exception of twenty minutes that dinner lasted, I dictated without intermission till three next morning, when Mr Young was so tired that he could write no more. Upon this I sent him to bed, and sat down myself and wrote till six, when I reached "the last line of the last page," being the description of the second interment of Napoleon at Paris, ending with the words, "No man can show the tomb of Alexander." I went up to Mrs Alison to call her down to witness the conclusion, and she saw the last

words of the work written, and signed her name on the margin. It would be affectation to conceal that I felt deep emotion at this event. The words of Gibbon when he concluded his immortal work in the summer-house at Lausanne, which I had long known by heart, recurred to my mind; not with the foolish idea that my work for a moment could be compared to his, but that it was one of as great labour, pursued with as much perseverance, and which had been the source of at least equal pleasure. I unbarred the windows, and looked out upon the park. The morning was clear and bright; an uncloudéd sun shed the bright light of summer on the turf and the trees; and the shadows of their leafy masses, stretching before his yet level rays, cast broad bars of shade athwart the green expanse. After gazing on the scene for some minutes, I retired to rest too much excited to sleep, and lay in a delicious trance, revolving the past and dreaming of the future.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF MY HISTORY TO MY ELDEST SON'S JOINING THE ARMY.

1842-1846.

THOUGH this was the termination of the first edition of my History, and brought the narrative to a conclusion, yet I was already aware, of what consideration soon rendered apparent to every one, that much required to be done before it could in any degree be considered a complete work. Already three editions since the first had been published of the early volumes; and to keep pace with the enlarged sale, 4000 copies had been thrown off of the last volumes. I had done a good deal in adding to the early volumes, since the first edition was published nine years before. I had made vast additions to my library in the interval, and a great many valuable historical works relating to the period had during its progress appeared, which I had carefully studied, and in part engrossed in my work. But still, the imperfection of the first and earlier part—and that

the most interesting, as it related to the internal events of the Revolution—was very apparent. It was written upon quite a different scale from the middle and latter portions. When I wrote the two first volumes I expected that the work would be completed in four, or at the utmost five volumes, of 600 pages each; and it had now swelled to ten, of which the last consisted of 1100 pages. Compared with the minute painting of the latter, the first volumes were an unfinished sketch. Added to this, the close, especially the account of the battle of Waterloo and of the second capture of Paris, was evidently imperfect, and bore great marks of haste, not merely from the rapidity with which it had been written, but from the necessity of compressing that important part of the narrative into a very small space in a volume which exceeded 1100 pages. The want of any authorities or accurate account on the English side at that time, necessarily led to several inaccuracies in the narrative of a battle, of which even General Jomini said he had never, notwithstanding all his efforts, been able to form a distinct conception.

A perception of these circumstances led me, the moment the last volume was out of my hands, to commence the necessary arrangements for preparing a new and more complete edition for the press; in which such additions might be made to the first and latter parts of the work as would bring them up to a level in point of finish with the intermediate portion. I soon found, however, that this was

a more serious undertaking than I at first contemplated. In the internal history of the Revolution in particular—a subject which, from its mournful and tragic interest, had always in an especial manner fascinated my imagination—I found the materials swell to such a degree that it became apparent a work of very large dimensions might be formed on it alone; and the great difficulty was to compress its details into a compass at all compatible with the limits prescribed by my undertaking. This difficulty was rendered greater from an acquisition of very great value which I made shortly after the conclusion of my tenth volume. This was a collection of contemporary works relating to the progress of the Revolution, which had been made by Gohier, who succeeded Danton as Minister of Justice in the Convention, and who was afterwards summarily ejected from his situation in the Directory by Napoleon. The collection consisted of 700 volumes, many of them of extreme rarity and value, of which only a few copies existed in the world, and which contained the most precious details of the proceedings of the Jacobins and the Reign of Terror. I was soon immersed in its graphic narratives and heartrending incidents; and although I perceived with satisfaction that they contained few particulars inconsistent with my former narrative, yet the additional facts which they furnished were of such magnitude as to occasion no small embarrassment in the selection which was to be made.

I was ere long, however, called from these interesting studies to more active duties. The long-continued distress which had followed the monetary crisis, brought on by the great importation of foreign grain in the years 1838 and 1839, had now reached the iron and coal trades, always the last to be affected by a similar calamity, and the last to recover. The wages of the colliers and iron-miners were still tolerable, amounting to 2s. 6d. or 2s. 9d. a-day, according to the activity of the workmen; but though they were nearly double what were earned by ordinary agricultural labourers, they appeared starvation to those who five years before had been earning five and six shillings a-day. A general feeling of discontent pervaded the mining population, which was soon turned into absolute fury by emissaries from the Chartists in England, who were preparing the general insurrection in the central counties of its manufacturing districts, that soon after broke out. A universal strike accordingly was organised in the mining districts of the west of Scotland; and the period for its commencement was fixed for the beginning of August,—a time which appeared favourable, both as the women might earn something for their families by engaging in the harvest-work, and the men might help themselves by taking the corn and potatoes in the fields. So resolute were the leaders of the strike, and so confident in the support of the multitudes who obeyed their mandates, that they openly announced that they were not going to starve when the country

was full of food; and depredations in the fields immediately commenced in the night, over the whole extent of a district twenty miles in length by ten in breadth. About 20,000 working men, involving with their families at least 70,000 souls, were engaged in this formidable conspiracy against property, which was the more to be dreaded that there was no police whatever in Lanarkshire, and the regiment of cavalry which usually lay at Glasgow happened at that very time to have been sent to Perthshire, to escort the Queen in going from Dundee to Blair Atholl for her autumn residence. Five dismounted invalids alone were left at the cavalry barracks, to guard the two guns which were stationed in Glasgow, and the chief depot of ammunition for the west of Scotland.

As soon as the disturbance broke out, I hastened to Airdrie, which was the centre of the mining district, with a troop of horse drawn from Hamilton, and two companies of infantry from Glasgow, and wrote to the Commander of the Forces in Edinburgh for additional aid. He instantly despatched a company of infantry and two troops of cavalry to my support. At the same time I wrote to the Duke of Hamilton, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, to call out the yeomanry, which was immediately done; and the military and yeomanry were stationed at Coatbridge, Bellshill, Holytown, and Airdrie, in the centre of the mining districts. At the same time, as the Glasgow cavalry barracks were so destitute

of troops, I recommended the officer in command of the detachment left there to put a good face upon the matter, and leave the barrack-gates open as usual during the day, but to desire the sentry to let no one in or out, hoping then that the weakness would avoid observation — a device which proved entirely successful. I issued two proclamations — one to the miners, warning them of their illegal conduct, and the measures adopted to resist them; and another to the proprietors and justices of peace in the county, calling on them to raise the *posse comitatus*, or constabulary force of the county, for the support of the civil power and the maintenance of the public peace.

I soon found, however, that these measures would have little effect; and that when put to the test of real danger, these boasted securities of self-government amounted to nothing. Mr Brown, the energetic agent of the Duke of Hamilton, indeed organised a considerable body of constables, armed with billhooks and batons, from among the Duke's tenantry, and put Hamilton into a respectable state of defence; but with that exception, not one of the landed proprietors did anything, either for their own or the public defence. On the contrary, they nearly all disappeared: it was surprising how many wives and daughters were suddenly found to require seabathing at Ardrossan, the waters of Harrogate, or the prescriptions of Dr Jephson at Leamington. With the single exception of General Douglas of

Rosehall—a gallant veteran who came to tender me what aid a frame of eighty-one years of age could yield—not one of the county magistrates came near me during the six weeks I was in Airdrie, or did anything in their own districts, either for the prevention or the punishment of crime. The yeomanry, however, were most efficient; they turned out to a man, and by their knowledge of the country, and the moral influence which they necessarily had among an insurgent population—to a great part of whom they were personally known—contributed essentially to the maintenance of the public peace.

Five of the leaders of the strike were apprehended the day after I arrived, during a nocturnal assault on some new hands near Airdrie, and they offered, if not proceeded against, to allay the whole violence which was going forward. I deemed it best, however, to convict them under the Summary Combination Act; and after they had been a day in prison gave them their liberty, on condition that they used their influence to restrain the men who had turned out from continuing the depredations and assaults, which had now become very general. This they promised to do, and professed unbounded gratitude for the lenity which they had experienced. The disturbance for a time ceased, and Sir James Graham wrote thanking me in the name of the Government. But the hopes of quietness proved fallacious. Insurrection spread in Lancashire; and upon the receipt of the intelligence of its progress there, depredation

and intimidation broke out again in Lanarkshire with more violence than ever, and were conducted with a skill and system which gave rise to serious apprehensions, and at first sight baffled all attempts at resistance.

Airdrie and Coatbridge, where the military were stationed, were surrounded night and day by a chain of vedettes on the part of the insurgents, by whom every movement of the troops, and every step taken by the authorities, was carefully watched, and instantly communicated. If we went out with the military at night in one direction, as we often did, we did not meet any one on the road: everything was perfectly quiet; no symptom of life appeared even in the houses; one would have supposed the country to be in an unusual state of tranquillity. Meanwhile the whole mining population had spread over the country, in the direction which the military had *not* taken, in bands of from 50 to 100 each, who broke into farmhouses, plundered potato and turnip fields, carried off provisions, money, and valuables of all sorts, without the possibility of the unprotected owners making any resistance. To such a length was this system of organised depredation carried, that soon all the farmyards and potato-fields in the mining districts were guarded all night by bands of armed men, as in France during the days of the Jacquerie. But these guards proved in many cases wholly insufficient, as the insurgents also came well armed, in bands of 100 or 150. They ex-

changed regular volleys with the guards of the fields and houses, and having beaten them off, proceeded at leisure, and in the most systematic manner, to carry off the spoil in carts, which they brought with them for the purpose. After returning from a night ride of fifteen or twenty miles with the cavalry, during which I saw nothing, I was stunned next morning by complaints from ten or fifteen farmers, whose dwellings had been invaded or fields swept in the opposite direction; and so general was the firing in the country during the night, either for the purpose of alarm or in the course of attack, that to those who listened in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, it seemed as if an incessant *fusillade* were going on throughout the hours of darkness.

I was at first extremely perplexed how to deal with this formidable Vendean warfare,—the more so as I soon found that I need not look for assistance from any other quarter. Government, on my application, offered high rewards for the discovery of the leaders in the worst affrays; but such was the intimidation which prevailed that they led to nothing. To my reiterated applications for aid from the Government, the only answer received was that they had none to give me, and that I must do my best with the means at my disposal. These means were three companies of infantry, three troops of cavalry, and three of yeomanry, to protect a county twenty miles long by ten broad from the violence of 20,000 men, thoroughly and admirably organised.

As for the Lord Advocate, he was in the last stage of decrepitude from a disease which soon after proved fatal. When applied to for advice, he answered only with observations upon the impropriety of my corresponding directly with the Secretary of State, and gave directions never in any case to communicate except with the Lord Advocate of Scotland!

Thrown back in this manner (as has always been my experience when real difficulty occurred) on my own resources, I considered anxiously what was to be done, and resolved to proceed on my own opinion and responsibility. I determined, in the event of being brought into collision with the insurgents, to take everything upon myself,—to wait till something clearly and indisputably illegal was done, and then act with the utmost celerity and vigour; and I did not despair in that way of at length, with my small body of troops, overcoming the violence by which I was surrounded. The first thing to be done was to get a small civil force established; and during the first serious alarm consequent on the beginning of the depredations, I got the ironmasters to agree to pay for sixty men from the Glasgow police, which were immediately furnished by Captain Miller, the head of that establishment. This force was soon seen to be so indispensable, that the Commissioners of Supply, at a county meeting called by the Duke of Hamilton for the purpose, voted, for the first and last time, £300 to aid in keeping it up. The police were immediately set on foot, and actively

employed; and it will give an idea of the state of the country at the time, that one night in the end of August, when they searched 264 houses in Coatbridge for a criminal, *not one man* was found in any of them, they being all out with the nocturnal bands of depredators.

Having got this small civil force established in the disturbed districts, I issued a proclamation, recommending the persons whose houses or fields were attacked not to resist if the depredators came in overwhelming strength, but to watch them from a distance, observe where they went with their spoil, and send me information next morning where it was deposited, or where the bands went to. Having received this information, I set out at midnight on the following night with a body of dragoons or yeomanry; and proceeding at a rapid trot, so as to outstrip the scouts who were always on the watch, surrounded the village to which the insurgents had retired, and, myself entering, searched every house. Wherever anything of a suspicious character was found, the male inmates were apprehended and carried off; and on some occasions I came back to Hamilton or Airdrie with eight or ten prisoners, who were next day summarily tried and punished, so far as the powers of the sheriff without a jury would allow. I soon found the best effects to result from these nocturnal expeditions. As I kept the secret to myself where we were going, the colliers had no idea where the blow was to fall, or in what quarter

to make preparations to resist it; and thus a single troop of horse, ready saddled overnight, kept the whole country in a state of alarm. The depredators found that two parties could play at the nocturnal game; and seeing the hazard with which it was attended, the system gradually was abandoned. I took great pleasure in these night marches, in which I was most faithfully seconded by the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, who were always in their saddles at a moment's notice, and whose thorough acquaintance with the country rendered them more valuable auxiliaries in such expeditions than the best regular troops could have been. I still look back with unmingled satisfaction to many an expedition with the yeomanry by moonlight, with Sir Norman Lockhart, their colonel, riding by my side, and the long line of the Clyde, marked by a white mist along its course, visible in the distance. Nor was it less a source of satisfaction to find that, in my fiftieth year, these night marches were not felt as a fatigue, but looked forward to as a recreation, and that I was equally ready to mount on horseback at ten at night, and ride thirty miles before daybreak, whether I had spent the preceding day in taking precognitions or trying prisoners, or in riding about the country in quest of offenders, or to show the people the force which was prepared to resist aggression.

As this system of violence gradually yielded to the steady adoption of these measures, I returned home after about six weeks' residence in Airdrie and Ham-

ilton, to the great joy of Mrs Alison and my family, who had often undergone great anxiety during my absence. They had made the best preparations they could to resist an attack if the house were beset—all the servants having arms. But my directions were, if any considerable body came, to make no resistance, and to keep the horses harnessed night and day to afford the means of retiring at once to Stirling Castle in the event of serious danger. Those precautions, however, proved unnecessary. The colliers around Possil, who were all out on the strike, not only, much to their credit, made no attempt on the house, but sent notice to Mrs Alison that she need be under no alarm; that they knew I was only doing my duty; and that she might rely upon it that I was the last man in the country to whom any violence would be offered. They were as good as their word; for although, during the six weeks I was out with the troops, I almost every day rode out in the forenoon, generally alone, and often passed through large bodies of the combined workmen, to whom I was well known, I not only never was exposed to any attack, but never once met with the slightest insult.

Everything continued quiet for a few weeks; but on the 20th October, a catastrophe, wellnigh attended with fatal results, occurred. The military stationed at Airdrie and Coatbridge, seeing tranquillity to all appearance restored, and being heartily tired of their quarters, made energetic representations to the Commander of the Forces at Edinburgh as to the expedi-

ency of their being removed; and in consequence, without any communication with the Lord Lieutenant or myself as to the safety of doing so, the troops were all removed on the morning of the 20th October to Glasgow. On that very afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, there were five prisoners, charged with a combination assault, brought into Airdrie and locked up in the watch-house there. Intelligence of their detention immediately spread like wild-fire through the town and its vicinity; and in half an hour, a mob, which was soon raised to 3000 persons, surrounded the watch-house, demanding with loud threats the instant liberation of the prisoners. On the tumult beginning, the police inside were increased to twenty men, being the whole civil force in Airdrie; but as they were unarmed, it was soon evident that they could not long make good their post. The cry went through the crowd, "Go it, boys! the sheriff can't be here for four hours; the town is your own till twelve o'clock." The police made a stout resistance; but the mob, finding that they could not force an entrance, overturned a cart of hay in the street, forced the hay through the windows into the lower storey, and set it on fire! Fortunately a shower which had fallen that evening and damped the hay, prevented the police and prisoners from being burnt alive. As it was, the courageous defenders, finding further resistance useless, and having no arms, were obliged to submit, and the prisoners were liberated, amidst loud cheers from the mob,

who, having gained their object, and being apprehensive of the arrival of the military, immediately dispersed.

The first intimation I received of this alarming riot was at half-past ten at night, when Captain Miller, the chief of the Glasgow police, who had been applied to for assistance, rode out to Possil with a letter from the magistrates of Airdrie, which they had with great difficulty succeeded in getting through the crowd. I immediately mounted my horse, and made with all haste to the cavalry barracks, three miles distant, which I reached a little before eleven. The Carabineers were the regiment stationed there; the colonel (Jackson), a gentleman of courage and energy, with whom I was well acquainted, was absent on leave; and the commanding officer was Major ——, whom I had not previously met. I showed him the letter I had received, told him what had occurred, and requested a troop to be immediately got ready to go out with me to Airdrie. Major ——, however, declined to give any such assistance, saying it was too late, that the men were all in bed; that the magistrates were a parcel of old women who were afraid of their own shadows; that it was all nonsense to talk of danger, that it would be time enough to move the troops in the morning. Finding that nothing was to be done there, I made a formal written demand for the aid of the troops, which was again refused, and rode off alone with Captain Miller to Airdrie, which we reached

in an hour and a half, the distance being twelve miles.

No sooner did we reach that town than melancholy traces of the violence of which it had been the scene were apparent. The house which had been attacked, and which was situated in the main street, was deserted and gutted; the windows broken, the doors forced off their hinges, and the whole lower storey blackened and half burned. Without losing a moment I went on to the inn, wrote a formal demand for the military, which I sent off to Colonel Fleming, the inspecting field-officer and commander of the garrison at Glasgow; and having got information of who were the leaders of the riot, wrote out and signed warrants for their apprehension. Not anticipating any danger during the night, they had all retired to their houses, and were seized in bed before four in the morning. At six a troop of the Carabineers arrived, under the command of Captain Jones—a most active and spirited officer—who was overwhelmed with shame at the conduct of his superior officer, and did all in his power to repair it. I returned next day to Glasgow with the prisoners, six in number, who were soon after tried and transported. This seasonable blow, so promptly inflicted, produced a great impression, and put a stop to the wholesale violence which had been going forward. But the strike itself continued for nearly five months longer, and only terminated in March 1843 from the entire exhaustion

of the means of support of the workmen, after having lasted above six months, and inflicted on Lanarkshire a loss of at least £600,000.

Tranquillity having at length been restored, rather from the exhaustion of the resources of those who disturbed it than from any measures which the county gentlemen could be prevailed on to take for their defence, I had leisure during the winter of 1842-43 to resume my literary labours. I had ample subject for the employment of my pen. My last volume, containing the observations on the Duke of Wellington's surprise (in the military sense of the word—that is, his being attacked at a point other than that which he had anticipated) at the opening of the Waterloo campaign, had excited unbounded indignation among the Duke's personal friends, which was readily and promptly joined in by that numerous class of officers in the army who looked to him for promotion. The stroke told the more keenly that it was secretly felt to be just; but several inaccuracies in the narrative of the battle, chiefly in the first edition, gave the Duke's defenders a fair ground for criticism. An article soon appeared in the 'Quarterly,' which, without reviewing my work—which they took care to avoid—pointed out these inaccuracies in no friendly spirit; and without taking into consideration the extreme difficulty of avoiding mistakes in the narrative of a battle of which no correct or detailed account had yet appeared, on the English side, inveighed with great

severity against the presumption of a civilian in criticising the military conduct of so great a commander, and sought to discredit the general accuracy of the work by citing the errors of a trifling and chiefly personal nature which had crept into its conclusion.

The Duke's partisans on this occasion committed a mistake, to avoid which had been the great object of my view of the campaign. I was aware from what I had read of the Continental writers, especially in France and Germany, on the subject, that the opinion was universal among military men on the Continent, that the Duke had been surprised at the outset of the Waterloo campaign, and that speculations of all sorts were afloat as to the causes which had given rise to such an occurrence on the part of so great and experienced a commander. Seeing this, and knowing, from an examination of the facts, that there could be no doubt that he had been attacked at a point where he did not expect it and was at first unprepared to meet it, and had wellnigh lost the campaign in consequence, I gladly caught at the explanation of the fact given by Fouché in his 'Memoirs,' and confirmed, apparently from the best authority, by Sir W. Scott in 'Paul's Letters,' that he had been deceived by that arch-traitor, who, being Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time at Paris, promised the earliest information to Metternich and Wellington, and actually sent off a female spy, Madame D——, with a detailed account of the

plan of the campaign to them, but took care to have her arrested at the frontier and detained there till the affair was decided at Waterloo. The Duke's friends took fire at this, thinking anything better than to admit he had been deceived—not considering that the ablest man might be taken in by treachery, but an over-confident one only endangered by remissness; and that the facts as to the attack at an unexpected point being incontestable, if they saved him from the first imputation, they necessarily ran him into the last.

Perceiving this, and being satisfied that my account of the Waterloo campaign was upon the whole correct, and the view given of it the best for his reputation, I persevered in my statement, and took advantage of the inaccuracies pointed out by the reviewers to render the next edition as correct as possible. I at this time obtained material aid from Captain Siborne, whom the renewal of the controversy brought into the field, and who, by corresponding with the officers in the regiments that had been in the battle, obtained at once detailed and accurate information, and published it in his two invaluable volumes on the Waterloo campaign. This important assistance, with the light thrown on the subject by Clausewitz in his admirable account of the campaign of 1815—Jomini, in his narrative of the same memorable period—and Grolman Damitz, who gave the Belgian version of the affair,—enabled me to make the account of the campaign more

minute and correct than it had been in the first edition—struck out, as above mentioned, at a single heat, without the aid of the important lights which had since been thrown on the subject. In the course of these researches I found that the more the subject was studied, the more clearly would it appear that the view I had first presented was in the main correct. I was careful to soften several expressions at which the friends of the Duke had perhaps with reason taken offence; but I retained and strengthened the main argument on the subject. As time went on the opposition gradually died away, and at length I had the satisfaction of finding that nearly all the military men with whom I conversed, including even some of the Duke of Wellington's intimate friends, came to admit that I was in the right in the controversy.[1]

During the whole of 1843 I laboured assiduously at the new edition, being the sixth, of my History. The former editions, which were of 1000 or 1500 each, were all engrossed in the single edition of the last volume which consisted of 6000 copies. In the course of my researches I became strongly impressed with the imperfection of my early volumes, and of the vast additions which a greater detail would make both to their interest and value. In

[1] Colonel Hamley, the able military professor at Sandhurst, has adopted my view as to Wellington having mistaken the real point of attack, and enforced it in the most convincing manner last year (1861) in an admirable article on the subject in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

consequence I made additions so considerable to the two first volumes, which contained the internal History of the Revolution, that that part of the work was in a manner rewritten. The additions made to these volumes alone amounted to 1000—to the whole work, to 1500 pages. The revision led me to investigate minutely both the conduct of the Notables in refusing to accede to the equalisation of territorial burdens proposed by Calonne, and the ruinous effects of the irresolution of the king and flight of the nobles, when the disturbances actually broke out. In the course of it I was forcibly struck by the similarity of their conduct on that occasion to that which I had recently witnessed on a miniature scale on the part of the Lanarkshire country gentlemen and magistrates in the late disturbances. Both were characterised by wilful shutting of the eyes to danger while yet distant, obstinate resistance to preparation against it when only approaching, and general terror and irresolution when it was actually present. I felt thankful for the fortunate combination of circumstances which had placed me in my present position, instead of that for which the kind partiality of Sir W. Rae had, on the crisis of my fate, designed me. Had I accepted his offer, and become Solicitor-General in December 1834, I might have been in a higher situation so far as professional advancement is concerned, but by no means in one so well calculated to instruct me in the real working of human nature in actual life. No other

situation in Scotland, perhaps not in Britain, would have given me so clear an insight into the working of human nature in trying situations, or the causes to which the greatest public calamities had been owing.

In the winter of 1842-43 I began a course of study with a view to enriching and adorning my History, which soon proved a source of great pleasure, and in some degree determined the course of reading pursued through the remainder of my life. Now that the researches had been made and the purchases completed connected with the composition of my History, I extended my reading to general subjects, and reverted to the poets, historians, and orators which had been the delight of my youth, and which, by the charm they afforded, had determined the bent of my mind. My purchases of books rapidly followed the same direction, and gradually the library at Possil was brought to a level in general, with what it had long been in historical, literature. Adam Smith said that the greatest pleasure in life was reverting in old age to the studies of youth; and though I was not yet an old man, I was sufficiently advanced in life to appreciate this pleasure. My literary labours being now comparatively light, I was enabled to devote the evening to reading, and found sufficient time in general for writing in an hour and a half, which I devoted to that occupation after breakfast before going into Glasgow for my legal duties. The Greek and Latin

classics, and the best authors in French and Italian, were again read with an avidity far beyond what I had felt when they were first gone through thirty years before: for then they were charming, chiefly from the pleasure of novelty—now they seemed invaluable from bearing the stamp of truth; then they were delightful because they led into the regions of imagination—now they were still more charming, because those regions at every step recalled the scenes or the events of real life.

Homer was the first object of my study; and I found with pleasure that, though I had read scarcely any Greek since I engaged in active life, a little application and occasional recourse to the dictionary enabled me to recover that language so completely, that in a few months I had gone through the Iliad and Odyssey. Thucydides, Sophocles, and Euripides, were next taken up, and by a little effort their difficulties were also overcome. Latin had always been as easy to me as French; and there was no difficulty in going through the masterpieces of that language—Virgil, Livy, Tacitus, and Quintus Curtius, were devoured in a single winter; and with them the whole plays of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, in French; and the poems of Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante, in Italian. My object in these studies was not the mere pleasure, great as it was, which the perusal of these works afforded me; I wished also to fill my mind with dramatic and poetical ideas, and my work with dramatic and poetical quotations.

This became a much easier matter than it would have been before my History was done, for this reason: all the events and incidents I had related lay stretched out like a map before my mind's eye. When I read the poets or historians of former times, I at once perceived what passages had an affinity to those which I had described, and I marked it in the beginning of the volume with the event in my narrative to which it bore an analogy, and to which it might be quoted as applicable. The habit of doing this gave an additional interest to my studies; and I was ere long surprised to discover how often the genius of the poets and dramatists of former times had *anticipated* not only the events, but sometimes the very words afterwards used by the sufferers under similar calamities I had recorded. This comparison of the conception of former genius with the realities of actual life had a double advantage; for it told of the identity of human nature in all ages, and of the magnanimity of sufferers under real calamities, who unconsciously realised the highest conceptions of ideal heroism in works of imagination. I was pleased to be able to adorn my pages with so many gems of poetry and dramatic beauty; but I was far more gratified at discovering in real life so much of the heroism which we are apt to think exists only in the realms of fancy. The comparison tended strongly to restore those conceptions of the dignity of human nature which the selfishness with which I was familiar in private

transactions, and the timidity which was so general in public life, had gone far to destroy.

An interesting incident occurred in the autumn of this year (1843) which merits a place in these Memoirs. The Marquis of Douglas, eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton, had married, in spring, Marie, daughter of the reigning prince, the Grand Duke of Baden, and a near connection, by marriage, of the Imperial and Royal houses of St Petersburg, Berlin, Munich, and Napoleon. So illustrious an alliance gave the highest satisfaction to the old Duke, which was enhanced by the young Princess being a person of pleasing appearance and true German simplicity and *bonhomie* of manner. The young couple spent the summer in Germany; but towards autumn they came to Scotland, and it was arranged that they were to arrive at Hamilton Palace on the 14th September. As the family were extremely popular, both on their own estates and in the county and neighbourhood, great preparations were made by their own tenantry and all the neighbours for their reception. The yeomanry of Lanarkshire in a body went forward ten miles from Hamilton to meet and escort them in, accompanied by the whole gentlemen of the county and tenantry on horseback. As sheriff of the county, and an old friend of the family, I went at the head of the latter body, and met the Princess when she alighted and received her father-in-law's salute at the foot of the great stair of his palace. A dinner was given the same day in the riding-school of the palace—a

large room capable of accommodating five hundred persons—by the Duke to the tenantry and neighbours on the occasion. After dinner, the Princess, with her mother-in-law the Duchess, and her sister-in-law Lady Lincoln, came in to the orchestra, and the Duke requested me to propose the health of the bride. I did so, standing on the table, immediately below the ladies; and when I concluded, and the hall was ringing with acclamations, the bride stretched out her hand to me in token of gratification, which I of course immediately respectfully kissed. The Duchess and Lady Lincoln did the same, and met with the like reception; so that chance brought me into the extraordinary position of kissing the hand of a princess, a duchess, and a countess—all three beautiful women—at one time, in the presence of five hundred persons. There is safety in numbers.

About this time (1843) we met the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and their daughters, the Ladies Elizabeth and Evelyn Gower—the former of whom is now married to the Duke of Argyll, the latter to Lord Blantyre—first at Hamilton Palace, and soon after for several days at Wishaw House. The Duke was a pleasing, intelligent man, reserved in his manners, and unfortunately afflicted with deafness, which precluded him from taking a part in general conversation. The Duchess, the well-known and celebrated Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, was a person possessed of so many attractions and such influence as renders her almost a historical

character. The sister of the Earl of Carlisle, she has in her veins "the blood of all the Howards," and her manners and character are worthy of her high descent. Possessed early in life of great natural beauty and a fine figure, she has grown somewhat unwieldy in middle age, but she always retains the inherent suavity of her manner and benignity of her countenance. Without what can be called decided natural talents, she is richly endowed with that good sense and strong feeling of propriety which, especially to persons in her exalted position, are more than a compensation for them. That she possesses in a very high degree the favour of her sovereign is well known, and has been publicly evinced on many occasions. Six Cabinet Ministers are at this moment her connections by blood or marriage, and she enjoys greater political influence than ever has been possessed by any lady since the days of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. With all this public ascendancy she has never lost a private friend, and her manner has never become haughty.

Among her daughters, perhaps the most interesting, as indeed the most superior in intellect, is Lady Elizabeth, who soon after became Duchess of Argyll. To distinguished natural talents and a highly cultivated mind she unites the sweetest and most engaging manners, which set off, and almost cause to be forgotten, the beauty of her countenance and figure. Slim and finely proportioned, she was at this time (1843) a perfect Hebe in appearance; but her mind

was of the highest order, and akin to what the poets ascribe to Juno rather than Venus. We were accidentally thrown much together, and though she was then under twenty, I was extremely struck with the variety of her information, and the candid, inquiring turn of her mind. She was very desirous of adding to her stock of knowledge, and had the art so rare, especially in persons of high rank, but so valuable when possessed, of turning the conversation with others to the subjects with which they were familiar, and making herself agreeable by imbibing something new from the person she addressed. Her subsequent conduct as Duchess of Argyll has been entirely in unison with this beginning, and the British aristocracy can boast of none who has proved at once a greater ornament or a more valuable support to their order. Though qualified by her rank, youth, and beauty to take the highest place in the fashionable world, she is eminently domestic in her habits, and devotes most of her time to the bringing up of a numerous and charming family.

The highly estimable career of the Duchess of Argyll is in some degree to be ascribed to the high political position taken by her husband, the present Duke. His talents, the gift of nature, are of a very high order; so high, indeed, as to have surmounted the evils of a private education, and excess of undue flattery and applause in early years. He has never enjoyed the great, and to men of rank perhaps the most important, advan-

tage of a public school, that of being removed from toadies or sycophants at home, and made to feel his own level by being plunged among his equals or superiors in rank and sturdy competitors in talent. But although the young Duke's great abilities have enabled him to surmount this deficiency, yet it has left one defect in his character which is at times very conspicuous, and was so especially on his first introduction into public life. From having never been brought in youth into contact with others, and having been surrounded by a host of flatterers, who for their own purposes recommended even to exaggeration his talents, he had become too confident in them, and at times excited hostility, at others ridicule, by an assumption of superiority which even his high rank and unquestionable abilities did not so early in life entitle him to take. The unfavourable impression produced by this tendency was enhanced by his youthful appearance, which even in manhood retains the aspect and features of early life. But these peculiarities gradually disappeared as he advanced in years; and his power of speaking and his information are such that he never fails to inspire respect in those who listen to him, however much inclined they may be at first to depreciate his talents. Lord Eglinton has more than once said to me that he thought he was the best speaker in the House of Lords after Lord Derby. He was bred a Conservative, to which party his father belonged; but the influence of the Sutherlands, and perhaps his

own disposition, soon after his marriage brought him over to the Whigs, to whom he has ever since remained faithful. He is passionately fond of scientific pursuits, in which he has acquired very great proficiency, insomuch that the inaugural address which he delivered to the Scientific Association at Glasgow, some years after, was universally admired by the many men of varied acquirements who heard it, and whose pursuits it embraced. In private society he is affable and agreeable in a high degree: he was often our guest at Possil when he was at Glasgow on occasion of any public meetings in which he bore a part; and we shared his hospitality alike in Hamilton Place and in his elegant villa at Campden Hill, near Kensington.

I continued to write regularly at my History during the whole of 1843, and the printing of the new edition began in November of that year. It was published in April 1844, and consisted of 2000 copies, for which I received 2000 guineas, being by much the largest sum I had yet received for any literary work. The subscription in London was 1200 at once; and the whole impression went off so rapidly that before the end of the year preparations were already making for another edition, being the seventh, on a still more extended scale, and to be brought out in such a way as might embrace a class of readers to whom the purchase of the whole work, at a cost of £7, 7s., might be difficult, if not impossible. Meanwhile I received the most gratifying proofs of its progress in

foreign countries. An edition was published by Messrs Harper at New York, of which, before the printing was completed, 15,000 copies were in circulation in the United States;[1] the whole impression was 30,000, which was entirely sold off in two years. Mr Harper, whom I met some years afterwards at Mr Bancroft's, the historian, then American Minister in London, told me he had made 30,000 dollars out of that edition alone. The publication of this edition on the other side of the Atlantic led to a correspondence between me and Judge Kent, the celebrated American lawyer, who kindly furnished me with various authorities and particulars, with which in some respects I corrected, and in others confirmed the statements regarding the United States in the original edition. The circulation of the work in America was extraordinary, and considering its anti-republican character, not a little creditable to their candour and thirst for knowledge. Mr Bancroft told me in 1848 that at that period, in the different editions that had been published in the United States, above *a hundred thousand copies* had been sold, some of which were as low as 10s., and the highest only 16s. 8d.

[1] "Notwithstanding the repugnance which is felt amongst us to his misrepresentation of the United States, and the stronger antipathy to his anti-republican heresies, such are the cravings for historical literature, and the avidity with which it is read, that 15,000 copies of Mr Alison's own work are already disseminated in the United States."—Alison's Europe, iv. 445, *note*, Harper, New York.

About the same time I received still more flattering proofs of the circulation of my work in the Old World. It was translated into French by M. Petit; an edition in ten volumes, published in English by M. Galignani at Paris, had a very great circulation, and seriously interfered with the sale of the editions in this country; and another edition, published in a still cheaper and more compendious form at Brussels, also drained off the purchase of a great number of English travellers. A translation was set about, and well executed into German at Leipsic, which was soon after published in successive volumes, and which I had the satisfaction of placing on my shelves. But what gratified and surprised me most was, that I heard at this time of its translation into Arabic at Malta under the auspices of the Pacha of Egypt, and of the publication of 2000 copies in that language. I ascribed this general circulation to the fortunate nature of the subject, interesting to all the world, and yet possessing the unity of the Greek drama, and to the system I had adopted of colouring events as vividly as was consistent with truth, and of availing myself of all the aids which imagination could afford to the delineation of real events.

For several years past I had written scarcely anything for 'Blackwood's Magazine,' having been entirely engrossed either by my daily increasing official duties, or by the labour with which the composition of the last volume of my History was attended. But I was far from being during this period an un-

concerned spectator of passing events, and a great variety of ideas and facts had accumulated in my mind, which absolutely required an outlet. I felt as if I was bursting, my mind was so full—at all hazards it required to have the pent-up streams drained off. Much had occurred during the years in which my contributions to 'Blackwood' had been intermitted to give a new current to my thoughts, both of a theoretical and practical nature. New works had issued from the press of an elevated or charming character, which had kindled a new train of ideas, or from their celebrity deserved to be reviewed. The comparative leisure which I now enjoyed from the agitation of the engrossing work of my History left me leisure for the study of general literature, and the prosecution of the ideas suggested by my practical collision with the affairs of life. The influence of these causes appeared in the articles which, during 1844 and the three following years, I wrote for 'Blackwood' and a few other periodicals, and the composition of which I felt as a recreation from the change of ideas they induced after the exhausting uniformity of those suggested by my History.

In the selection of the subjects I was guided by a new motive, which ever after strongly influenced the direction of my casual labours. I already contemplated the publication of a selection of my Essays in a separate form, after the model of those so successfully attempted at that time by Macaulay, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith. From the great preponderance, how-

ever, of political essays in those hitherto published by me in 'Blackwood,' and the evanescent nature of the interest with which several of them were invested, I was sensible that a selection containing a proper proportion of subjects on literature and taste, and therefore generally interesting, could not as yet be made, and that several years must elapse before the defect could be supplied. I lost no time, accordingly, in commencing the attempt, and in the choice of subjects I was guided by a principle suggested by the obvious cause to which the failure of many similar collections had been owing. This was to review or criticise works only of established and enduring fame, and to mingle them with discussions on subjects of taste and the fine arts, which might be permanently interesting to cultivated minds.[1]

[1] The following articles, after an intermission of many years, appeared in 'Blackwood' at the dates affixed to each, written by me, viz.:—

		Vol.	Page
May 1844.	The Increase of Crime, ...	lv.	533
July „	Causes of Increase of Crime, . . .	lvi.	1
Nov. „	Lamartine, ...	lvi.	657
Dec. „	Guizot, ...	lvi.	787
Jan. 1845.	Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo, .	lvii.	1
March „	British History during 18th century, .	lvii.	353
April „	Virgil, Tasso, and Raphael, . . .	lvii.	401
June „	Hannibal, ...	lvii.	753
July „	Marlborough, No. I., ...	lviii.	1
Oct. „	Montesquieu, ...	lviii.	390
Nov. „	Humboldt, ...	lviii.	541
Dec. „	Marlborough, No. II., ...	lviii.	649
Feb. 1846.	Marlborough, No. III., ...	lix.	195
March „	The Roman Campagna, ...	lix.	337
June „	The Fall of Rome, ...	lix.	698

An interesting meeting took place at Ayr in August 1844, in which I bore a part. This was a commemoration of Burns, suggested by the return of his sons from India to this country. The idea first occurred to the enthusiastic mind of Professor Wilson, ever ready with the liberality of true genius to offer the tribute of praise to kindred eminence. Lord Eglinton, who consented to become chairman, gave it the aid of his brilliant eloquence and deserved popularity. A huge pavilion was constructed near the Bridge of Doon and Alloway Kirk, near to the house in which the immortal bard had been born, and in this pavilion the banquet took place, and 2000 persons were assembled. Lord Eglinton's opening address, though brief, was extremely felicitous; and Professor Wilson's, who spoke next, though rather too long, thrilled every heart by the generosity of feeling and enthusiastic ardour with which it abounded. The "Memory of Scott, Campbell, and Byron" was intrusted to me; and my speech on the occasion, which I was careful to make brief, was reprinted in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September 1844, and afterwards in the American edition of my Essays. I was glad to find

			Vol.	Page
July 1846.	Marlborough, No. IV.,	. . . .	lx.	22
Aug. „	The Romantic Drama,	. . . .	lx.	161
Nov. „	Marlborough, No. V.,	. . . .	lx.	517
Dec. „	Marlborough, No. VI.,	. . . .	lx.	690

It is easy to see from this list when the labour of finishing my History, the sixth edition of which was published in April 1844, had ceased.

that my voice filled the spacious room, and was heard by all the numerous company.

In the course of this summer I became seriously alarmed by the evident approaches to Free Trade which were being made in the journals and periodicals under the influence of the Administration; and by the supineness which was evinced in combating the efforts of the anti-Corn-Law League to effect an entire repeal of the Corn Laws. I already anticipated the great change in our commercial policy which soon afterwards took place, and accordingly wrote an article in 'Blackwood,' entitled "Free Trade and Protection,"[1] which contains the germ of all my numerous subsequent publications on the subject. Shortly after its appearance I received an application from the Agricultural Protection Society for liberty to publish it in a separate form at their expense. To this request I willingly acceded, and incorporated with it the chapter on the "Corn Laws" in my work on Population, which was founded on the same principles, and 10,000 copies were circulated by them. I reflect with great satisfaction on this production, now that the event which I apprehended has taken place, and the consequences I predicted have been more than realised; and the more so that the publication took place when Sir R. Peel was in the plenitude of his power, and when, of course, by it I renounced all idea of professional advancement from

[1] Vol. lv. p. 385, March 1844.

his, as the whole tenor of my life had done from the Whig, party.

In the autumn of this year I received an application from the house of Carry & Hart, Philadelphia, to furnish them with a list of my contributions to periodicals, in order that they might publish a volume uniform with the Essays of Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Professor Wilson, which they had already undertaken to bring out. The terms which they offered were a mere trifle, being only fifty guineas; but I was gratified at finding myself placed in such good company, and accordingly not only sent them over a list, but a selection of the articles I deemed most advisable, corrected for the press. It was published in spring 1845, and in the first week 2000 copies were disposed of. Macaulay was the first of the series, myself the second, and Sydney Smith, Professor Wilson, and Lord Jeffrey followed in succession. I could not avoid feeling a little amused when I saw my old and candid critics in the 'Quarterly,' including Croker, Southey, Lockhart, and Lord Mahon, all crammed into *one volume*, which only appeared as the *sixth* in the series. The success of this publication in America encouraged me to persevere in my design of preparing a similar collection for the press in this country; and in order to make it popular, and if possible permanently interesting, it was necessary to add as much as possible, for several years, to the essays on literary and general

subjects which might adequately dilute the political treatises.

About this time we formed an acquaintance with a most charming person, now, alas! no more, who was not only herself a very great acquisition to our society in Lanarkshire, but was the means of introducing us to her father, one of the many gallant and distinguished officers of the British army. General Sir Howard Douglas's fourth daughter, Mary, had married, early in life—when her father was Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands,—Captain Murray Gartshore, second son of Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre, in Perthshire, from whom he inherited a considerable estate, at no great distance from Glasgow, in Stirlingshire. He was at that time in the 42d Highlanders; and our first acquaintance with him was in 1841, when he was stationed with his regiment in Glasgow. He soon, however, sold out, and settled with his wife on his estate of Gartshore, about twelve miles from Possil. A great intimacy sprang up between the two families, and we found Mrs Gartshore an invaluable addition to our society. Gifted by nature with brilliant talents, which had been improved to the utmost by a liberal education, highly polished in her manners, and eloquent in conversation, she possessed at the same time those peculiar powers which, had her sphere in life been different, would have raised her to the very highest position on the stage. She once said to me, "Nature intended me for a *prima donna*, but chance

made me a baronet's daughter, so my life has been *manquée.*" That was truly her feeling, and the words were spoken without either vanity or affectation, for she felt the ambition to obtain such distinction, and was conscious of the powers which would have secured her obtaining it. She had extraordinary dramatic powers both in singing and acting; was a superb pianist, and equally capable of representing, with the highest effect, the characters or scenes of others, and of imagining either new pieces for the stage or fresh melodies for song. She was at once a first-rate musician, a good composer, and a brilliant actress.

The simplicity of her character enhanced the value of this extraordinary combination of gifts; but it was impossible that such talents could long remain buried in obscurity at the foot of the Campsie Hills. Her fame ere long spread to London, in the very first circles of which she passed several months during the season for the last years of her life. The manner in which she was there *fêted* and run after was extraordinary. All drawing-rooms were thrown open to her, from her godmother's the Duchess of Gloucester, downwards; every one was anxious to secure the aid of her brilliant powers to throw a radiance over their assemblies. She was generally engaged to one or two morning parties, a dinner, and one or two receptions in the evening. An ardent mind enabled her to bear for long the immense fatigue consequent on a life of excitement

without suffering in her health. She had many admirers, but so perfectly correct was she in the midst of all this homage, that her name was never coupled with that of any particular person. But this whirl of excitement at length proved fatal. After a brilliant season of success in London she went down to the New Forest to prosecute a literary work on which she was engaged, when she breathed her last, after a long and painful illness, brought on by undue excitement and tension of the brain. She often said that the happiest hours of her life had been spent in our house; and Mrs Alison and I mourned over her premature death as over a child of our own.

Our friendship with this highly gifted lady led to an intimacy with her father. This able and energetic veteran, who closely resembled the Duke of Wellington in countenance, also had a great similitude to that illustrious man in many of the salient points of character. He was then, and still is (1861), a model of a British soldier. Calm and resolute in disposition, he has at the same time the quick eye, rapid intuition, and fearless determination which are the most valuable qualities in a general. He did good service during the Peninsular war in a separate command, when he operated on the northern coasts of Galicia and Asturias, and enjoyed, in a high degree, the confidence of the Duke of Wellington. Later in life, and since the peace, he has devoted his attention chiefly to the important subjects of military and naval

gunnery, on which he has published several valuable treatises. He is, and has long been, perhaps the most learned and scientific officer in the British army. It is a remarkable thing, eminently characteristic of the difference between the English and foreign military system, that, while the officers who *translated* Sir Howard Douglas's treatise on Naval Gunnery into the German and Russian languages have been decorated with titles for doing so, *the author* has received no corresponding mark of public esteem in his own country, and still has no other title but that of baronet, which he inherited from his father, and the dignity of G.C.B., which he received for his Peninsular services.

To Mrs Gartshore we were also indebted for an introduction to a very eminent and most amiable man, and to the splendid hospitalities of Lansdowne House. On one occasion when she was going to sing in his noble saloon, she obtained for us cards of invitation from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and I afterwards met and passed two days with him at a small party at Hamilton Palace. Lansdowne House is, perhaps, next to Devonshire House, the most splendid town residence in London; at least its marble hall, surrounded by statues, is the most magnificent. On a par with the splendour of his palace are the polished manners and courteous demeanour of the noble host. Lord Lansdowne is one of the most estimable of the public men who arose in the age in which he lived. Belonging to an old Whig family which

had long held high offices in the State, and thrown early in life into important political situations, he has never, through a long and active public life, forfeited his political consistency or lost the respect of his most decided opponents. A moderate Whig from the beginning, favourable to progress, but only when it could be conceded without endangering institutions, he has remained unchanged through subsequent times, even when surrounded by and acting with men whose "principle was change," because it afforded most frequent opportunities of scrambling into office. He has considerable powers of public speaking, without being a first-rate orator; is lucid and distinct in statement, and judicious and moderate in opinion. In private he is pleasing and unostentatious, with the elegance of a high-bred nobleman, and the universal courtesy of a benevolent and considerate man.

For two years past I had been actively engaged, in conjunction with several of the leading merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow, in an effort to get a school of design established in that city in which the youth of both sexes might be instructed in the principles and practice of drawing, especially in such branches of the art as had a bearing on patterns for furniture, dresses, or ornamental plate. The inferiority of Great Britain in this respect to France and the Continental States had long been known, and had now become painfully conspicuous; for not only were nearly all the patterns for home execution

taken from foreign designs, but from Glasgow alone above £5000 was annually paid to foreign artists for original compositions. The evil had become so serious that it attracted general attention. It threatened our superiority in the finer branches of manufactures with destruction; for how could our operatives, working at second-hand, and from foreign designs, compete with the countries in which those designs were produced in supplying a public insatiable for something new, and with whom each successive wave of fashion obliterated that which had preceded it? We had great difficulty in getting Government to give us any assistance, notwithstanding the obvious and vital importance of such establishments to the manufactures and revenue of the country. At length, however, they agreed to give £500 of outfit, and £600 a-year for three years to come; and an association was immediately formed, which provided, by subscription, the requisite balance of the funds. To give *éclat* to its commencement, a public dinner was held, at which the Marquis of Douglas, son to the Duke of Hamilton, kindly consented to be chairman, the duties of which he discharged with equal taste and judgment. I was in the croupier's chair, and made a speech on the occasion which was printed in the American edition of my Essays. Such was the success of the institution that in the first year it had above 300 pupils, and outnumbered every similar establishment in Great Britain; and the beneficial influence it exercised was in a few years

conspicuous in the improved taste and increased brilliancy of the designs worked out in our manufactures.

During the summer we took possession of the new Court-houses which had been constructed in Wilson Street. The buildings were handsome and commodious, and worthy of the great city of which they formed the legal centre. So vast had been the increase of business of late years in the Sheriff Court, that it had become physically impossible to get it conducted in the old building which had been hired in the Stockwell. It had tripled in every department within the last ten years. This is a mere local concern, which is of no moment in a general point of view were it not for one circumstance which renders it of general application. The resistance to the construction of these edifices, so loudly called for by the wants and necessities of the community, had arisen from the impatience of assessment in the lower class of electors. The Bill had passed in 1836, and if carried into execution by the magistrates, as it should have been immediately after, the building could have been put down in the space between Stockwell and King Street, the worst locality in Glasgow, and the centre of half the moral and physical contagion, which, issuing from its dark dens, overspread and desolated the city. Power to force a sale on the proprietors of that district had been conferred by the Act on the Parliamentary Commissioners within two years of its passing, but not later;

and it had been one great object with me in promoting the measure, that while it met the public wants in regard to accommodation for the courts of law, it tended at the same time to clear out the most dangerous and pestilential quarter of the city. The object was immense, the benefit to the city, especially the humbler classes, prodigious; but it was lost by the timidity of the magistrates, who, being afraid of offending their popular constituencies, and deterred by a clamour got up for party purposes in the public newspapers, refused to appoint commissioners, and thus prevented the working of the Bill.

When I saw the turn which matters had taken, and the nature of the resistance which the measure had come to experience, I determined to let them remain as they were, and to allow the public to feel the effects of their own measures. These soon became so irksome that the cry got up again for new Court-houses; and the Conservative constituency having in 1842 got for a short time a majority in the Town Council, commissioners were appointed, the assessment laid on, and the buildings, which proved so great an advantage and ornament to the city, constructed. Meantime, however, the time limited for forcing a sale in the Stockwell and King Street site had gone past; and the building was constructed by ordinary purchase of the ground in Wilson Street, which, although an excellent situation for the public offices, had not the additional advantage of clearing

out and rendering healthy a pestilential locality. Various attempts have since been made to effect an improvement in the horrible nest of wynds and closes where the Act authorised the building at first to be put down, but they have all failed from the want of any public fund to support the undertaking; and it still remains a disgrace to the city—a source of astonishment to strangers. During the great pestilence of 1839-40 no less than 6000 cases of fever occurred in the district. The conclusion I drew from this instance of human infatuation was entirely in accordance with what I had been led to from observing the history of nations in similar circumstances. I rested in the belief that the theory of self-government was based on a delusion, and ignorance of the real working of human nature; that selfishness and insensibility to the future are the leading principles of the great bulk of mankind in all ages, to be overcome only by obvious danger striking the senses; and that the words of Sallust were true, that it was by "*paucorum civium* eximia virtute" that the fabric of Roman greatness had been raised. At the same time, the ultimate success of the measure, despite so vehement and protracted a resistance, inspired me with a firm confidence in the final triumph of just principles, when that great and irresistible monitor *experience* had lent his aid to the previously feeble efforts of human reason.

In the spring of 1845 I was elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen: Mr Macaulay was the

other candidate. The contest was a very keen one; and though I was in the end carried by a considerable majority (48) in all the *nations* or divisions of voters, this was only effected after very great efforts on the part of the Conservative electors. This success was very gratifying to me. Independently of the credit of being opposed to a competitor of such genius and eminence, there was something in being elected as the head of Marischal College which was particularly grateful to me. It had been the place where my great-great-grandfather—James Gregory, the celebrated mathematician — had been educated, and where my collateral ancestor, Dr Reid, his grandson, had also received the elements of knowledge, and where he had obtained his first professorship. It was a singular circumstance that, after a lapse of one hundred and fifty years, his descendant should be called from a distant part of the country to receive the highest honours in the same seminary of learning. Nor was the honour less grateful to me from personal recollections; for Aberdeenshire was the county in which, thirty-seven years before, I had my first step into life, and on the noble mountains and dusky heaths of which, many of my happiest days had been passed.

I arrived in Aberdeen on March 17th, and was received in the kindest manner by the principal and professors. My cousin, Mr Forbes of Blackford, kindly afforded me hospitality in his house in Union Street. This street, a mile and a half

in length, is composed entirely of handsome houses, built in cut granite. The speech which I made on my installation, which was afterwards printed in my collected Essays, bore internal evidence how strongly I was moved by this first gratifying testimonial having come from this quarter. It was written, but delivered like an extempore speech, without my once looking at the manuscript; the subject being so present to my mind that I had no apprehension of becoming embarrassed, though it was not committed to memory. The speech, which will be found in my collected Essays, was listened to with great attention by a crowded audience, and gave, I understand, general satisfaction. On the following morning I was entertained at a public breakfast by the professors and students, which was very interesting from the unbounded enthusiasm exhibited. I afterwards dined with the professors, and returned on the day following, during an intense frost and snowstorm, which had lasted ever since I left Glasgow.

In April of this year the Crown Prince of Denmark came to Glasgow, accompanied by his ambassador in London, Count Reventlow, and did us the honour of spending two days with us at Possil. He was not handsome, but the expression of his countenance was pleasing, and his manners were affable and agreeable in the highest degree. As it was on a Sunday that he dined with us, we were debarred by the known feelings of the country from getting the

band of the regiment stationed in Glasgow to attend on the occasion; but the Lord Provost, Principal of the University, and principal officers of the garrison came, and we passed a most agreeable evening. Next day we drove to Calderwood Castle, the seat of Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., where we lunched and afterwards dined, and passed the evening at Lord Belhaven's at Wishaw, where a large party was assembled to meet the Prince. We were charmed with the graceful manner and agreeable conversation of Count Reventlow, one of the most favourable specimens of the diplomatic body that could be imagined. We were far at this period from anticipating the glorious stand which in perilous times the Prince Royal, when he came to the throne, afterwards made against the assault of the revolutionary forces of Germany. Though we had made every effort to avoid obloquy on account of our *Sunday* dinner, it excited a great sensation in Glasgow, and gave rise to a vehement attack on me in the 'Scottish Guardian,' an ultra-religious journal in that city, which represented the old Covenanting manners. This circumstance confirmed me in my resolution to keep as much as possible out of the public eye, and never to mention any acquaintance, either in public or private, which might excite the jealousy or envy of others who were not equally fortunate.

In the early part of this summer I had an opportunity of forming a friendship which was a source of the greatest pleasure to me, and which exercised

a material influence on the direction of my reading in future years. Miss Helen Faucit, the celebrated tragic actress, had been introduced to us the preceding year, and we had witnessed with admiration most of her admirable performances, and enjoyed the happiness of forming her acquaintance in private. This year she returned, and we not only repeatedly saw her performances, but had her often out at Possil for several days together. In June we went down to Arran for a few weeks; and as Miss Faucit had promised to visit us there, I returned to Glasgow on the 13th June, and accompanied her to that romantic isle on June 16th. From that time till the end of the month we were constantly together, and I had ample opportunities of observing the great strength of her understanding and extraordinary force of her genius and delicacy of her taste. The forenoon, till two, was devoted by each to study or composition, but after that we passed the remainder of the day together. In the afternoon, accompanied by my daughter and her governess (Miss Horwood, a most superior and accomplished person), we walked to some sequestered vale, or some elevated summit, where Miss Faucit charmed us by reading the finest poetry, rendered doubly impressive by the splendid intonation of her voice and the beauty of the surrounding objects. "Comus," the finest passages of the "Paradise Lost," Coleridge's "Wallenstein," and "Piccolomini," and many other *chefs-d'œuvre* were read in this manner by this great performer with incom-

parable effect. The impression produced by hearing the finest poetry recited by a lady of such genius and taste, gifted with all the charms of beauty and grace of manner, in the finest weather, and amidst the most beautiful scenery, was greater than can well be imagined.

In the evening we again walked out, and after returning home after sunset, Miss Faucit read "Antigone," "Wallenstein," or "Hamlet" aloud, and the effect of her rich sonorous voice and admirable intonation in adding to the power of the lines of Sophocles and Shakespeare was truly surprising. In the course of these delightful walks and excursions we conversed on almost every imaginable subject of poetry, the drama, and the fine arts; and many of the ideas which I afterwards worked out in my Essays or History were derived from her conversation. Miss Faucit wanted many of the acquirements which so often in other women supply the want of, or improve, natural talents. Thrown early in life upon her own resources, she had at this time not been able thoroughly to master foreign languages. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Dante, Schiller, and Calderon, but she knew them only through the dim light of an English translation. But she possessed from nature that powerful mind and high enthusiasm which, when they exist, seldom fail to overcome all the deficiencies of fortune or education. She had a mind alive to all the beauties of nature and art; a heart susceptible of the most elevated

and generous impressions; a soul animated with the purest and most lofty ambition. She aimed at elevating the stage by her genius; at improving the world by her representation of its most moving incidents. Her enthusiasm, and the elevation of her thoughts, realised all that Schiller has so beautifully conceived of Joan of Arc. In the course of our many conversations I discovered that she was familiar with all the principles of the fine arts; and I found with satisfaction, but without surprise, that she had arrived at the same conclusions from the study and practice of the drama which I had reached from a long acquaintance with painting, history, and composition; and that our ideas on all the higher branches of literature and the arts were identical. I discovered with equal pleasure that such was the force of native genius, that a young woman of twenty-five, without any advantages of fortune or situation, was not only fully equal, but in many respects superior, in conversation to a man of fifty whose life had been spent with the aid of far greater facilities in the constant study of literature and the arts.

On Thursday, 26th June 1845, the day being uncommonly fine, we set out to ascend Goatfell, the highest mountain in the island. My son and daughter's governess accompanied us. We drove to the foot of the mountain, six miles distant from Lamlash, where we resided, began the ascent at two P.M., and reached the summit at four. Imagination itself can figure nothing finer than the scene which gradu-

ally opened upon our view as we ascended, and at length burst on all sides when we had reached the summit. Goatfell is the highest of a cluster of rocky mountains forming the northern extremity of the island of Arran, which rise from the edge of the sea, and terminate in a circle of wild fantastic peaks, which shoot their splintered pinnacles into the heavens. Vegetation almost ceases near the summit; and for the last half-mile the ascent, which can be made only on foot, is conducted over huge masses of loose granite, on the top of a narrow ridge, between deep ravines on either side, the steep sides of which, entirely composed of bare shingle or rock, are furrowed by innumerable torrents, the roar of which, at a great depth below, alone breaks the awful stillness that in calm weather pervades those Alpine solitudes. As you ascend, the prospect opens and extends on every side: the ocean spreads out like a girdle around your feet; the distant Hebrides to the west, the thick-set Highland mountains on the north, the faint outline of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, alone bounding the view. But even from this magnificent prospect, second to none in Europe, the eye is attracted by the matchless sublimity of the objects immediately around, which form the foreground of the picture. Dark masses of rock, the many summits of the mountains, for the most part composed of granite, start up on every side in a thousand fantastic forms; between their bare and shaggy sides deep ravines or clefts are discerned, the

bottoms of which the eye strains in vain to fathom; while in the distance between their peaks the sun glitters on the isle-bespangled ocean that stretches out to the most distant verge of the western horizon. Entranced with the extraordinary beauty of the spectacle, which appeared in the utmost brilliancy in a clear atmosphere and cloudless sky, Miss Faucit and I lingered long on the summit; and at length, when the approach of the shades of evening reminded us of the necessity of returning, we slowly descended, each doubting much whether life would again furnish an hour of equally pure and ethereal enjoyment.

On the following day the rain fell in torrents from morning till night, which afforded time for finishing the reading of "Antigone," in which Miss Faucit's genius and feeling appeared in the brightest colours; and on the Monday following we tore ourselves from this scene of enchantment, and all returned to Glasgow. The steamboat set out at five, so that we required to rise at four, and saw the sunrise when on board. It rose from behind the Holy Island, the huge natural breakwater of Lamlash bay, just as we were weighing anchor, and gleamed on the rugged summits of Goatfell, which surmounted the green and wooded hills that formed the beautiful framework of the landscape. As we passed the straits, and emerged into the open sea, the sun was shining in peerless majesty in the dewy freshness of the morning: a thousand little clouds, like flakes of snow, sported in the azure vault; while the bright beam of

the ascending luminary bathed in gold the whole eastern half of the firmament. We looked in silence at the heavens, the mountains, and each other; and, seating ourselves on the poop, continued to watch the receding shores of the island where we had passed such happy days, until they vanished from the sight. Miss Faucit returned with us to Possil, but set off early next morning for Carlisle, to perform an engagement at the Theatre Royal there. I have seen little of her since, though we have occasionally corresponded: our respective walks in life are far asunder, and we are both too much engaged in the realities of the world to be able to repeat at pleasure its imaginative enjoyments. But intellect and genius such as hers are very rarely to be met with: the recollection of the charming fortnight we spent together at Lamlash will never fade from my recollection; and if these lines should meet that accomplished lady's eye after I have been called to my long home, she may, perhaps, be gratified to learn that to the last hour of my life my sentiments of esteem and regard for her remained unchanged.

I was soon recalled, however, to active duties. The long and fine summer of 1842, which had first brought back the sunshine of happiness to the British Isles, had been succeeded by three others equally favourable; prices of food of every sort had fallen greatly, and plenty reigned in the land, —the greatest blessing when derived from domestic industry, or the greatest curse when drawn from

foreign supplies, which a nation can meet with. Speculation of every sort, as a matter of course, had immensely increased, the usual and unavoidable result of a long period of depression, in consequence of the wearing out of old stocks and garments, and the rush of all classes on the first gleam of returning prosperity, to return to long unfelt, but unforgotten enjoyments. This natural oscillation of the pendulum, however, was aggravated by the great change in the currency laws, introduced at that time by Sir R. Peel, by the Acts of 1844 in England and 1845 in Scotland. These Acts established the principle that the currency beyond £14,000,000 in Bank of England notes, and about £32,000,000 in notes of all sorts, issuable on securities in the whole empire, should be based entirely on the possession of an equal amount of *gold* coin by the banks issuing the notes, and that in proportion as the gold coin was withdrawn from the circulation by the mutations of commerce, or the unfavourable state of the foreign exchange, a corresponding amount of the bank-notes in circulation were to be drawn in. This great change in effect rendered the whole currency above £32,000,000 a metallic currency, and forbade the extension of a paper circulation on any other basis; an alteration which in effect deprived the nation of the greatest advantage of a paper circulation, that of being capable of *extension* when the metallic part of the circulation was withdrawn, and so averting the catastrophe consequent on a sudden contraction of the

currency, when great public and private undertakings were in progress of extension.

But this was not all. Not only did this change tend evidently to aggravate distress in periods of adversity, but it had a still more pernicious tendency, by giving an undue and most perilous impulse to speculation in times of prosperity. The Bank of England, the great fountain-head from which the circulating medium and credit were distributed over the whole country, being now subjected to fixed and unchangeable regulations imposed on it by statute, ceased to take any charge of the currency, and looked only to its own interests as a banking establishment. Being compelled by law to take all the gold that might be offered to it at £3, 17s. 10½d. an ounce, the bank found itself overwhelmed with the precious metal brought to it during periods of prosperity when credit was high, and gold and silver in consequence flowed in on all sides, and had no means of indemnifying itself for the purchase of so vast a quantity of treasure, but by pushing its business as a private banker in every direction. The possession of so immense a treasure as £15,000,000 or £16,000,000, enabled the bank to do this in perfect consistency with the duties imposed on it by the Act of 1844, with apparent safety; while the cost of keeping the treasure in its coffers, the interest of which alone amounted to £700,000 or £800,000 a-year, rendered it a matter of absolute necessity in the bank's own defence to push its circulation and

issues in every direction. The influence of these causes was soon apparent. The Bank of England increased its issues within a year of the passing from £15,317,000, which it had been in 1839, to £20,796,000. So great and sudden an increase set the whole country in a flame. All other banks augmented their issues, either in paper or coin, in a similar proportion ; prices of produce of all sorts rapidly rose, credit was high, speculation still higher, and undertakings of every kind, especially railways, were set on foot, and contracts of every sort entered into with an eagerness and facility which—now that the result has been ascertained by experience—seems the effect of a general national insanity.

I was seized with horror, and inspired with the most melancholy presentiments during the last month of 1844 and the first of 1845, when this mania was daily increasing. In particular, the prodigious number of railway bills, authorising the expenditure of at least £200,000,000 sterling during the next four or five years, during the spring of 1845, struck me with astonishment. I saw that the whole circulation of the country, metallic and paper taken together, would be inadequate to so enormous and sudden an increase of undertakings, at a time when speculation and activity in all other departments, so far from diminishing, were every day on the increase. But if, by the occurrence of a bad harvest, or any other cause which might induce a drain upon the metallic treasures of the country, the specie in the

vaults of the Bank of England should be suddenly and extensively *drawn out*, and consequently its notes as suddenly and extensively *drawn in*, I anticipated the most dreadful shock to credit of every sort, and ruin to one half of the industrial undertakings of the country. I endeavoured in private society to impress these ideas upon the merchants and bankers of Glasgow whom I frequently met in business or company, but in vain. I reminded them of the similar predictions which I had made during the mania of 1835 and 1836, and the woful accomplishment which they had received during the long protracted agony from 1838 to 1841, but to no purpose. They all admitted that I had been right on that occasion, but maintained that the circumstances were now different; that there was no foreign speculation; that the money was all kept in the country; and that by the recent wise measure of Sir R. Peel, the currency was established on a basis which could never be shaken. Finding from this sample how widespread was the public delusion on the subject, I resolved to do all that I could to avert the catastrophe which I saw was impending, and accordingly, in January 1845, when the mania was every day increasing, I wrote and sent to Blackwood a long and elaborate essay on the currency, and the pernicious effects of Sir R. Peel's monetary system. He refused to insert it in his magazine.

This decisive step did not surprise as much as it annoyed me. I could not wonder that the proprie-

tors of a great Conservative journal should be reluctant to hazard the insertion of an article which might displease a large part of their subscribers, and possibly draw the veil aside from the schism which it was too apparent was about to divide the party. But what grieved me was to see the proof then afforded of the reality and deep-seated foundations of this division itself. When the proprietors of so influential a magazine as 'Blackwood' refused to admit an article advancing opinions which they admitted were true, but which they alleged would be unpopular, it was evident that a great and serious schism on a vital question had taken place, which might ere long endanger a party that could not hope to effect any good in the community but by remaining closely united together. From that moment I foresaw what would happen. Being convinced, however, of the truth of my principles on the subject of the currency, and strongly impressed with the magnitude of the dangers which were impending over the country from the system which had been adopted by its rulers, I resolved to do all that an isolated individual could to avert them; and accordingly proposed to the Blackwoods to publish my essay in a separate work, which they at once agreed to do. It was prepared for the press accordingly, in May and June 1845, and appeared under the title of 'England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and Contracted Currency.'

The stroke told. In various passages of that work I had described in emphatic and too prophetic

language the dangers by which the present system would be attended; and I can now look back on the accomplishment which my predictions so soon received.[1] Sir R. Peel, who rarely took notice of any

[1] "A paper circulation, when based on the right principles, is capable of *expanding* when the precious metals, from the operation of political or commercial causes, go abroad, and thus of preventing those dreadful, and, when often repeated, ruinous shocks to credit, which arise from the sudden contraction of the currency during a period of extensive national or individual transactions. This is an advantage of *the very highest importance*, because it provides a remedy for by far the greatest political and social evils which arise out of a state of high civilisation. In such a state a drain of the precious metals is of frequent, almost periodic, occurrence, from causes beyond the reach alike of human foresight or prevention. The sudden breaking out of a foreign war, as in 1793; a national panic, which produced a general hoarding of the precious metals, as in spring 1797; a vast demand for gold for a Continental war, as in 1809, 1810, 1813, and 1814; a severe drain of specie, in consequence of vast and imprudent foreign speculations, as in 1825; a sudden necessity for the precious metals, as in the destruction of the banks of the United States by the measures of Government in America, in 1837 and 1838; a bad harvest in the British Islands, which requires £6,000,000 or £8,000,000 to be sent abroad to purchase grain, as in 1839;—these, and a great many similar causes, may produce, and never fail to produce, an abstraction of specie from the market, attended at the time, if not relieved by a *proportionate increase in the issue of paper*, with the most calamitous effects, both to public and private credit. True, the absence of the precious metals can only be temporary; true, they will always return in the end to the centre of commerce and opulence: but during their temporary absence irreparable shocks to credit may be given, and unbounded private suffering produced."—P. 57.

"Sir R. Peel will be prepared to show, when the subject of the currency comes on in the next session of Parliament, how it has happened that, with inhabitants in the empire a half more numerous, and real wealth twice as great now as it was in 1815, he is obliged to recur, in the thirtieth year of profound peace, to an income-tax, then abandoned without serious injury to the revenue on the first termination of hostilities? He will be able to tell the nation how the Sinking Fund, then amounting to £15,000,000 sterling a-year, has come to be abandoned, amidst national productions and resources constantly increas-

arguments adduced, or opinions delivered, out of the walls of Parliament, did me the honour to quote a passage from this work in the House of Commons, on July 24, 1845, not a week after it was published, which he deemed particularly worthy of reprobation, and concluded, amidst the cheers of the bullionist majority in the House: "And this is the philosopher who is to instruct us in the currency?" I was highly gratified by this circumstance, which most of my friends thought would be a source of mortification. I recollected the words of Johnson: "Sir, I never was satisfied with an argument till I heard the rebound: then I knew it had told." I felt that the cause of truth was not to be overthrown by the sarcasm of a Prime Minister. The real enemy which it

ing? He will be prepared to show how, with the currency now limited by law to £14,000,000, issuable on securities by the Bank of England, and no increase competent without a corresponding addition to the reserve fund in their establishment, the vast new undertakings set on foot, to the amount of £30,000,000 or £40,000,000 sterling, in domestic railways, besides a great increase of ordinary productions, are to be conducted? He will be ready to point out how, under the existing law, the £10,000,000, that must ere long be sent abroad in specie for railway engagements entered into in this country, to be executed in foreign States, are to be remitted without compelling a contraction of issues by the Bank of England, and consequently disturbing engagements and producing a shock to credit at home? He will be able to allay the apprehensions universal among practical men as to the effect of such a pressure on the money market, without any expansion in the circulation, being possible, save by additions to the specie in the vaults of the Bank of England, *coinciding with a bad harvest, and extensive importation of foreign grain, which must of necessity draw the specie out of their repositories.* These evils are not theoretical or imaginary; they are *real and have been felt*, and their effects are written in indelible characters in the history of this country for the last twenty-four years."—Pp. 121-123, 'England in 1815 and 1845.' Published in July 1845.

had to dread was the dense but silent phalanx of interest and selfishness. The result proved this to be true in the present instance. Sir R. Peel's attack instantly brought my work into notice: three editions were sold off in six months, and in the following year the demand was so great that a fourth edition of 6000 copies was published by Blackwood. But the Act of 1844 continued not the less to be the law of the land, and induced the terrible catastrophes of 1847 and 1857. Even the widespread and unprecedented suffering of that period was unable to shake the powerful moneyed oligarchy who upheld its enactments.

In September 1845 I met with an accident, which led to the most protracted confinement I had yet experienced. Mrs Alison and I had been on a visit of some days with a most agreeable party at Lord Bute's, at Mount Stuart, in the island of Bute. Returning home, after I had put Mrs Alison into the steamboat at Rothesay, I returned to the hotel in the town for an umbrella which I had forgotten, and when there heard the bell on board the vessel ringing, which indicated they were just setting out. I immediately set off, and ran as fast as I could down the quay, a distance of some hundred yards, to save time. When doing so, a child ran across my course: I tripped over it, and fell with the utmost violence on the granite pier; and such was the force with which I was propelled, that I scraped on my face five or six feet along the surface before the fric-

tion stopped me. I rose up without any bone broken, but with my right knee, to the extent of nearly two inches square, laid bare to the bone. I managed to return home, lay down on the sofa in the library, and remained there for two months before the wound healed. Dr Macfarlane, the kind and able medical friend who attended me, said a severe gunshot-wound would have been recovered from more speedily.

Yet was this long confinement neither tedious nor disagreeable. My clerk came out every day from Glasgow with the processes, at which I worked three or four hours, so that no arrear was incurred by my confinement; the tender care of my wife and children provided me with every comfort, and an ample library furnished inexhaustible hours of reading and reflection. It was at the period of the very height of the railway mania; Dr Macfarlane, who visited me daily, brought me the whole particulars of that extraordinary infatuation. I had ample leisure to meditate on its effects, and the decided opinions which I ever afterwards expressed on the causes of the terrible monetary crisis which so soon ensued, were for the most part formed during that period of seclusion. During the latter part of my confinement I suffered considerable pain, and was frequently kept awake at night by its effects; but even in that I derived the means of amusement: my children were struck by hearing me say, as the flesh grew again, that "I was watching the progress of creation in my own knee;" and so wonderfully does the human

mind accommodate itself to circumstances, and bend to necessity, that I not only look back to the days of my long confinement in the library of Possil as among the happiest of my life; but it was with positive regret that I left it when recovered, in the middle of November, to return to the duties, the cares, and the anxieties of the world.

During the spring and summer of 1846 I perceived whither we were tending, and anticipated the effects of the great change in our fiscal and social policy which Sir R. Peel was preparing. I knew, however, by experience, that even the Blackwoods, the stanchest of publishers, would not insert any article with my opinions on this subject in their magazine; and such was the general paralysis produced by Peel's influence that any other quarter was hopeless. I reckoned therefore on an indirect attack; and having been long convinced that the latter days of the Roman empire afforded the most memorable demonstration on a great scale of the consequences of free-trade and a restricted currency on an aged and opulent community, I wrote in March 1846 the essay on "The Roman Campagna," and in June 1846 that on "The Fall of Rome," which afterwards appeared in my collected Essays. They made a considerable impression, especially the latter, when they first came out, without, of course, producing the smallest effect either on the measures of Government or the opinions of the influential moneyed classes, by which they were at that period, and have ever since, been directed. There

is no speculation on human affairs on which I reflect with more satisfaction than this, or of the truths of which I am more thoroughly convinced. It is remarkable that though Gibbon, Sismondi, Auguste Thierry, and many other historians who had treated of this subject, so interesting from its importance and incalculable consequences, had got to the very verge, as it were, of the truth, they had never reached it. They had told us in the most lucid and emphatic way that it was the decay of agriculture and the rural population, and the increasing weight of taxes, which ruined the empire; but they never told us what it was which, in its later days, rendered it impossible to cultivate land in Italy and Greece to a profit, and made the weight of the public burdens continually increase, while their amount was continually diminished, till at length they became so inadequate that the empire was overthrown. They quoted the words of Pliny, "latifundia perdidere Italiam," but they did not tell us what had *created* the "latifundia" out of the innumerable little proprietors of grain-growing land under the kings and republic. The history of past, and the observations of present events, mutually explain and throw light upon each other.

I soon received convincing proof that I had judged wisely in making my protest against Free Trade at that period indirect rather than direct. The celebrated measures of 1846 were brought forward; the Corn Laws were abolished; Great Britain entered

upon a new course of social and fiscal policy; and Sir R. Peel was in consequence, by a coalition of the Whigs and Protectionists, thrown into a minority in the House of Commons, and expelled from office in July of that year. That he was right in the question of the necessity for disarming the Irish, upon which the division took place, can admit of no doubt, for the rebellion which ensued two years after was chiefly owing to the Arms Bill having been rejected. But in such party divisions the merits of the question at issue are scarcely ever considered; the real object is to discover some battle-field in which the extremes of opposite sides can for once be brought to act together. The event has shown that the Protectionists judged wisely, even at the hazard of inducing an Irish rebellion, in chasing from the helm a statesman who was so deeply imbued with Radical principles that he brought forward the most violent and dangerous measures, and possessed of such weight with the most influential classes that he never failed to carry them through.

The secret of the extraordinary power which Sir R. Peel enjoyed during his last Administration, and which enabled him to overturn all the territorial and aristocratic influences that had hitherto governed the country, is now apparent. The foundation was laid by the Reform Bill, which gave three-fifths of the House of Commons to the members for boroughs, and at the same time destroyed the nomination boroughs, which had hitherto constituted the strength of the aristocratic party. The superstructure was

completed by Sir R. Peel, who, perceiving where the ruling power in the State was now placed, skilfully pursued a course of measures calculated to favour its exclusive interests, and thereby secured its energetic support. To buy cheap and to sell dear was his idea of the perfection of social policy. It was so for the shopkeepers, who constituted the great majority of his supporters, and they accordingly gave him his decisive majority in the House of Commons. But it was not for the advantage of either the producers or the consumers; for the first proposed to grind down the industrious classes to the lowest point consistent with continued production—the last, to squeeze the consuming to the utmost point consistent with continued purchases. But the working classes could not be brought to see this; and dazzled by the delusive meteor of cheap bread at the moment, they gave their cordial support to a policy which could not fail in the end to react with fatal effect on themselves. It will appear in the sequel how terribly this truth was realised, and what a strange and unforeseen combination of circumstances fixed unbounded suffering on Manchester and the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, the hotbed of Free Trade, when the other classes of the community were, comparatively speaking, free from distress.

Upon Sir R. Peel's fall I wrote an essay on his character and the tendency of his measures, which I sent to Blackwood in August 1846, but he declined to insert it. This confirmed me in the opinion I

had already formed, that the measures of that statesman had irrevocably disunited the Conservative party, and that all effectual resistance to the march of revolution was hopeless, at least for a long period. I knew that Blackwood's private opinion coincided with what I had advanced in my essay; I could ascribe his refusal to insert it, therefore, to no other cause but a wish not to inflame a schism already sufficiently serious. The fact that such feelings predominated with the editor of the most stanch and intrepid Conservative publication in existence, afforded but a melancholy prognostication as to the future destinies of the country. The attention, however, which I had bestowed on the subject was not lost; for it formed the basis of the "Character of Sir R. Peel," written after his lamented death in 1850, and which appeared first in 'Blackwood,' and afterwards in my collected Essays.

In the summer of 1846 I began a work which occupied me for the two following years. This was the revising of my History for the great stereotype edition which was determined on at this period, and on which, as it was to consist in the first issue of 6000 copies, great pains were bestowed. Not only was the whole text carefully revised, and every inaccuracy either in statement or expression which could be discovered corrected, but great additions were made, especially from works published since the last edition had been printed. I continued my favourite and most interesting occupation of adding quotations in

the notes from the poets, dramatists, and historians of former times, of passages parallel to those which my narrative led me to introduce; corrected the text in the places where any inaccuracy had been discovered, and strengthened it by additional arguments and authorities in those passages where it appeared to have been called in question without sufficient reason. My labours commenced in July 1846 and ended in June 1848. I got through at the rate of about forty pages a-day, which usually took up an hour and a half or two hours after breakfast, while the requisite reading to carry it on engrossed the whole evening. In addition I introduced two improvements, attended with immense labour, but which added materially to the value of the work. The first was to number the sections of every chapter, and refer to them throughout by the *chapter and section*, not by the volume and page, after the manner of the classical authors; a mode of reference which applied to any subsequent edition as well as itself. The second was the introduction of a complete index, done on the most extended scale, not by myself, but by another whom Blackwood employed. Our pains, however, were well rewarded, as the first issue of 6000 was instantly subscribed for by the trade; a second issue of 2000 was ushered forth before the publication of the first had ceased. It began to be issued on January 1, 1847, and continued to appear with regularity on the first of every month till May 1848, when it was completed.

About the same time the Atlas for my History was commenced by Mr Johnston of Edinburgh. It was copied from foreign plans in my possession, and the selection of the subjects was made by myself; but the whole merit of the execution, which was very great, belonged to Mr Johnston, who took an enthusiastic interest in the undertaking.

About this time we first formed an acquaintance with a family which ever after was a very great addition to our society. Mr Gordon of Aikenhead, near Cathcart, who had inherited a large fortune from his father, a great West India merchant in Glasgow, had married Lady Isabella Erskine, eldest daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and granddaughter of Henry Erskine, the celebrated Scotch barrister, and brother to Lord Chancellor Erskine. In addition, therefore, to being born of one of the most ancient noble families in Scotland, she had a hereditary right to talents of a high and brilliant order. Her character and manners were worthy of such a descent. Nature had bestowed on her personal beauty, united to a generous and elevated soul; and though possessed of attractions which rendered her an ornament to any society, and surrounded by admiration wherever she went, she was eminently domestic in her habits. I have never known a lady more charming in person and manners, or more estimable in character; and I look back with undiminished pleasure to the many conversations we have had on every subject, especially of a literary or

romantic kind. Mr Gordon was a young man of fine figure, gentleman-like manners, and kind affectionate disposition. We met frequently, and Lady Isabella, who was a distant relation of Mrs Alison's, formed an affectionate intimacy with her, which was warmly and steadily returned.

Finding that the times were not propitious for political discussion, I took refuge in my usual resource—general literature. A flood of new ideas had, since the termination of the devouring toil of my History, entered my mind, and were struggling with each other for deliverance. The influence of the conversations I had had with Miss Faucit, and the direction which her genius had given to my thoughts and studies, were apparent in the subjects which then and afterwards occupied my pen. I wrote two essays on the "British Theatre," which appeared in the 'Dublin University Magazine' for November and December 1846, and were afterwards incorporated into one, and published in the third volume of my collected Essays. The list of my contributions to 'Blackwood' during the course of 1847 and 1848 exhibits the discursive style of my thoughts at that period: for then, as ever, any subject which seriously and for a considerable time occupied my mind found vent in an essay.[1] I per-

[1] Essays written by me during 1847:—

	Vol.	Page
Eugene, Marlborough, Napoleon, Wellington, .	lxi.	34
Lessons from the Famine, April 1847, . . .	lxi.	515
M. de Tocqueville, May 1847, ...	lxi.	617
Thirty Years of Liberal Legislation, January 1848,	lxii.	1

ceived, however, during the course of 1847, that the tide was rapidly setting in in an opposite direction, and that the *immediate* demonstration of the effects of Sir R. Peel's measures might be anticipated. Accordingly, in April of that year I published an essay, entitled "Lessons from the Famine," in 'Blackwood,' pointing out what might be speedily anticipated; and in January 1848, after the terrible monetary crash of October 1847 had been experienced, another long one, entitled "Thirty Years of Liberal Legislation," which produced a considerable impression, as it fell in so completely with the *present* experience of men; the only secure foundation for immediate, as anticipating the future is for lasting, popularity.

In the end of 1846 our family circle was first broken in upon by the departure of my eldest son, Archibald, to join the depot of his regiment, the 72d Highlanders, which was stationed at Nenagh in Ireland. From the day of his birth to that day, and indeed I ought to add to this (July 28, 1862), he had been a source of the most unbounded comfort both to his mother and myself. His disposition was generous and amiable in the highest degree, his talents excellent, and his general information great. I had conducted his education till he went to Glasgow College myself; and certainly, from the success with which it was attended in that instance, I have no reason to distrust a private education. At the University he gained the first prize for an English

essay "On the Character and Times of Sylla," which the professor (Mr Ramsay) said publicly was an extraordinary production for a young man of his years, he being then only fifteen. Soon after he wrote a review of 'Thierry's History of the Gauls,' which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' For some years before he joined the army he had been my constant companion and steadiest friend. Our intercourse was not like father and son, but like an elder and younger brother, or that of Pylades and Orestes in antiquity: all the new ideas which I elaborated in my various compositions had been previously and repeatedly talked over with him in the course of innumerable walks in the flower-garden at Possil. He was passionately fond of reading, and derived his chief enjoyment from literary pursuits. He entered the army as a profession, not so much at first from any predilection for its habits, but from the excessive difficulty of getting on in any civil line; and the disinclination, which is, I believe, often felt by the sons of those who have been at all successful in literary pursuits, to engage in the same line as their father, lest they should not sustain the family reputation.

Finding his choice fixed on the army, I put down his name, with the recommendation of my kind friend Sir Howard Douglas, at the Horse Guards for a commission, and in October 1846 received intimation that he was recommended for an ensigncy in the 72d Highlanders,—with which regiment he re-

mained for ten years, and of which he soon became depot-adjutant.

The literary tastes which had been so strongly implanted in my son did not desert him when he joined his regiment. He took with him a copy of my History, and with an energy and perseverance greater than my own, went through the immense labour of correcting the sheets in every part, and amending several portions, especially in the military narrative. In all material points of military discussion, and especially in the much-contested one of the commencement of the Waterloo campaign, I was charmed to find he agreed with me. Shortly after he joined the depot at Nenagh he received a magnificent present from Mr Blackwood of a portative library of the choicest English, French, and classical authors. He found this collection of books, which was a very extensive and choice one, an invaluable companion during weary days in Irish and West Indian stations.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM MY DAUGHTER'S FIRST INTRODUCTION INTO LONDON SOCIETY, TO THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

1847-1849.

In the summer of 1847 I took my family for a few weeks to London for the sake of my daughter, who was now of an age to enjoy society. I found on this, as I had done on many previous occasions, that literary labour is not the worst pioneer to society, and those families whom we had met in Lanarkshire received us with the greatest kindness.

The publication of my work on Population obtained for me an introduction to the venerable prelate who at that time was the head under her Majesty of the English Church. Knowing that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr Howley) was interested in that subject, I sent him a copy of the book, which immediately procured from his Grace a kind and complimentary letter of thanks. This was followed soon after by a minute and elaborate criticism

on the work, and observations on its contents, which showed that his Grace had fully appreciated my object. With characteristic modesty he represented this *critique* as the work of a friend just transmitted to him, but the style and handwriting sufficiently revealed the real author. He intimated a wish to form my personal acquaintance, and accordingly the next time I was in London I went to one of his public dinners at Lambeth Palace, with which I was extremely struck, and which, as it has now passed into the things which have been, is worthy of being described by a contemporary observer.

These "public days," as they were called, were days on which the Archbishop received all who chose to come, at a public entertainment, served up in the great hall of Lambeth Palace, the archiepiscopal residence near London. During the season in London they were held once a-week. The only security taken against the hospitality of the Primate being abused was that none should appear but in Court dress. The dinner was served with the utmost splendour: thirty livery-servants and fifteen out of livery attended on the guests; a profusion of magnificent plate loaded the table, and the viands, cooked with French delicacy, vied with the wines in evincing the hospitality of the noble host. The hall was hung round with portraits of the archbishops, his predecessors, from the Norman Conquest downwards. Generally from eighty to a hundred persons sat

down, yet such was the courtesy of the noble host that scarcely any one went away without some piece of personal kindness or attention from him being engraven on the memory. The entertainment altogether was second only to the royal banquets in St George's Hall, Windsor; and it was a proud thing for the Church of England, and characteristic of English society, that the most splendid entertainments in the kingdom, after those of the Sovereign, were given by a private gentleman who had risen from the humble duties of a country curate to be the head of the proud aristocracy of Britain, and that they were open without invitation to all, without distinction, who were arrayed in attire suitable for presenting themselves.

I had the pleasure of dining several times after with his Grace at small parties, consisting for the most part of prelates or other dignified clergy of the Church of England. Nothing could be more courteous and bland than the manner of the Archbishop on these occasions, or more entirely suitable to the highest prelate in a Church beset with enemies, but resting on the affections and respect of the great body of the people. Without evincing any very brilliant talents, his conversation was pregnant with moderation, good sense, and universal charity: he was the very model of a Christian bishop, and seemed deeply imbued with the first of Christian graces—the love of all mankind. His charity was unbounded; his wife, Mrs Howley, a very superior

woman, told me that they amounted to half of his income, which was then £30,000 a-year. It is now reduced to £15,000. His manners were entirely in unison with these dispositions—they were gentle and condescending in the highest degree. Without ostensibly taking the lead, he had the rare art of guiding the conversation into the topics most interesting to his guests, and in themselves of general moment. Among other matters, he asked me the particulars of Burke's trial and condemnation, already mentioned, and was much struck by his generosity in embracing his companion, who was acquitted when he was found guilty, and said: "And yet he had committed sixteen cold-blooded murders: there is none so bad as to have no good in them; I fear none so good as to have no bad." The print of his Grace putting the crown on the head of Queen Victoria at her coronation is an exact resemblance. The bishops and dignified clergy I met at his table were all men of gentleman-like demeanour and pleasing manners; but with the exception of Dr Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, who was very able, and Dr Jackson, then rector of St James's, Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, none of them seemed to be possessed of remarkable talents. Perhaps, however, this may have been owing to their modesty, in not wishing to shine before their superior in the Church.

The parties given by the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Londonderry, were

particularly brilliant this season from so many of them being in honour of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who was then on a visit in the metropolis. We afterwards met, and passed two days with him, at Wishaw, and were much struck with the courteous manner of Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador, and the abilities of some of the suite by whom the Grand Duke was attended. In London we dined at two houses, where we had an opportunity of judging of the highest conversational style of England. The first was at Sir Stratford Canning's, in Grosvenor Square, where we met Lord Stanley, Mr Hallam, Mr Frankland Lewis, and several other persons of distinction; the second at Mr and Lady Mary Christopher's, in Chesham Place, where the party included Lady Lovelace (Lord Byron's Ada) and several bishops and leaders of the Bar. The impression produced on my mind by this society was great, but not as pleasing as I expected. There seemed to be a continual straining after effect. I returned home highly gratified with the kindness we had experienced and the reception we had met with, but more than ever thankful that my fate was fixed at a distance from such seductive but dangerous scenes, in which valuable time is too apt to be lost, and ultimate objects sacrificed for present gratification.

In June 1847 I wrote an essay on the Spanish Marriage, and the strange policy of our Government in putting a queen on the throne of Castile as if to invite a French prince to come forward and receive

the glittering prize then so obligingly presented to his grasp. I sent it as usual to Blackwood, but as he declined to insert it, I resolved to publish it in a separate form, and to make it the last chapter of the Life of Marlborough, which was to be mainly reconstructed out of the seven articles on the subject which had appeared in 'Blackwood.' I set to work accordingly with the utmost vigour to prepare the articles for their appearance in a more durable form; and made such additions that, when the biography appeared in November 1847, it formed a respectable octavo of 500 pages. The seventh chapter was formed of the parallel of Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington, which had appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' in the preceding March. 2000 copies of the work were thrown off, of which three-fourths were sold in the first six months. On comparing, however, this historical sketch (for it was never intended to be anything more) with the more elaborate parallel passages in my History, the deficiency was very apparent. Details were wanting; important events were slurred over, or slightly referred to; those picturesque touches which give life to a narrative were in a great degree wanting; and the absence of a systematic reference to authorities deprived it of great part of its value. I therefore resolved to supply these defects in the next edition, and made extensive purchases of books on the subject, which I read and marked, with a view to the new matter being inserted in the proper

places; but the pressure of other duties and occupations for some years prevented my carrying this design into effect.

During the autumn of 1847 we had the honour of receiving at Possil Prince Waldemar of Prussia with his suite, who remained with us two days, which were most delightfully spent. We had a charming party in the house to meet them, among whom was Mr and Mrs Murray Gartshore. Prince Waldemar, who, animated by the heroic spirit of the Great Frederick, had gone to India to see warfare on a large scale on the banks of the Sutlej, and had shared in the dangers and glories of the bivouac of Ferozeshah, and the assault of Sobraon, was a perfect specimen of the highest style of the European character. Chivalrous in heart, heroic in soul, daring in disposition, he was at the same time mild in temper, modest in thought, gentle in manner. We passed these two days talking of the battles in India and in Europe, and on the third went to Lanark, when he was present at the return of the member for the county to Parliament. We parted with mutual regret, and we were never to meet again in this world. He was killed some years after by his horse falling on him while out hunting in Prussia, just at the time when the great armaments were commencing in that country, in which he was fitted to have taken so distinguished a part.

During the summer and autumn of 1847 I made considerable additions to my History in the form of

above 100 pages added to the last chapter, which related the second capture of Paris, and closed the narrative part of the work. This chapter, which, as already mentioned, had been entirely dictated in a day and a night when the work was in its last stages, was extremely imperfect compared to the preceding parts of the work; and was huddled together in a way which, if it remained unaltered, would seriously injure its reputation. Accordingly I set to work to bring the History up in that quarter to what it had become in others, and converted a rough sketch into a finished picture. A number of reflections were added, some of a retrospective, some of a prospective character; in these I took very great interest, but they swelled that part of the work so much that I was with great regret obliged to omit in that edition the chapter of "Concluding Reflections," in which I had always taken the greatest interest.

In November 1847 I received an invitation from the Manchester Athenæum to preside at their annual soiree, which was held on the 18th of that month. I accepted it, and, accompanied by Mrs Alison, arrived there on the 17th. We were most hospitably received by the mayor, Mr (afterwards Sir E.) Armytage, who insisted on our becoming his guests at his country-house near the city, and gave us a magnificent entertainment the day preceding the soiree. Among the guests on the occasion were Lord Brackley, son of the Earl of Ellesmere; Mr Harrison Ainsworth, the well-known novelist;

and Mr Cruikshank, the admirable comic artist. The soiree was held in *Free-Trade Hall*—a noble room, capable of holding 8000 persons—which was magnificently lighted, and entirely filled on the occasion. About 300 ladies and gentlemen, comprising the *élite* of the neighbouring counties, were seated on the platform. Among them was my old friend Hyett, whom I had not seen since the days of the Select Society at Edinburgh, and who had come up from his country-seat in Gloucestershire to see his old friend make his first public appearance in England. I thought of Kenley and the scenes of my childhood, as I took my seat in the chair, and felt grateful to the Almighty for the indulgence He had manifested towards me. My speech, which was afterwards printed in the fourth volume of my Miscellaneous Essays, was well received, and considering that the audience were almost to a man free-traders, this did no small credit to their liberality. Mr Cobden spoke after me, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. He then for the first time broached the doctrine about the advent of universal peace, which was so signally belied by the events of the following spring. Mr Cobden appeared to me to be quite a monomaniac; his eye was wild, and his style of speaking was nothing more than chatting with the audience in a very business-like and effective way. Next day we went on to London, in the same carriage with Mr Cruikshank, with whose conversation and talents we were in the highest degree gratified.

We were the guests during the next ten days of Mr James Thomson, in Whitehall Place, the distinguished civil engineer, an old friend, who received us with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

A similar soiree took place in January 1848 at the Glasgow Athenæum, at which Mr Dickens, the celebrated novelist, presided. It was held in the City Hall of Glasgow, the largest room in Scotland, recently constructed by the magistrates for public meetings, and which, with the aid of a temporary cross gallery, erected for the occasion, held 4000 persons, all seated at tea-tables. The sight of so many human beings assembled together, and all animated with one common feeling of enthusiasm, was very striking. Mr Dickens's speech was extremely well received, and was distinguished by several good points; but it contained nothing new, and little striking, and was not calculated to add to his general reputation. In truth it is a very difficult matter to make such a speech on these occasions as will bear examination and criticism at a subsequent period. Mr Dickens, with all his talents, had neither the general information nor the oratorical powers requisite for distinguished success on such an occasion. I proposed a vote of thanks to him for the favour he had done the Athenæum by coming down from London for the occasion, and endeavoured, in a few sentences, to characterise and select the brilliant points of his writings, which gave general satisfaction, and was the more surprising as I was

very little acquainted with them. I never had any taste for those novels the chief object of which is to paint the manners or foibles of middle or low life. We are unhappily too familiar with them: if you wish to see them you have only to go into the second class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat. Romance, to be durably interesting or useful, must be probable but elevating; drawn from the observation of nature, but interspersed with traits of the ideal. Dickens, with his wife, had the kindness to be our guests for two days at Possil, on which occasion I had a large party to meet them, who were charmed with the suavity of his manners and the variety and brilliancy of his conversation. Indeed the flow of his ideas was so rapid, and his powers of observation and description were so great, that it appeared to me that his writings, celebrated as they were, gave no adequate idea of his talents; and I could not help regretting that accident, or the necessities of his situation, had thrown him into a line of composition not altogether worthy of his powers, and for which I could not anticipate durable fame.

About this time we unhappily lost, not the friendship, for that could never be impaired, but the frequent society of our accomplished neighbour, Mr Colquhoun of Killermont, near Glasgow. For many years he and his estimable wife resided during summer at his fine place of Killermont, within four miles of Possil, and we had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted, and of acquaintance ripen-

ing into a warm and durable friendship. I have seldom met a more charming companion. His natural abilities are of a very high order, and have been cultivated by a polished education; his tastes and habits are refined, his reading extensive, and he has been gifted by nature with uncommon powers of oratory. His countenance and figure are prepossessing, and his voice singularly pleasing and melodious. With these advantages, added to the possession of an ample fortune, which secured him the means of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, he should have taken a high place in the political or literary world. But these favourable circumstances have been neutralised by two defects, which at any time are sufficient to mar the fairest fortunes. The first of these was a natural indolence, which rendered him averse to any long or continued effort, and caused him to prefer the ephemeral applause of the platform or the banquet to more persevering labours, by which alone lasting reputation is to be obtained. The second was akin to it; an instability of character, which caused such vacillation in his political career as ere long lost him the confidence of all parties. He was originally a Conservative, to which side his family belonged, his father having been Lord Advocate under the Tories; but during the fervour of Reform he became a Liberal, and stood for the county of Dumbarton against the influence of the Duke of Montrose, the great patron of his family. After the designs of

the Radicals had awakened the alarm of men of sense in the country, he became a Conservative again, and at length settled down into a Conservative Liberal. It need hardly be said that such vacillation would be fatal to any man's public reputation, especially when party politics ran high.

No contrast can be figured more complete to this accomplished and highly gifted gentleman than was presented by another literary man with whom we formed an acquaintance about this time,—Mr Montgomery Martin. This able writer was far from possessing the brilliant talents of Mr Colquhoun; he was no public speaker, and his abilities were rather of the useful and laborious than the ornamental order. But he was endowed by nature with that quality which so often compensates for the want of others—an ardent spirit and indefatigable perseverance. He was not a man of original thought, or qualified to strike out new ideas; but his mind imbibed rapidly the views of others, and worked them out ably and perseveringly. He had considerable powers of description, and possessed in every sense the pen of a ready writer. He has given to the world two most valuable collections, the one of the Wellesley Despatches, and the other of the Supplementary Wellington Despatches, now in course of publication (1862). I have experienced great kindness, and derived much benefit, from the assistance of Mr Martin, especially in the last edition of my History and the Londonderry Lives. Several of his original compo-

sitions have great merit, particularly his "British Colonies" and Indian treatises; but they were for the most part written in haste, and without the careful examination of details and authorities requisite for an accurate standard work.

But more animating times were approaching, and I was soon called to more serious duties than presiding or assisting at soirees of Athenæums, or enjoying the conversation of distinguished men and beautiful women. The French Revolution of February 1848 broke out, and threw Europe into a state of combustion. The intelligence was received in Glasgow on the 27th February, but it did not at first excite any great sensation among the people, probably from the idea that it would be put down, insomuch that I did not hesitate to fulfil an engagement we had long been under to go to Gosford, to pay a visit to my old friends, the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, in the beginning of March. We left home on the 2d of that month, and I was busy with an essay on the Revolution which had just taken place, which appeared in the April number of 'Blackwood,' when at eleven at night of the 5th inst., after having been three days absent from home, I was alarmed by the arrival of my secretary and confidential and valued friend, Mr Young, who had been despatched in all haste from Glasgow, in consequence of the breaking out of a formidable insurrection in that city. For several weeks past meetings had occasionally been held of the unemployed, unhappily too numerous, on the Green,

for the purpose of laying their destitute condition before the magistrates, and endeavouring to awaken the public sympathy in their behalf; but they had hitherto been perfectly orderly in their behaviour and submissive in their language, and received with thankfulness any relief which was extended to them. The French Revolution, however, suddenly changed everything. The Chartist leaders immediately saw that their time had at length come,—issued from their dens, inflamed the minds of the suffering multitude, and so worked upon their feelings, that, on the 5th March, they marched in a body from the Green into the heart of Glasgow, armed themselves with iron crowbars and railings, which they tore up in their way, and as no preparation had been made to resist the attack, which was totally unexpected, they succeeded in pillaging about fifty shops, including several gunsmiths and jewellers, and spreading the utmost terror through the city, before they were for the time checked by Bailie Stewart, the acting chief magistrate, who had called out the dragoons from the barracks, and acted with great spirit on this trying occasion.

The tumult was checked, but not put down. Several prisoners had been made, but they were mere common ruffians: the leaders were still at large, and actively engaged the whole night in organising and extending the insurrection. I set out from Gosford in East Lothian at eleven P.M., reached Edinburgh at one A.M., and fortunately joined a special train which

had been put in requisition to convey troops to Glasgow, so as to get there by three on the morning of the 6th. I found the town in the utmost consternation; the streets placarded with proclamations from the magistrates, and the respectable inhabitants in great numbers preparing to fly, or crowding the railway stations in quest of the means of escape. It soon appeared that their fears were not without foundation. At eight I joined the magistrates, who were in consultation at the police-office, and who all —with the exception of Mr Stewart, the active magistrate, who had done so much on the preceding evening—were in the utmost consternation, which was increased by the intelligence that a mob, which rapidly swelled to above 10,000 persons, had assembled on the Green, where they had passed unanimously four resolutions: 1st, to march in a body to Bridgeton, the chief manufacturing suburb of Glasgow, and turn out the workers; 2d, to move with the united force to the gasworks and cut the pipes, so as to leave the city in darkness at night; 3d, to liberate the prisoners from the jail; and 4th, with the whole of their united strength to commence a general pillage of the city.

The moment these alarming tidings were received, we sent directions both to the infantry and cavalry barracks to have the troops ready; and to the latter to send a troop of horse with the utmost expedition to the front of the Court-houses on the Green, where Mr Stewart and I would join them. Either, how-

ever, our previous instructions to have a troop in readiness had not been attended to, or the commander was desirous not to hazard an encounter with so large a body as was now assembled before he had got his whole force ready, for he did not make his appearance for above three-quarters of an hour after we had sent off the orders to meet us. In the interval, which seemed to us an age, Bailie Stewart and I rode up and down the quay of the river, with our eyes constantly directed to the bridges, over one or other of which we knew the horsemen must pass. During this time the most alarming accounts were every ten minutes brought to us: that the insurgents had left the Green and entered Bridgeton; that one of the great mills there was beleaguered, and the workmen were turning out; that a detachment of pensioners was surrounded, and their destruction might every minute be expected. At length, to our infinite joy, the glittering helmets of an entire squadron of horse in the finest order were descried defiling at a quick trot over the bridge opposite the Courthouses. Mr Stewart and I instantly joined them, and placing ourselves on each side of the officer who led them, set off at a canter across the Green in the direction which the mob had taken.

As we drew near to Bridgeton, where the riot was going on, the agitation of the people appeared extreme; some loudly cheered the troops, others, and they were the more numerous, howled, or shouted in derision as they passed. We formed three abreast as

we entered the main street of Bridgeton, where the principal body of the insurgents was placed, and rode up at a quick canter to the scene of the tumult. As we drew near we met a small body of sixteen pensioners, who immediately fell in in the rear of our squadron, round which the mob rapidly closed.

Soon after the bayonets of another *peloton* of pensioners became visible above the dense crowd by which they were surrounded. A volley was heard, and the crowd for the moment was scattered; but rapidly closing again, they surrounded the steady veterans, who, having now discharged their pieces, had no other resource left but their bayonets and butt-ends of their muskets. These the mob, now infuriated by the effects of the fire, were preparing to wrest from them, when happily our squadron came up, and by its imposing appearance, and the clatter of the horses, which made it appear much stronger than it really was (for it had only sixty-three sabres), caused them to fall back and give us room to pass. The effects of the fire were then apparent. Four persons were stretched on the pavement, two of them already dead, and two more had been carried away bleeding profusely. They were the first persons I had ever seen killed in actual strife, but I regarded it at the time as a mere matter of course, looking on the bloody corpses without any sort of emotion. I had no longer any difficulty in understanding the *insouciance* of soldiers in actual warfare.

When we arrived at the spot we found the mob encircling the soldiers who had fired, and in the most violent state of excitement—"Blood for blood" was the universal cry. They made room for the cavalry, however, and the pensioners were soon in the middle of the horsemen, and were out of the reach of danger. Finding matters had become so serious, I went to the edge of the mob, and, standing up in my stirrups, addressed to them a few words; telling them that they must see they were overmatched, and their only chance was to disperse and go home; that an inquiry should be made into the circumstances of the melancholy event which had just occurred, and if the soldiers were in fault they should be punished, as most assuredly if they were in fault they should be punished themselves. The mob gave three cheers, and immediately began to disperse. The scene was witnessed by the reporters of the 'Times' and other newspapers, who were in a window of an upper flat of a house adjoining, and was accurately detailed in their journals of the following day. We remained on the spot for half an hour, to prevent any further assemblage taking place, when we were joined by General Riddell, the commander of the forces in Scotland, who had hastened from Edinburgh upon the first receipt of the intelligence, and who professed himself highly gratified with the prompt measures which had been adopted. We were loudly cheered in the streets as we returned, by the better class of citizens, who were now fully alarmed, and in the utmost agitation. But

a proof soon occurred of what might be expected from the civil force, or at least part of it, when danger was at hand. A body of 100 special constables met one of the dead bodies which the police were carrying to the police-office, and at the sight of it nearly half of them immediately disappeared.

In truth, although great spirit was evinced by the better class of citizens on this occasion, and above 2000 on the second day of the riots enrolled themselves as special constables, and appeared in the streets, yet I saw enough to confirm me in the belief that, however valuable as an indication of public opinion, a temporary civil force can scarcely ever be relied on in the presence of real danger. A large number of constables who were enrolled, especially in the suburbs, said they were quite willing to defend their shops and warehouses, but that they hoped they would not be required to do more. A corps of fine young men, however, chiefly from the Western Club (the chief club of Glasgow), was formed, with whom I would not be afraid to go anywhere: Mr Stewart and I went at their head through the worst parts of the city all the succeeding nights, without moving one of the military from their stations. But that was the exception, not the rule. They were gentlemen, and actuated by their feelings: timidity and selfishness are the great characteristics of the burgher class.

During the succeeding days, the city, in daily expectation of another attack, was in an extraordinary

state of excitement, and bands of constables or troops traversed the streets repeatedly, to prevent any assemblage from taking place. On Thursday, March 9th, every arrangement was made to repel the threatened inroad of 15,000 colliers and miners from the Middle Ward, which was fully intended, and only prevented from taking place by the formidable nature of the preparations made to receive them. As there was no saying what the inroad of such a body into a city already overburdened with excited and turbulent mendicity might have led to, the magistrates concurred with me in the absolute necessity of repelling it by force; and the troops, about 1500 in number, with about 2000 constables, were so disposed as to command every road leading to the city from the east or south. An attempt to form an assemblage on the Green was frustrated by Mr Stewart and myself riding at them with a squadron of dragoons, before the arrival of which, at the edge of their numbers, they all as usual dispersed. At the same time I was not idle in the still more material duty of apprehending the delinquents. I got secret information the first day of where the two leaders had fled to, one of whom was arrested the same evening in Coatbridge, and the other in Paisley; and before a week was over, above thirty of the principal rioters were lodged in jail, and brought to trial at the next Circuit, where they received sentences of various degrees of severity, from twenty years' transportation to six months' imprisonment. By these prompt and decisive meas-

ures the spirit of disaffection was entirely broken in the west of Scotland, and Government professed themselves highly gratified with the results and the measures which had been taken to obtain them. It was very fortunate matters were so quickly brought to a termination in Glasgow; for had the contest been prolonged there even for a single day, or had the insurgents succeeded in their design of plundering the city, the whole urban population in the west of Scotland would have risen; and as the troops had been nearly all concentrated in Glasgow, there would have been no armed force elsewhere to resist them. As an example of the general state of matters, my son, who was in command of a detachment of 30 men, which composed the garrison of Dumbarton Castle, where some artillery and a magazine of ammunition were placed, received information that on the first intelligence of the insurrection having been successful in Glasgow, a body of 3000 men would descend the vale of the Leven, from the manufactories on its banks, and attack the Castle. The same state of things existed at Paisley, Greenock, Airdrie, Hamilton, Kilmarnock, and all the other manufacturing or mining towns in the west of Scotland.

The great demonstration in London, however, was reserved for the 10th April, a day ever memorable in the constitutional history of England. On the morning of that day, being aware that a serious demonstration was intended in Glasgow, I rose at six,

and walked into town before seven. Even at that early hour I was surprised to find the walls of the streets placarded with a treasonable proclamation, calling upon the people "to rise in their thousands and ten thousands upon the first receipt of intelligence of the subversion of the Government in London, which might be expected early in the day by the electric telegraph." So little did the authors of this treasonable movement apprehend any danger to themselves from having thus taken the initiative in Scotland in overturning the monarchy, that the printers' names were attached to the proclamation. I immediately signed a warrant, charging them with high treason, and they were apprehended without resistance. While under examination a fresh placard was brought in by a private soldier, into whose hands it had been thrust in the street by an agent of the Chartists, with the same printers' names attached to it, calling on the soldiers to throw off their allegiance to Queen Victoria, and promising "on behalf of the Provisional Government eighteenpence a-day of pension, and six acres of land, to every private soldier who would join the insurgents." I immediately committed the printers on this fresh charge, and also the man who had given the placard to the soldier, who was soon found to be the same who had also been at the cavalry and infantry barracks the night before trying to induce the soldiers to revolt. The precognition was soon completed, and sent up to the Crown counsel; but to my astonishment the

instructions came down: "No proceedings, the accused to be liberated on their own recognisances."

Finding during the course of the 10th that the distribution of the placards to the soldiers still continued on the part of the democratic committee, who were sitting in permanence in the Democratic Hall in the Trongate, I proposed at nine at night to the magistrates to go with me and arrest the whole committee in their hall; but to this they objected, alleging "it would be better to see how things turned out in London first." I therefore sent a confidential agent to the Democratic Hall, with two witnesses, to collect evidence of their proceedings, but with instructions not to arrest any one till I learned from the Crown counsel whether they were inclined to support my measures. It was very lucky I did not go farther, as all persons committed, both at Glasgow, and for similar proceedings at Hamilton on the same day, were at once liberated by order of the Crown counsel. Late at night I received by the electric telegraph intelligence from Government of the failure of the movement in London, which I immediately communicated to an immense crowd in the Exchange and Athenæum, who received it with the most enthusiastic cheers. Next day the Chartists, who had all looked for a change of Government that day, were so crestfallen that you could know one by his depressed look in the street. They confessed they had been so morally slaughtered they would not recover from it for years to come.

I had soon an additional proof of the unscrupulous mode of proceeding adopted by the Chartists, and of the extreme timidity of Government in dealing with that body. At the time of the presentation of the monster Chartist petition by Feargus O'Connor, in April 1848, it was discovered, as is well known, that the summation of the signatures was overstated by 2,000,000, and that great numbers of the signatures were of the same name, and of persons who obviously had never seen the petition, such as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, &c. Shortly after this appeared in the public newspapers, I received secret information from two persons in Glasgow that they could give important information as to the way in which signatures to the petition had been got up in that city, and that they would give it to me in person if alone, but to no one else. They designated a place of meeting, whither I lost no time in going, and in taking down their evidence in writing, which I immediately transmitted to the Secretary of State. It was to the effect that they two had forged *ten thousand signatures* to the Chartist petition from Glasgow, and that they were ready to point out the beginning and end of their forged signatures. They did it all at a large double desk, at which they sat opposite to each other; and they wrote the signatures alternately, with pens of different makes, and inks of different degrees of age and blackness. Their chief difficulty, they stated, was to find such a multitude of names; for which purpose they exhausted an entire di-

rectory, and having done so sallied out into the streets and took down notes of every signboard they saw there. They were paid 1s. 6d. a sheet by the Chartist committee, and offered to prove these facts either before a parliamentary committee or in a court of justice; and I could not help thinking such a trial would have proved a real shot between wind and water to the Chartist cause. I went up to London soon after about another matter, and strongly urged making some use of this information, both on the Lord Advocate and the Secretary of State (Sir George Grey), but they thought otherwise.

What took me up to London on this occasion was to present and urge upon Government, in conjunction with a deputation from the Town Council of Glasgow, a petition praying for relief in the shape of an issue of Exchequer bills or otherwise for the existing distress, which had now become overwhelming. The terrible monetary crisis of October preceding, which had prostrated a third of the commercial houses, and had destroyed at least a half of the realised wealth of the west of Scotland, had now come to produce its usual and necessary consequence, in the throwing of vast numbers of persons of both sexes and all trades out of employment. I took up to the Home Office information derived from an inquiry officially set on foot by the magistrates, and returns obtained by them, that there were at that period (April 10, 1848) *thirty-two thousand* persons, chiefly men, out of employment in Glasgow and its vicinity, amounting

with their families to at least *a hundred thousand souls;* that since 18th November preceding—that is, during a period of four winter months—42,860 Irish had landed at the Broomielaw, almost in a state of total destitution; that the railway companies around the city would, if Government would guarantee the necessary advances, give immediate employment to 39,000 labourers, embracing, with their families, fully 120,000 persons, and employ them for a year to come; that the railway companies having exhausted their powers of borrowing, and being unable to receive any calls from the shareholders, were entirely at a stand themselves; but that on a guarantee from Government the banks would immediately advance the requisite sums, which would probably be all in the end made good from the shareholders, so that the public would lose nothing. Sir George Grey received us in the kindest manner, and was obviously inclined to comply with our request; but he referred us on the money question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He put us off by saying that he had no money; and that as to giving the guarantee of Government, that would interfere with private enterprise! Such is free-trade and our monetary system; first in the creation of distress, and next in its relief. Under the old system of Government £5,000,000 of Exchequer bills would have been immediately issued, distress would have been instantly and generally arrested, and very little of that sum would have been ultimately lost to the nation.

In June of this year I went down with my friends, Aytoun and Mr John Blackwood, to pay a visit to Sir Edward Bulwer, at his noble mansion of Knebsworth, near Stevenage; and never did visit leave a more delightful impress on the memory. It presented a combination of the interest of antiquity with that of recent events; of association with genius such as, perhaps, no other mansion in Britain can afford. The house, which is built on the site of the old Norman Castle of Knebsworth, is for the most part a modern structure, in the richly decorated Elizabethan style. It includes, however, part of the ancient structure; and the dining-room, which is 56 feet long by 28 high, is the old hall of the Lyttons, Barons of Knebsworth. At one end is the open gallery, where the minstrels played as the knights feasted below; around the walls were still hanging the corselets and shields which were borne by the members and retainers of the family at the battle of Bosworth. In the library, also a part of the old building, is the oak-table at which Hampden and Pym sat, to concert measures during the great Rebellion; and in the state-chamber is the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept, the year of the Armada. Every object is historical in this most interesting mansion; the shades of the dead seem to arise at every step; and the modern part is done in such good taste, and is so entirely in keeping with the original model, that the impression of antiquity is preserved throughout. The house stands on an eminence commanding

an extensive view to the eastward, over the ancient domain of the family, in the middle of a noble deer-park. Everything around breathes the air of antiquity, and it seems to be indelibly impressed on the minds of the inhabitants. At dinner I mentioned an old tree which I had seen during the course of a walk, upon which the rector of the parish observed: "It is a fine tree, but not an old one; it does not go farther back than the reign of Stephen."

But antiquity is not the only charm of Knebsworth; modern times also have something fascinating to exhibit. I had never seen Sir E. Bulwer before, though I was intimately acquainted with his writings; and during the drive down from London I read the first volume of the 'Last of the Barons,' published that day. My expectations in consequence were highly wrought up, and they were in no degree disappointed. Sir Edward received us in the kindest manner, and we sat down at seven to a sumptuous dinner, to which a number of the neighbours had been invited. I soon saw that he was a little at a loss on what subject to address me; judging from my writings, in direct opposition to the fact, that my conversation would be of a grave and serious cast. I determined, in consequence, to put him at his ease, as I constantly did in such cases, by saying something ridiculous; and as the conversation had turned on the indelible character impressed in respect to both external features and internal qualities, by the influence of race, I said to him, looking at his light

hair and huge red moustaches, "I am very glad, Sir Edward, to see that you and I belong to the same race; we are both Danes or Normans: we shall leave to the black-haired gentlemen the care of pleasing the ladies, and we will confine ourselves to the easier task of conquering the world; and if we do, I think we shall not find the ladies very far behind." He laughed at this unexpected sally, which probably flattered in more ways than one his secret thoughts; and from that moment we became great friends. After the rest of the company went away, Aytoun, Blackwood, and I, who were living in the house, began a conversation with Sir Edward, which continued from ten till two in the morning; and to no four hours of my life do I look back with more pleasure, as a specimen of intellectual strength and varied genius. The conversation embraced history, poetry, romance, and the drama. We talked much on the German drama, with which he was much better acquainted than I, and the historical romances, on which subject I was glad to find his ideas and my own entirely coincided. Next day I walked over his beautiful grounds, and was charmed by the unaffected simplicity of his manner and brilliancy of his conversation, and took my leave at four in the afternoon with great regret. I walked by preference to Hulford, a distance of fourteen miles, and came to town late in the evening by the Eastern Counties Railway, highly gratified by this visit.

Soon after, along with Mrs Alison and my daughter,

I went to another hospitable mansion. This was Sir George Warrender's beautiful villa of Cliveden, on the banks of the Thames near Slough, which at that period was in its highest state of splendour and elegance. We met there a very distinguished party, including the Duke de Coigny. The view of the windings of the Thames from the house, which was formerly the scene of the loves of the Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury, celebrated by Pope, is one of the finest which England can present. We spent three very agreeable days, but observed with regret the declining health of the kind-hearted host, which proved soon after the precursor of his death. I there heard from the Duke de Coigny a very curious anecdote of Lamartine, which I give as I received it, without being able to vouch for its accuracy; although its explanation of an otherwise unaccountable change speaks in favour of its having some foundation in truth. He said that he understood the secret reason of Lamartine's sudden conversion to Ledru Rollin at this time, to whom he had formerly been so strongly opposed, and which excited such unbounded astonishment when it was first made public, was this. Being in embarrassed circumstances prior to the Revolution, Lamartine applied to M. Duchatel, then Minister of the Interior to Louis Philippe, for a grant from a secret fund at the disposal of the Crown for the reward of distinguished literary merit. M. Duchatel admitted his claim, and Lamartine received 40,000

francs (£1600) from the royal treasury, for which, of course, he deposited a receipt. A few weeks after the Revolution ensued, and Ledru Rollin was appointed Minister of the Interior to the Provisional Government. In that capacity he had access to all the State archives, and among the rest stumbled on Lamartine's receipt. This unlucky discovery gave him an entire command of the eloquent patriot; and he made it a condition of his preserving silence on it, that he should receive the support of M. de Lamartine at the next election, which he accordingly did. Lamartine is a man of very great genius, and in many respects a noble character; but his pecuniary embarrassments, arising from great extravagance, are well known, and have since acquired an unhappy publicity; and should the above anecdote prove true, it will only add another to the numerous instances in which it has been found that the most elevated qualities afford little security against discreditable actions, when severe pressure is applied to the mind.

In London we dined at several agreeable parties, particularly at Sir Stratford Canning's, who was then on the eve of his second departure for Constantinople, at Mr and Lady Mary Christopher's, and at Lord Wemyss's. At the latter we met the Duke and Duchess of Montebello, who had made their escape during the Revolution from Paris, and who gave some very curious anecdotes concerning it; all tending to prove the deplorable weakness and timidity of the royal princes, especially the Duc de Montpensier,

who, when the danger became imminent, instead of taking his place like a man of spirit at the head of his troops, who were perfectly firm and steady, actually *forced* his father, who was weak and broken by age, to resign. The same account, almost in the same words, was afterwards given by Lamartine in his 'History of the Revolution of 1848.' It is a curious instance of moral retribution, that this unhappy monarch should thus have been driven into the abdication of his usurped crown by the very prince for whose elevation to the throne of Spain by his marriage with the Infanta, he had broken his word to the Queen of England, and endangered the British alliance.

We returned home in the middle of June, and soon after a melancholy disaster, attended with fatal consequences, took place at Glasgow in the course of this summer (1848). I was suddenly awakened on Sunday morning by the intelligence that there had been an alarm of fire the preceding night in the Glasgow theatre, that the audience had rushed tumultuously out, and that two hundred persons had been killed. I instantly rose, and hastened into town, and on reaching the place the most piteous spectacle presented itself. A hundred and sixty-eight dead bodies were laid out in rows, in a large room adjoining the theatre, many of them mere boys and girls. Two hundred persons were in adjoining houses in the hands of medical men, who had with generous zeal hastened to the spot, and succeeded in

rescuing nearly the whole of them from the jaws of death. The appearance of the dead bodies as they were laid out in rows was inexpressibly striking. The countenances of all bore the same expression in them. There was not the slightest trace of struggle, suffering, or anxiety; but all, young and old, male and female, had a sweet and mild look, as if they had fallen asleep quietly and enjoyed pleasing dreams. I have since learned from my son that the same expression is seen in persons who are *suddenly* killed, as by a shot through the head or heart. It is otherwise with those wounds which are not immediately mortal. These often leave the most painful contortions in the countenance.

The way in which this terrible disaster originated was this. The one-shilling gallery was always filled with sailors and other careless characters, whose greatest luxury was to *smoke* in the theatre; and to light their pipes they often cut down a newspaper into shreds, and let them down twisted together into the mouth of a gaslight in front of the tier below. I had frequently remonstrated with the manager on the danger of this practice, and he had repeatedly forbidden it; but favoured by obscurity and distance, it was still continued. On the night in question a lad in the front row of the gallery, having obtained a light in this way, threw it down between his legs after he had lighted his pipe, and coming into a small escape of gas, it occasioned a slight explosion and flame. It was so small that a sailor sitting

next him at once extinguished the flame by putting his cap upon it. But meanwhile the light and flame had been seen in the house, and the cry got up that the theatre was on fire. Instantly the whole audience rose, and began to rush into all the issues out, which were very numerous, and well arranged. Unhappily those from the two upper galleries led into a stone-stair, which was of a square construction, with a little landing-place between each descent. The crowd rushing out threw down several young persons on some of these landing-places, and the multitude pushing on fell over them, until at length they were lying ten and fifteen deep one above another on many parts of the stair. Of course those at the bottom were smothered, and above three hundred persons were rendered insensible, and dragged out from beneath in a state of stupor, of whom above a half never recovered. I went through the rooms where the convalescent were placed, and asked them whether they suffered much pain before they lost recollection. They all replied in the negative, saying that they felt first a great weight upon their backs, as those above were thrown upon them; but that they suffered no pain from want of breath or otherwise, and soon lost recollection, which did not return till respiration was restored, and they found themselves in the hands of the surgeons. This would account for the singularly placid expression on the countenances of such as were beyond the reach of resuscitation.

Though living in a remote part of the island, we were very much at Possil in the line of tourists on their way to the West Highlands; and this season we had the good fortune to have under our roof for some days a distinguished British-American, Sir Allan Macnab. This gallant and patriotic man did not belie on personal acquaintance the character he had acquired during his eventful career in Canada. Simple and unassuming in his manners, like most really eminent men, he had that vigour in his expressions and fearlessness in his demeanour which bespoke the man who had had so large a share in suppressing the insurrection among the French *habitants* of Lower Canada in 1838, and had without hesitation applied the torch to the American steamboat above the Falls of Niagara which was in a shameless manner conveying succour to the insurgents. He was intensely loyal and conservative in his feelings, and spoke with the utmost affection of the "old country," which, like his loyal countrymen, he still designated as "home." A half-public dinner was given him by the gentlemen interested in the Canadian trade, at which I had the honour of presiding. This was followed by an enthusiastic Freemasonic banquet, of which ancient fraternity he was a zealous member. He was highly gratified by his reception at both, especially with the thunders of applause which resounded through the room when I gave the toast, "Our transatlantic brother, who has done so much to hold together the British empire in

the East and West; and who in the presence of the democracy of both hemispheres fired the Caroline."

I was soon after called to a duty which at first appeared to be very serious, though happily the danger blew over almost as soon as it threatened. The Irish, who are never behind the revolutionists of the Continent in desire for a rebellion, though luckily they are far from equalling them in the capacity of carrying it on, had been long organising, and, indeed, openly threatening, an insurrection; and after various abortive attempts, it broke out in a serious form in July of this year. Although the "Cabbage-garden Rebellion" has since become ridiculous over all Europe, and the bloodless termination of the crisis has caused many to doubt its existence, yet it was both real and serious, and England had good cause to congratulate itself that the want of concert among its enemies caused the attempted rebellions, in London in April, and in Ireland in July, to break out at different times. As it was, the risk was great, and nothing but the want of nerve or practical capacity among its leaders, caused it to come to so abortive a termination. It may readily be supposed that among the hundred thousand Irish, most of them in a state of extreme destitution, who then thronged the streets of Glasgow, the ferment when the news of the outbreak first arrived was extreme. I received by the electric telegraph at two in the morning a despatch from the Secretary of State in cipher, announcing the commencement of the outbreak, and immedi-

ately despatched instructions to the military authorities to call out the pensioners, put the troops under arms, and occupy in force the principal points of the city; and before the citizens generally awoke this was done, so that no immediate danger was to be apprehended. Before night the train from Liverpool brought the accounts of the cabbage-garden conflict, and the failure of the insurrection. The danger was over; but when I reflect on the strength of the Chartists at that period, and the universal suffering which, from the effects of the monetary crisis of the preceding autumn, prevailed in the manufacturing districts, I cannot but consider the crisis as having been of a very dangerous nature, and reflect with thankfulness on the mercy of Providence which brought the nation, when little deserving it, through one of the most eventful periods of its history.

During the autumn of this year we had another source of uneasiness from a domestic separation, which, but for the unexampled kindness of a valued friend, would have terminated in a still sorer. My second son Frederick, a charming boy of fourteen, having shown a disposition for military life, I had, by the kindness of Sir George Murray, Master-General of the Ordnance under Sir R. Peel, got his name inserted on the Master-General's private list, and at this time I took him up to Dr Bridgeman's preparatory school at Woolwich, to prepare him for the Academy. The parting with one of such tender years, who never before had left home, and was

strongly attached to us all, was heartrending; and in about six weeks after my return from Woolwich we had serious cause for alarm about his health. In consequence of some negligence on the part of one of the under-masters, who kept the boys sitting in school with wet clothes, he was seized with a violent attack of inflammation, which soon placed his life in imminent danger. I was not at first made aware of the very alarming nature of the illness; but as soon as I became acquainted with it I set off for Woolwich, with the intention of bringing him home at once. I found, however, that I had been anticipated by a kind and dear friend, Mr James Thomson, civil engineer, who on first hearing of his illness hastened from Southsea, near Portsmouth, where he was at the time, and took him down to the seaside with him. To his tender and vigilant care, which almost exceeded what a parent could have shown in similar circumstances, the preservation of that dear child's life is beyond all doubt to be ascribed. He remained two months with Mr Thomson at Southsea, and his health being then re-established he returned home; it being deemed necessary to change his destination from the artillery to another profession, where less severe study at the outset might be required. I have seen little of Mr Thomson since, though there are few men of whose talents and heart I have a higher opinion. The cares of the laborious professions in which we were both engaged, and an unhappy occurrence, in which he became the victim of an over-feeling and sensitive heart, have kept

us much apart. But my feelings of deep gratitude towards him as the preserver of my son's life are unchanged and unchangeable; and if these pages should meet his eye after I am no more, it may perhaps gratify him to know that my feelings remained unaltered to my latest hour.

In the spring of the following year (1849) I renewed my intimacy with one of my earliest and most valued friends, Miss Stein, now Lady Wallace. She had married (as already mentioned), in 1824, Sir Alexander Don of Newton-Don, M.P. for Roxburghshire; but he died in two years, leaving her a widow with a son and daughter. She remained so till 1836, when she married Sir Maxwell Wallace, K.C.B. Since that event they had lived chiefly at a beautiful villa near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, which he took for the sake of the fox-hunting in its neighbourhood, of which he was passionately fond, and which he pursued when nearly sixty with the eagerness of twenty-five. There I visited them in the beginning of March in this year. I found my old friend—I may almost say playfellow, so early had we become acquainted—changed indeed, but only to be improved by the hand of time. I had scarcely seen her for twenty-five years, and the transition from twenty-two to forty-seven is a critical one to the fair sex, even to those who are most highly gifted with the advantages of nature. But although she was much changed by the lapse of this long period, she was rather improved than the reverse by the alteration. She had no longer the light airy figure of my com-

panion in our rides on Braid Hills and Portobello Sands; but a stately figure, with full proportions, splendid bust and beautiful arms, which bespoke the original delicacy of the frame.

The rapid and almost stunning succession of events, with the social and political effects of which I was so immediately brought into contact, gave a forcible wrench to my thoughts, and turned them for a time almost entirely from the subjects of literature and taste, with which for some years they had been occupied, to the more exciting and not less important subjects of present interest and change. The influence of these causes speedily appeared, both in the number of papers I wrote during this year for 'Blackwood,' and the subjects to which they related. The progressive wasting of the national resources under the Liberal system of Government, which had subsisted for thirty years; the Fall of Louis Philippe; the Revolution in Europe; the mode of dealing with the Chartists; the Irish Rebellion; the year of Revolutions,—alternately occupied my thoughts, and found vent in my pen.[1] In the events which now succeeded

[1] I wrote the following papers for 'Blackwood' during this year, 1848:—

		Vol.	Page
Jan.	Thirty Years of Liberal Legislation,	lxiii.	1
April.	Fall of the Throne of the Barricades,	„	393
May.	The Revolutions in Europe,	„	638
June.	How to Disarm the Chartists,	„	653
July.	The Navigation Laws,	lxiv.	114
Oct.	Continental Revolutions—The Irish Rebellion —English Distress,	„	475
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each other with such rapidity, I perceived nothing which I had not previously foreseen; but they came on with greater rapidity and vehemence than I had anticipated, and at the same time were combated by the armies and generals, though not by the sovereigns, with a degree of energy and vigour which I could not have expected. In particular, the stand made by Radetzcky, and Jellachich, and Windischgratz against the revolutionary forces which threatened to tear Austria in pieces, and had so nearly effected its dissolution, always struck me as one of the most glorious examples of moral courage and patriotic devotion, as well as of military ability, which the history of the world has exhibited.

In the autumn of this year the printing began of the eighth edition of my History, with plates, which was undertaken on the most costly, indeed magnificent, scale by the Messrs Blackwood. I was very desirous to make this edition, on which no pains or expense had been spared, as perfect as possible; and therefore I not only revised the whole text of the seventh edition, in twenty volumes, with the greatest care, but made various additions in some places and subtractions in others. I inserted a great number of additional quotations from historians, poets, and dramatists, both ancient and modern, with the view of enlivening a narrative which I was well aware, from the great preponderance of military events, no art could render interesting to the general reader. The task I allotted to myself was revising forty pages

a-day, and I never did more, though often, where much new matter was introduced, I did a great deal less. I began this revising in spring 1848, and it occupied me, with scarcely the intermission of a day, till the end of 1849, a period of two-and-twenty months, —to such bulk had the work, which I originally thought would be finished in four volumes of 500 pages each, now extended. This revision was attended with very great pleasure, for the chief labour of the work was now over, and it presented little more than the excitement of composition without its toil: the most agreeable of all sensations to one who had now been almost constantly in harness for five-and-twenty years.

In the autumn of this year we formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm and sincere friendship, with one of the most popular men in Scotland, the Earl of Eglinton. It originated in an invitation on his lordship's part to Mrs Alison and myself to join during some days a large party at his hospitable seat of Eglinton Castle, to meet the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. It was in some degree a political reunion, as all the gentlemen invited were of the Protectionist party; and it was followed in January by a great public meeting in favour of Protection in the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh, with Lord Eglinton in the chair, attended by persons of rank and distinction from every part of Scotland. To me was assigned the onerous duty of moving the first resolution, which I

did in a speech of three-quarters of an hour's length. It was impossible to make a speech on such a subject interesting, except to those who understood and appreciated the question; but I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success.

Mrs Alison and I were frequent guests after this at Eglinton Castle, till the house was closed by the death of the first countess. Never was there a man who discharged the duties of a kind and high-bred host better than Lord Eglinton, or who won the hearts of all classes more completely, by the charm of a courteous disposition, and the graces of a singularly captivating manner. He was gifted with natural talents of no ordinary kind, which enabled him to make a striking appearance in public whenever he was called on, although his education had been much neglected, and he had never been at a university. This great disadvantage, which to ordinary men would have been fatal in public speaking, was surmounted in him by a ready elocution, great tact in addressing his audience, and a happy selection of the topics most likely to please them. There was neither learning nor originality in his speeches, but great skill and address, and occasional felicity of thought and expression. His manner and delivery were perfect, and he never failed to dismiss his auditors charmed with the speaker, the subject, and themselves. Passionately fond of rural sports and games, in which he drew the farmers and peasantry of his estates and the adjoining country around him, he

was eminently popular with his countrymen of all ranks and parties, and never made his appearance in public without being received with thunders of applause. I was fully prepared for the great popularity which, on occasion of Lord Derby's accession to power, he acquired as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but some of the speeches he made in that capacity, especially one to the gentlemen assembled to promote the harbour at Valentia, on the west of Ireland, were superior to what I had anticipated.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond, whose acquaintance we formed at Eglinton, were models of the highest class of English aristocracy. A gallant soldier while Earl of March, the Duke had subsequently turned his sword into a ploughshare, and devoted his attention chiefly to the encouragement of agriculture in all its branches on his hereditary estates at Goodwood in Sussex, and around Gordon Castle in Scotland, to which he had succeeded in right of his mother, the eldest daughter and heiress of the Duke of Gordon. In both situations he won the affections of all who approached him, by the kindliness of his disposition and the unaffected grace of his manners. Liberal and courteous, he dispensed a splendid hospitality at all his seats; but his heart was still in his early profession of arms, and when the threatening state of public affairs caused the militia to be called out in 1855, he assumed the command of the Sussex corps, and was soon a model to all his officers, from the activity, regularity, and zeal

with which he discharged his military duties. The Duchess, born a Paget, with dark hair and eyes, a commanding countenance, and splendid figure, was distinguished for grace of manner and unaffected affability of deportment. She aimed at no distinction but that which she always attained, of being the highest bred woman in the company.

In November 1848 Mrs Alison and I had been invited to meet the hereditary Prince of Parma and his Princess (Mary, daughter of France) at Hamilton Palace, and we spent a week there in their society. The Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, Mr and Lady Louisa Oswald, Lord and Lady Belhaven, the Ladies Charteris, and ourselves, besides the suite of the Princess herself, formed the party in the house, and many of the neighbouring nobility and gentry joined at dinner. I sat frequently at dinner on the right of the Princess, the Duke of Hamilton being on her left, and found her a most superior and interesting person. Her figure, as with all the Bourbons, was large, without being unwieldy, her bust and shoulders very fine, and her countenance animated and expressive in the highest degree. She was extremely fond of conversation, in which she eminently excelled, and in the course of which she frequently made remarks at once original and penetrating, indicating both a quick and reflecting mind. It may easily be conceived, that with such a person, whose life had presented such an extraordinary series of vicissitudes, from the splendour of the Tuileries to the

solitude of Holyrood, there was no difficulty in finding ample, and indeed inexhaustible, subjects of conversation. Like her mother, of whom she spoke in terms of the most sincere affection, she was passionately fond of dancing, and indeed of every species of youthful and even childlike amusement. So enthusiastic was she in the pursuit of infantine amusement, that she insisted on every one of the party, except the Duke and Duchess, joining in it; and very often the historian of the Revolution was to be seen dragging the great-granddaughter of Louis XVI., and a string of fifteen other persons, all holding each other's hands, headlong through the magnificent halls and galleries of Hamilton Palace. The Prince of Parma is a gentleman-like, good-humoured youth, but unequal to the Princess in point of capacity, and, I fear, endowed with an impetuous, ungovernable temper, which all her good sense and address can scarcely manage. From Hamilton they went for a fortnight to Arran, whence they were engaged to come for two days to Possil, where we had a large party of the neighbouring gentry to meet them, and cards were issued for a ball in the evening. Unfortunately, however, an extraordinary storm, which lasted both days, prevented their leaving the shores of Arran on the occasion, so that our ball and party went on without the Princess, which was a great disappointment to us, and I believe scarcely less to her, as dancing was not very frequent in Scotland at that time of the year, and she told us

afterwards she had been getting ready her diamonds and best ball-dress for the occasion.

In the beginning of 1849 our domestic circle was gladdened by the arrival of our son A——, who had got leave of absence for two months from the depot of his regiment, which was stationed at Sheerness; and as the service companies at that period were at Barbadoes, where the yellow fever was raging, and his name stood first on the list for foreign service, we were happy at every day which passed over his head without his being called on to join them. Already five officers and thirty privates had fallen a sacrifice in his regiment to the malignity of the fever and the stupidity of the authorities, who had built the barracks close to a pestilential swamp, and every post brought intelligence of fresh deaths. Filled with the utmost anxiety on this account, I applied to the Horse Guards for an exchange to some other regiment, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset immediately and most kindly offered me a lieutenancy in the 7th Fusiliers, then lying in Canada, for my son. When I mentioned the offer to A——, however, he said at once, "At any other time I should have been too happy to have gone to Canada with the Fusiliers, which I know is a crack regiment; but my own is endangered, and this is not the time to leave it. I will certainly go out." I need hardly say that the feeling which prompted this answer met with my highest admiration; and he accordingly went out, and, by the mercy of Providence, happily escaped the danger. This

separation was very painful, and proved a most serious shock to his poor mother, who had scarcely any hope of seeing him again.

In the year 1849 an event occurred which, under other circumstances, might have been attended by very serious consequences. The 12th July, the well-known day for Orange demonstrations, had in the preceding year been attended with very serious rioting at Airdrie, in the course of which several persons were severely wounded, and one nearly killed. I issued, in consequence, a proclamation against any such attempts on this anniversary; but immediately after doing so I was suddenly called to London, on account of my youngest son's dangerous illness. In London I received intelligence that the Orangemen were determined to resist the proclamation, and have their procession in spite of it; and that the Ribbonmen were going to assemble from all parts of the country to attack them. I immediately returned to Glasgow, and on arriving there on the evening of the 11th, sent directions to the military authorities to have two companies of infantry ready next morning by daybreak; and to the police-office, requesting the loan of sixty policemen, there being none then in the county. We arrived at Airdrie next morning by nine o'clock, and found the town in the greatest state of excitement, and the streets crowded by numbers of persons of the opposite factions, evidently prepared and longing for action. I immediately went to the headquarters of

the Orangemen, and saw the members of their Grand Lodge. I represented to them the danger of any attempt to walk in procession, which would probably terminate in wounds and death, and earnestly recommended them to celebrate their anniversary within doors, in which case they would be not only unmolested, but protected by the authorities. They received my representations respectfully, but stated firmly their determination to walk in procession, and that the responsibility of any attempt to stop it would rest with those undertaking it. I immediately left them, stationed the military out of sight, in a large room adjoining the street, which I knew they would require to pass through, and took post myself, with the sixty policemen, at the foot of the street to bar their progress.

Precisely at twelve, the Orangemen, headed by their provincial grand master, and all armed with sticks, poles, or other weapons, made their appearance from their place of meeting with flags, drums, and fifes, and began to march in close column straight down the street, which was a slight declivity. I gave the word to the police to move forward in double-quick time, putting myself at their head. The Orangemen, seeing this, also quickened their pace to a run, and the two columns rapidly came abreast in contact with each other. When about a yard separate, however, and before a blow had been given on either side, the authority of the law prevailed: the Orangemen halted, broke, and turned about.

We followed, and drove them into their hall, where the leaders were taken, with all their flags, drums, and party emblems. As the decisive blow had been struck, and the Orangemen saw that they were mastered, I ordered the liberation of all the prisoners, reserving only the *party flags and bass drum*, which also were returned the following morning. The bloodless termination of this struggle gave great satisfaction both to the country and the Government, from whom, through Lord Advocate Rutherfurd, I received a very gratifying letter on the subject. The result has showed how important it was that matters should have been brought to this crisis; for though Orange processions have since that time been repeatedly threatened in Lanarkshire and in the neighbouring counties, they have never been attended by loss of life; and though I have generally since that time proclaimed them down, and had the police and military out to enforce the law, there has never been any attempt made to resist it.

The same year (1849) the Queen, inspired by that courage which is inherent in her race, no sooner beheld the Irish rebellion extinguished than she resolved to visit Dublin, the headquarters of the disaffected in the sister island, and Glasgow, the principal seat of revolutionary designs in Scotland. Both visits proved eminently successful. She experienced a cordial and magnificent reception in the Irish capital; and her visit to the Clyde—which took place on the 14th August—exceeded in in-

terest and enthusiasm anything witnessed on Scottish soil—the king's reception in Edinburgh in 1822 not excepted. She passed the night preceding her entry in her yacht, in a bay of the Clyde, and steamed up the river to Glasgow at 2 P.M. on the succeeding day. I received intimation the day before that I was to have the honour of escorting her Majesty and Prince Albert through the streets of the western capital of Scotland on this occasion; and at the appointed hour I was awaiting her arrival on the quay on horseback, in the full-dress uniform of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry. I rode on the right hand of the carriage next the Queen, and the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland on the left, and the scene was exciting and imposing in the highest degree. The arrangements for the occasion—made by the magistrates—were admirable. The streets along which the cavalcade was to proceed being fenced with strong barricades on either side of the centre, through which the carriages were to pass, no crowding on them was practicable. Upwards of 600,000 persons were stationed on either side of the streets through which the procession was to go; and her Majesty's reception was cordial and enthusiastic in the highest degree. Her Majesty repeatedly expressed to me, as we moved along, how much she was struck by it, and how much she admired "the magnificent *stone* structures of that rising city of palaces." The cavalcade proceeded across Glasgow Bridge—her Majesty

having landed on the south quay—up Jamaica Street, Buchanan Street, and East George Street to the High Church; and thence down the High Street to the Trongate, and along it, Argyle Street, and Queen Street, to the Edinburgh and Glasgow station, whence she set out for Perth, where the royal party passed the night. I accompanied them to Greenhill station, the limit of Lanarkshire, and then returned. The Queen was very much struck with the Cathedral, the crypt of which she pronounced the finest she had ever seen, and with the view of the Necropolis on the opposite hill on first entering the churchyard. She remembered Sir Walter Scott's description of that striking scene, and also his description of the "Laigh Kirk," which she could hardly recognise in the exquisite proportions of the crypt.

Two circumstances of an antiquarian character in an especial manner interested her Majesty on this occasion. The first was the thatched house adjoining the gate of the Cathedral, in which Queen Mary and Darnley were lodged on their way from Edinburgh to his father's castle of Crookston, still standing, though in ruins, in Sir John Maxwell's park of Pollock, near Glasgow. The Queen justly observed on the extremely humble nature of that "hostelry" compared with the magnificent sacred structure in the immediate neighbourhood, erected three centuries before to the purposes of religion. The second was a circumstance so remarkable that

it almost seemed, which it was not, the work of design. A fortnight before her Majesty's arrival, a stone was dug up by some workmen employed on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which, near Falkirk, runs for several miles almost on the site of the wall of Antoninus, the extreme limit in this quarter of the Roman empire, bearing the inscription "*Victoria reduce pax rediviva.*" This stone —the work of the legions — was shown to her Majesty by Principal Macfarlane, the head of the University, when she visited that venerable pile, and she more than once expressed to me, during the remainder of the drive, how much she was struck by the singularity of the coincidence. The stone, evidently a genuine antiquarian relic, is still to be seen in Glasgow College.

This royal visit to Glasgow led to a royal command soon after from her Majesty for me to pass a few days at Balmoral. I arrived there on Saturday, 24th August, to dinner, and remained till Monday afternoon. The party, besides the Queen and Prince Albert, consisted of Earl Grey, General and Mrs Duff, and the several officials and maids-of-honour. On both days I sat opposite to the Queen at dinner, and as the party was small, the conversation was general, and I was much struck with the ability displayed by Prince Albert. His manner was grave and sustained, his conversation evincing much information, and the talent which has since become so conspicuous on many occasions. His de-

portment was dignified, but courteous in the highest degree. The Queen took her full share in the conversation; and I could easily see, from her quickness of apprehension, and the questions which she put to those around her, that she possessed uncommon talents, a great desire for information, and in particular great rapidity of thought; a faculty often conspicuous in persons of her rank, and arising not merely from natural abilities, but from the habit of conversing with the first men of the age. The whole party stood in the evening in the drawing-room, with the exception of her Majesty and Earl Grey, to whom the Queen motioned to take a seat, as he was lame. His talent in conversation was very conspicuous, and fully augured the brilliant position in political life which he was afterwards to assume.

On the day following the whole party went to the parish church at Crathie, in the neighbourhood of the palace, and after luncheon one of the ladies-in-waiting was so kind as to guide me through the beautiful walks, among hanging birch-woods and Trossach scenery, which enclose the park. In the course of it I made two sketches—one of the palace, and another of the romantic scene in the grounds—from which I afterwards finished two drawings, which her Majesty did me the honour to accept. In the evening she called me to her side, and conversed with me for above an hour in her drawing-room. I am perfectly aware

of the prestige which attends royal condescension, and the brilliant colours which it lends to what, under other circumstances, would appear ordinary conversation; yet, making full allowance for that, I am convinced that no one could have heard the Queen's conversation on this occasion without being extremely struck by its talent. Her Majesty spoke chiefly of the early history of Scotland, and was very inquisitive about the battles of Stirling, Falkirk, Torwood, and Bannockburn, and the ground on which each was fought. I described the localities as well as I could, and she promised to observe the places the next time she passed in the railway. When I mentioned the singular circumstance that *both* armies at Bannockburn were commanded by her ancestors, the one being led by Edward II., the other by Robert Bruce, she said: "It is so; but I am more proud of my Scotch descent than of any other: when I first came into Scotland I felt as if I were going home." Soon after the conversation turned upon Queen Mary and Elizabeth, and she said, "I am thankful I am descended from Mary. I have nothing to do with Elizabeth." She said many other things of the same kind, and though I could not but expect that she did so from a polite regard to the prepossessions of a Scotchman, yet the sincerity of her manner seemed to bespeak her genuine feelings. Such was the rapidity of her thoughts and the quickness of her apprehension, that it was all I

could do to keep pace with them; and I felt not less fatigued, when the conversation closed on the party retiring, by the mental effort required to carry it on, than charmed by the grace and condescension of her Majesty's manner.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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